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THE
NEW BRITISH DRAMA,
CONTAINING
SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

THE
NEW BRITISH DRAMA,
CONTAINING
SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE:
WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A COPIOUS INDEX
TO THE
REMARKABLE PASSAGES AND WORDS,
BY
SAMUEL AYSCOUGH.

VOL. I.



" ——— IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE ROSE;
" EACH CHANGE OF MANY-COLOUR'D LIFE HE DREW,
" EXHAUSTED WORLDS, AND THEN, IMAGIN'D NEW."

LONDON:

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W. W. W. W. W.
W. W. W. W. W.
W. W. W. W. W.

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THE
PREFACE
TO THE
FIRST EDITION.

A NEW edition of SHAKSPEARE, and an edition of so singular a form as the present, in which all his Plays are comprehended in One Volume, will, perhaps, appear surprising to many readers; but, upon a little reflection, their surprise will, the editor doubts not, be converted into approbation.

Much as Shakspeare has been read of late years, and widely as the study and admiration of him have been extended, there is still a numerous class to whom he is very imperfectly known. Many of the middling and lower ranks of the inhabitants of this country are either not acquainted with him at all, excepting by name, or have only seen a few of his Plays, which have accidentally fallen in their way.

It is to supply the wants of those persons, that the present edition is principally undertaken; and it cannot fail of becoming, to them, a perpetual source of entertainment and instruction. That they will derive the highest entertainment from it, no one can deny; for it does not require any extraordinary degree of knowledge or education to enter into the general spirit of Shakspeare. The passions he describes, are the passions which are felt by every human being; and his wit and humour are not local, or confined to the customs of a particular age, but are such as will give pleasure at all times, and to men of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest.

But the instruction that may be drawn from Shakspeare, is equal to the entertainment which his writings afford. He is the greatest master of human nature and of human life that, perhaps, ever existed; so that we cannot peruse his works without having our understandings considerably enlarged. Besides this, he abounds in occasional maxims and reflections, which are calculated to make a deep impression upon the mind. There is scarcely any circumstance in the common occurrences of the world, on which something may not be found peculiarly applicable, in Shakspeare; and, at the same time, better expressed than in any other author. To promote, therefore, the knowledge of them, is to contribute to general improvement.

THE PREFACE.

Nor is the utility of the present publication confined to persons of the rank already described: it will be found serviceable even to those whose situation in life hath enabled them to purchase all the expensive editions of our great dramatist.—The book now offered to the public may commodiously be taken into a post-chaise, for amusement in a journey: or if a company of gentlemen should happen, in conversation, to mention Shakspeare, or to dispute concerning any particular passage, a volume containing the whole of his Plays may, with great convenience, be fetched by a servant out of a library or a closet. In short, any particular passage may at all times and with ease be recurred to. It is a compendium, not an abridgement, of the noblest of our poets, and a library in a single volume.

The editor hath endeavoured to give all the perfection to this work which the nature of it can admit. The account of his Life, which is taken from Rowe, and his last will, in reality comprehend almost every thing that is known with regard to the personal history of Shakspeare. The anxious researches of his admirers have scarcely been able to collect any farther information concerning him.

The text, in the present edition, is given as it has been settled by the most approved commentators. It does not consist with the limits of the design, that the notes should be very numerous; they have not, however, been wholly neglected. The notes which are subjoined, are such as were necessary for the purpose of explaining obsolete words, unusual phrases, old customs, or distant allusions. In short, it has been the editor's aim to omit nothing which may serve to render Shakspeare intelligible to every capacity, and to every class of readers.

Having this view, he cannot avoid expressing his hope, that an undertaking, the utility of which is so apparent, will be encouraged by the Publick; and his confidence of a favourable reception is increased by the consciousness that he is not doing an injury to any one. The success of the present volume will not impede the sale of the larger editions of Shakspeare, which will still be equally sought for by those to whom the purchase of them may be convenient.

June 1784,

THE

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE very favourable reception which has been given to the Plays of SHAKSPEARE, when published in one volume, has induced the Publisher to print another edition in the same form. However, in order to remove an objection made by some to the bulk of the volume, and to accommodate those who are of that opinion, a second title-page is printed, to be fixed to page 543, the First Part of Henry VI. In order to retain the favourable opinion which has been experienced for the former edition, the greatest attention has been paid to the paper, the type, and the printing of this; to the correction of the press, and to the revival of the notes.

To these exertions, another has been added in order to give this edition a claim of preference. A copious Index to our favourite Author has been long wished for, frequently planned, sometimes attempted, but never satisfactorily executed. Mr. POPE gave an Index to characters, sentiments, speeches, and descriptions, all which are contained in thirty pages, and which has been adopted by the editors of some of the later editions which bear the name of Theobald. A Concorde was published in 1785: This did not answer the expectation of the public, as it contained little more than those speeches and lines, which immediately occur to the recollection of those who are the least acquainted with the writings of Shakspeare.

PREFACE TO THE

When this design came first under consideration, a reference to every word was proposed: on this plan, more than seven hundred thousand references would have been necessary; a work dreadful in the prospect: and if the page alone had been given, without any notice of play, act, scene, column, and line, the difficulty of finding any particular passage, or discovering the various applications of words by the author, would have remained nearly as great as a search for it in the rich mines of Shakspearean Literature.

In the present attempt, a plan nearly novel has been adopted, by which, at an easy view, will be discovered the different meanings in which almost every word has been used by Shakspeare. This will be a means of preserving the early application of words, and tend much to transmit to posterity the English language sacred from the inundation of new words grafted on it, from the commerce and intercourse which, during the last century, has been daily increasing (and may it long continue to increase!) with all the natives of Europe, and particularly with the natives of the French continent.

In another view, every thing characteristic is collected under its proper head, by which is more immediately discovered the wonderful knowledge of Shakspeare, shewing him equally acquainted with things high and low; far distant and near at hand; present and long passed by; as well as with the characters which the passions, actions, and views of men assume, and with the various properties of the material world. The Index forms a third volume, more bulky than either of the other volumes; and although it is particularly adapted to the present Edition, it is so constructed as to be made use of to any Edition, as the reference is given to the Play, Act, and Scene*, which answer in nearly all other Editions.

How far the Compiler has in his selection answered the intentions of those who have wished for an Index to their favourite Author, must be submitted to their

* Let it be remembered, that in some of the later editions of Shakspeare, the play of "Timon of Athens" begins the fifth act, with what is here called the second scene of the fifth act; so that the reference to act and scene, after act 4, scene 3, will not answer to all editions.

opinion

PRESENT EDITION.

opinion who shall consult it. He only requests the candour of the public so far as shall lead them to consider what he has done, rather than censure him for what might have been added to a building, of which so substantial a foundation is now laid for the first time.

A Table of the Order of Time, in which the plays of Shakspeare are supposed to have been published, is now added, according to Mr. Malone's accurate investigations.

In this state, Mr. STOCKDALE submits the present Edition of Shakspeare's Plays to the judgement of a discerning Public, wishing their patronage and encouragement no further than his well-meant endeavours merit it. Deeply impressed with gratitude, it remains for him to return HIS most sincere thanks for the ROYAL, NOBLE, and liberal patronage with which he has been supported in it, and which he trusts every effort to illustrate our great Poet of Nature will receive, whilst the partiality of the nation shall wish to secure the language in purity, and whilst the inhabitants shall continue to admire the manners of their ancestors, and the characters of nature.

Sept. 29, 1790.

SOME

SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE, &c.
OF
MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WRITTEN BY MR. ROWE.

IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical enquiries! How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very clothes he wears.—As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book: and though the works of Mr. Shakspeare may seem, to many, not to want a comment; yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. John Shakspeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family,—ten children in all,—that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarcely find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *genius*, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs,) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings: so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity,

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, &c.

impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination so abundantly supplied him with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

On his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and, in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young.—His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of, forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *geniuses* that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank: but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned from certain authority, which was the first play he wrote*; it would, without doubt, be a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakspeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings: art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgement; but, that what he thought was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgement at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his eulogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her successor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*, is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the

* The highest date of any I can yet find, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, when the author was 33 years old; and *Richard the Second*, and *Third*, in the next year, viz. in the 34th year of his age.

OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a *genius* arise from amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder, if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is plainly that maiden princess, whom he intends by

—a fair vestal, throned by the west—

in his *Midsummer-Night's Dream*: And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion, it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of * *Oldcastle*: some of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship, from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*.—There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspeare, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted;—that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to: A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity which the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian singers.

What particular habitudes or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature:—Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-matured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public. Jonson was certainly

* See the Epilogue to *Henry the Fourth*.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, &c.

a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakspeare; though, at the same time, I believe it must be allowed, that what nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgement of a great man on this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling; Sir William D'Avenant; Endymion Porter; Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson; Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time; told them, *That if Mr. Shakspeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them it is a story almost still remembered in that county, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: It happened that, in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately: upon which, Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

*Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe*.*

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

Shakspeare died in the fifty-third year of his age †, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone, underneath, is inscribed;

*Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones;
And curst be he that moves my bones!*

He had three daughters, of whom two lived to be married: Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children: and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country; she left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, esq.; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbington; but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family; the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Jonson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words:

* The Rev. Francis Peck, in his *Memoirs of the Life and Poetical Works of Mr. John Milton*, 4to, 1740, p. 223, has introduced another epitaph imputed (on what authority is unknown) to Shakspeare. It is on *Tom-a-Combe*, alias *Thin-Beard*, brother to this John who is mentioned by Mr. Rowe.

“ Thin in beard, and thick in purse;
“ Never man beloved worse;
“ He went to the grave with many a curse:
“ The devil and he had both one nurse.”

† Mr. Malone says, that he died on his birth-day, April 23, 1616, and had exactly completed his fifty-second year.

“ I re-

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

" I remember; the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted: and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, once speaking to him,

" *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*

" He replied:

" *Cæsar did never wrong; but with just cause—*

" and such-like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned."

As for the passage which he mentions out of Shakspeare, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Cæsar*; but without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Jonson. Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonson, there is a good deal in it: but I believe it may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models (or indeed translated them), in his epistle to Augustus.

— *Naturâ sublimis et acer,
Nam spirat tragicum satis et feliciter audent,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram:*

As I have not proposed to myself to enter into a large and complete collection upon Shakspeare's works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgement of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleased with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy.—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. It is not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with.—Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the first act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly,

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, &c.

cowardly, vain-glorious, and, in short, every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I do not know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown, in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*.—Amongst other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given him very nearly the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well opposed; the main design, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted.—In *Twelfth Night*, there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio.—The parasite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*.—Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour.—The conversation of Benedict and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Rosalind in *As You Like It*, have much wit and sprightliness all along.—His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play written in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be master-pieces of ill-nature and satirical snarling.—To these I might add that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*: but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakspeare's. The tale, indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but, taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick.—The melancholy of Jaques, in *As You Like It*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, as Horace says,

Difficile est propriè communia dicere,

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough:—

— All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. First, the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining School-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a Soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,

With

OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

*With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second Childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sneezing, and palsy, and lame paralytic.*

His images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; it is an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

*She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd it thought,
And sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.*

What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary!

The style of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does no-where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magic has something in it very solemn and very poetical: and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation, which I have been informed * three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just; *That Shakspeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so pro-

* Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

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per to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakspeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of a Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults: but as Shakspeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatic poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragic or heroic poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the *drama* that the strength and mastery of Shakspeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: And in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the *drama*, the *manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet*, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John, King Richard, &c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakspeare has drawn of him? His manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence.—There is a short scene in the *Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity.—In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forebore doing it out of regard to Queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king, and certainly

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certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolsey, He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of Queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakspeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*.—The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress.—*Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of them, a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father; their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is, in the first part of the Greek tragedy, something very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but, as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that Princess and *Orestes*, in the latter part. *Orestes* imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Ægysthus* for help, and to her son for mercy; while *Electra* her daughter, and a Princess, (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency,) stands upon the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horrors does this not raise! *Clytemnestra* was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there.—On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakspeare. *Hamlet* is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as *Orestes*; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art and justness of judgement that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:—

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother ought; leave her to Heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*

This is to distinguish between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no

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dramatic writer ever succeeded better in raising terror in the minds of an audience than Shakspeare has done.—The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the King is murdered, in the second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this master-piece of Shakspeare distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part; a man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakspeare's manner of expression, and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakspeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration*.

* This *Account of the Life of Shakspeare* is printed from Mr. Rowe's second edition, in which it had been abridged and altered by himself after its appearance in 1709.

Shakspeare's Will:

Extracted from the Registry of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Vicesimc-quinto die Martii, anno regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo-quarto, & Scolix quadragesimo-nono, anno Domini 1616.

IN the Name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare, of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator; hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of JESUS CHRIST my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one-hundred-and-fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage-portion, within one year after my decease, with considerations after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

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Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one-hundred-and-fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will; during which time, my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Harte, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan; and after her decease, the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred-and-fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at and after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, and answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred-and-fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly value of twelve-pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, ——— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent., thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash, twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susannah Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bushaxton, and Welcome, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Black-Friars London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances,

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partchances, unto the said Susannah Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease, to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susannah lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be, and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susannah his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last Will and Testament. And I do intreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And, I do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last Will and Testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written, by me

William Shakspeare.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRA. COLLINS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMLET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATTICOTT.

Probatum coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore Commissario, &c. vicesimo-seculo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616. Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui, &c. de bene et Jural' reservata potestate et Susannæ Hall alt. ex. &c. cui tendit, &c. petitur.

A List of the Thirty-six DRAMAS of SHAKESPEARE, which are published in the following Pages ; with the *Dates* of the earliest *Editions* of each : Whence it appears, that *twenty* of them were first printed in the Folio of 1623.

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TEMPEST.

T E M P E S T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, king of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful duke of Milan.
ANTHONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of
FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples. [Milan.
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN, } lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.
TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship, boatswain, and mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO, } spirits.
NYMPHS,
REAPERS, }

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Mast. BOATSWAIN!

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners:—fall
to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: be-
stir, bestir. [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly,
my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail;
Tend to the master's whistle; Blow, till thou
burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand,
Gonzalo, and others.*

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's
the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray, now, keep below.

Ant. Where's the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our la-
bour: Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care
these roarers for the name of king? To cabin:
silence: trouble us not. [aboard.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast

Boats. None that I more love than myself.
You are a counsellor; if you can command these
elements to silence, and work the peace of the
present, we will not handle a rope more; use
your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you
have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in

your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it
so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way,
I say. [Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow;
methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him:
his complexion is perfect gallows. Standfast, good
fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny
our cable, for our own doth little advantage: If
he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.
[Exit.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare, lower,
lower; bring her to try with main-course. [A
cry within.] A plague upon this howling!

they are louder than the weather, or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give
o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blas-
phemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, inso-
lent noisemaker! we are less afraid to be drown'd,
than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though
the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and
as leaky as an unstaunch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-head, a-head; set her two
courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mur. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!
[Exit.

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

1 Ready, nimbly. 2 Of the present instant, the poet probably means. 3 Incontinent.

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We're 'merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chopp'd rascal;—Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut¹ him.

[A confused noise within.] Mercy on us;
We split! we split! Farewell my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.]

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; 'long heath, 'long brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The enchanted island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
Thesky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my dear daughter!)
who

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,¹
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know,

Did never meddle² with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me. So;

[Lays down his mantle.]

Lye there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd³
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely o' dored, that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, Stay, not yet.—

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out⁴ three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image: tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But
how is it,

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyssin of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here;
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not. [since,

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; thou his only heir
And priacess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heavens! [thence ?

What foul play had we, that we came from

Or blessed wast, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl: [thence ;

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen⁵ that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you
further.

Pro. My brother, and my uncle, called An-
thonio,—

I pray thee mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And wrap'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

¹ Absolutely. ² Swallow. ³ Perhaps it should be *ling*, *heath*, &c. ⁴ Before. ⁵ i. e. a very poor cell. ⁶ Mingle. ⁷ Quite. ⁸ Sorrow, grief, trouble.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash¹ for over-topping; new created [em,
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd
Or else new form'd² em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk, [not.
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st
Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty, [ing,—
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition grow-
'st thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be [play'd
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So³ dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens! [tell me,

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin

To think¹ but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.

This king of Naples being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearke us my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu of the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint⁴,

That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench; [not;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
10 (So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us on board a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
15 A rotten carcass of a boat not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
20 Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble

Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim [smile,
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst
25 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have⁵ deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach⁶, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
35 Master of this design, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentle-
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me [ness,
From my own library, with volumes that
40 I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:—

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

45 Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful. [you, sir,
Mira. Heaven thank you for it! And now I pray
50 (For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth. —

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
55 Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes [tions;
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more ques-
60 Thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[Miranda sleeps.

¹ To trash, Warburton says, is to cut away the superfluities.

² Suggestion. ³ Covered. ⁴ i. e. a stubborn resolution.

⁵ Thirsty.

⁶ Otherwise than.

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, p'rit,
Perform'd to point¹ the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O'the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves trem-
ble, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all as fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair upstanding (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.*

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them about the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'd'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes², there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their sail'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote³,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:

What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season. [*now,*

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and
Must by us both be spent most precious. [*pau.*

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now, moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? No more.

Ari. I pray thee:
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
I told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings: thou didst
To bate me a full year. [*promise*

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No. [*ooze*
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins of the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir. [*forgot*
Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! Hast thou
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir. [*tell me.*
Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak;
Ari. Sir, in Argier⁴.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir. [*with child,*
Pro. This blue-eye'd hag was hither brought
Ank here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
Adown years; within which space she died [*groans,*
And left thee the; where thou didst vent thy
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,

50 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
Adown years; within which space she died [*groans,*
And left thee the; where thou didst vent thy
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Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,

¹ Performed to the minutest article.

² Bermudas.

³ Flote is *navie*.

⁴ Algiers.

When

When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master. [oak,

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what: what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in it; go, hence, with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,

I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,

We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
Come, thou tortoise! when? [for thee:

Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil!
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! [himself

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked 'dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er! [cramps,

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins'
Shall for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em. [ing

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, [first,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou comest
Thou stoak'st me, and mad'st much of me;
would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,

The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fer-
Curs't be I, that I did so!—All the charms [tile;
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,

5 Who first was mine own king: and here you stymie
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave, [us'd thee,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have
10 Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—wou'd it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else

15 This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pitied thee, [hour
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
20 One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing more brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile
race

25 Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deerv'd more than a prison. [on't

30 *Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit
Is, I know how to curse; the red plague 'r'd you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel, and be quick; thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
I'll all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—

I must obey; his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Enter Ferdinand at the remotest part of the stage,
and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto th'se yellow sands,

And then take hands;

Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,

(The wild waves whist)

Foot it fain here and there;

And, sweet a'rites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*

The watch-dogs bark:

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

¹ Baseful. ² Perhaps put here for fairies. ³ The dead waste, or middle of the night. ⁴ Race, in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn qualities. ⁵ The erysipelas. ⁶ We learn from Magellan's voyage, that Setebos was the supreme God of the Patagons. ⁷ Silent.

Fer. Whereshould this music be? 't' the air, or the
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon [earth?]
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel's song.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.*

[*Burd n, ding-dong.*]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drowned fa-
This is no mortal business, no nor sound [ther:—
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The f'inged curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench: it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses

As we have, such: 'This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on I see, [*Aside.*] [free thee
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my
prayer

May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do la't pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best? [thee? 55
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And that he do's, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy! [Milan,

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan, [thee.

5 And his more braver daughter, could controul'
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight

[*Aside to Ariel.*]

They have changed eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.—A word, good sir;

10 I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a
word— [This

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently?

Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father

15 To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—

20 They are both in either's powers: but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
[*Aside.*

25 thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

35 *Pro.* [*To Ferd.*] Follow me.—

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till

Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,

45 Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dares not strike, thy
conscience

50 Is so possess'd with guilt; come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.—

60 What,

An advocate for an impostor? hush!

¹To owe, signifies here, as in many other places of our author's plays, *to own*. ²Confute thee.
³Tunorous.

Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as
 he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban; Foolish wench!
 To the most of men this is a Caliban,
 And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
 Are then most humble; I have no ambition
 To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To Ferdinand.*]
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
 And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
 Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.

5 [*To Ariel.*] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—
 Follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort;
 My father's of a better nature, sir,
 10 Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted
 Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain winds, but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

15 *Ari.* To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo,
 Adrian, Francisco, and others.*

Gonz. **B**ESEECH you, sir, be merry: you have
 cause

(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss: Our hint¹ of woe
 Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
 The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
 Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
 I mean our preservation, few in millions
 Can speak like us: then, wisely, good sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he is winding up the watch of his
 wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One: — Tell.

Gon. When ev'ry grief is entertained, that's
 offered, comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed; you have
 spoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant
 you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet —

S. b. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good
 wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Seb. Ha, ha ha!

Ant. So, you've paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet —

Ant. He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
 delicate temperance².

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly
 deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush³ and lusty the grass looks! how
 green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed,
 almost beyond credit) —

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
 drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their
 freshness, and glosses: being rather new dy'd, than
 60 stain'd with salt water.

¹ Hint is that which recalls to the memory. The cause that fills our minds with grief is common.
² Temperance here means *temperature*. In the puritanical times it was usual to christen children
 from the titles of religious and moral virtues. ³ i. e. of a dark full colour, the opposite to pale and jaunt.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak,
would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh
as when we put them on first: in Africk, at the
marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to
the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such
a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that
widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too?
good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me
study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous
harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make
easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in
his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments
seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis, at
the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first
day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's mar-
riage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears,
against

The stomach of my sense! Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath in'de his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd.
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
loss; [daughter,

That would not bless our Europe with your
But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. [otherwise

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd
By all of us; and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We have lost
your son,

I fear, for ever; Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them: The fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather!

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows. [do?

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine. [ries

Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contra-
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn², bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:

No occupation; all men idle, all,

And women too, but innocent and pure:

No sovereignty.

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth for-
gets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should pro-
duce

Without sweat or endeavour: Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison¹, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk no-
thing to me.

¹ Or, of my reason and natural affection. ² A limit, a land-mark. ³ A French word signifying plenty.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

[Gon. Adr. Fra. &c. sleep.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy—

[All sleep but Seb. and Ant.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke.—What
might, [more:]

Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, [and] 45
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee;
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving; 55
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snore.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom; you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,

Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,

5 Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
10 Most often, do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee: and a birth indeed,
15 Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded,
20 (For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope

25 That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, [me,
30 But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel. [dwells
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that
Ten leagues beyond man's life: she that from
Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post, [chins
40 (The man i' the moon's too slow) till new-born
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom [again:
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?

'Tis true my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no
worse [Naples,

Than now they are: There be, that can rule
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make

60 A chough¹ of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do..

¹ A chough is a bird of the jack-daw kind, chiefly in Cornwall.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; wherelies that? If it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, e'er they molest. Here lies your bro-
No better than the earth he lies upon, [ther,
If he were that which now he's like, that's¹ dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink, for ay² might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion³, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [They converse apart.]

Enter Ariel, with musick and song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.]

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-e'd conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They awake.]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are
you drawn⁴?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon my honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our
guard;

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make fur-
ther search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done. [Aside.]

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood: A noise
of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark

Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle they are set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe⁵ and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
I hear it singing i' the wind: yond⁶ same black
cloud, yond⁷ huge one, looks like a foul bombard⁸
that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder,
as it did before, I know not where to hide my
head: yond⁹ same cloud cannot chuse but fall by
pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish?
Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish;
a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not
of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I
in England now, (as once I was) and had but this
fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would
give a piece of silver: there would this monster
make a man¹⁰; any strange beast there makes a
man: when they will not give a doit to relieve
a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a
dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like
arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose
my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but

¹ i. e. *that is, id est.*

² For ever.

³ A hint of villany.

⁴ Having your swords drawn.

⁵ Make mouths.

⁶ Bombard means, in this place, a large vessel for holding drink.

⁷ i. e.

make a man's fortune; similar to Wackb. m's motto, Learning makes a man.

an islander, that has lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine¹; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing, a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. *[Drinks.]*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,

The gunner and his mate,

Lord Mountbatten, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us care'd for Kate:

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Wouldst cry to a sailor, Go hang:

She lov'd not the savour of star nor of pitch, [itch:

Yet a for might scratch her where-e'er she did

Thence to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: He shall taste of my bottle: if he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much² for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling³: Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, a cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be,— But he's drown'd; and these are devils: O! defend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well

of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

*Ste. Dost thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; * I have no long spoon.*

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How can'st thou to be the siege⁴ of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How can'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Sworn a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress shewed me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that: kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor ridiculous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

¹ A gaberdine is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant, and is still worn by the peasants in Sussex. ² i. e. any sum, or ever so much. ³ Tremor is always represented as the effect of being possess'd by the devil. ⁴ Alluding to an old proverb, that good liquor will make a cat speak. ⁵ Means, stop your draught. ⁶ Alluding to the proverb, A long spoon to eat with the devil. ⁷ Siege signifies stool in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the isle;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pry thee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, almost perfidious and drunken monster: when his god sasleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I swear myself thy subject. Come on then: down, and swear. [ject.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —But that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou monstrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard. [grow;

Cal. I pry thee, let me bring thee where crabs And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pry thee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company being drown'd we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle! Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster: a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.

Ban' Ban', Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand bearing a log.

Fer. THERE be some sports are painful; but their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of haseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be a heavy to me, as odious; but

The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is

Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such

Had ne'er like executor. I forget: [baseness

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;

Most busy-les, when I do it. [bours;

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,

Work not so hard; I would, the lightning had

Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!

Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,

'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;

He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,

The sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that:

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature; 'd had rather crack my sinews, break my back, than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it

With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected; This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,

When you are by at night. I do beseech you, (Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)

What is your name?

Mira. Miranda: O my father, I have broke your heart to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda! Indeed, the top of admiration; worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues

Have I lik'd several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil: but you, O you, So perfect, and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen

¹ Mr. Steevens supposes, that, by an error of the press, *scamel* has been here substituted for *scamell*, a species of bird mentioned by Willughby.

² For *behest*, or command.

More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillful of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Beside yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer [speak];—
The flesh-ly blow my mouth:—Hear my soul
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me? [sound,

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you? [offer

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, [ning] 35
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cun-
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow¹
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine with my heart in't: and now
Till half an hour hence. [farewell,

Fer. A thousand, thousand! [Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business apertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a
bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we
will drink water; not a drop before: therefore 60

bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink
to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
They say there's but five upon this isle: we are
5 three of them; if the other two be brain'd like
us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee:
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
10 brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me:
I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-
thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou
15 shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no
standard².

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs;
20 and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou
beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy
shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster; I
am in case to juggle a constable: Why, thou de-
bosh'd³ fish thou, was there ever a man a cow-
ard, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day?
25 Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a
fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him,
my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should
be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again: bite him to death, I
pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your
head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—
The poor monster's my subject, and he shall
40 not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made
to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I
45 will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a
tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou ly'st.
Cal. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in
55 his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of
your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more—[To Caliban.]
Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;

¹ Companion. ² Meaning he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. The quibble
between standard an ensign, and standard a fruit-tree that grows without support, is evident.

³ Debauched.

From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him (for I know, thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not——)

Ste. That's most certain. [thee.]

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst
thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not. [patch!—]

Cal. What a py'd' niny's this! Thou scurvy
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew
Where the quick freshes are. [him]

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: in-
terrupt the monster one word further, and by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make
a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go
further off.

Ste. Did'st thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Beats him.]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your
wits, and hearing too?—A pox of your bottle!
this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your
monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee
stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed. [him]

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain
Having first seized his books; or with a log [him,
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wczand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books: for without them
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has an house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her, a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord, she will become thy bed, I war-
And bring thee forth brave brood. [rant,]

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!),
and Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-roys:—
Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee:
but while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master. [sure;]

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of plea-
Let us be jocund: Will you troul' the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let ussing. [Sings.
*Flout'em, and skout'em; and skout'em and flout
'em; Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune. [*Ariel plays the tune*

Ste. What is the same? [*on a tabor and pipe.*

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by
the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou bee'st a man, shew thyself in thy
likeness: if thou bee'st a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou affear'd?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affear'd; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments [not.
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,

Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd. [story.]

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the
Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
And after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I wou'd, I
could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the island.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, &c.*

Gon. By'r lakin*, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! By your
I needs must rest me. [patience,]

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my-elf attach'd with weariness,
I'o the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian.*] I am right glad that
he's so out of hope.

* Alluding to the striped or fool's coat worn by Trinculo, who in the ancient *dramatis personae*
is called a *jester*, and not a *sailor*. * Means probably to dismiss it *trippingly from the tongue*.

* The provincial mode in Staffordshire and the adjoining counties of pronouncing the word
afraid. * i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. The next advantage

Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;

For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,

As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to night; no more.

Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,

Gon. Marvellous sweet music! [hark!]

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery¹: Now I will believe,

That there are unicorns; that in Arabia

There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix

At this hour reigning there. [nix]

Ant. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I'll besworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders,

(For certes, these are people of the island)

Whothough they are of inoustrous shape, yet note,

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,

Are worse than devils. [Aside.]

Alon. I cannot too much muse² [pressing]

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound ex-

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. [Aside.]

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since [stomachs.—]

They have left their viands behind; for we have

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I. [were boys,

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we

Who would believe that there were mountaineers,

Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men, at 'em

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now

we find,

Each putter out on five for one³, will bring us

Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,

Although my last; no matter since I feel

The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,

Stand to, and do as we.

5 *Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,

(That hath to instrument this lower world,

10 And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea

Hath caused to belch up; and on this island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men,

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

And even with such like valour men hang and drown

15 Their proper selves. *Alonzo, Sebastian, and the*

Ye fools! I and my fellows [rest draw their swords.

Are ministers of fate; the elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs

20 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish [nistern

One dowl⁴ that's in my plume; my fellow-mi-

Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,

And will not be uplifted: But remember,

(For that's my business to you) that you three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero;

Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,

Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have

30 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea all the creatures,

Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,

They have bereft: and do pronounce by me,

Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death

Can be at once) shall step by step attend [from

35 You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,

And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then to soft music, enter

the shapes again, and dance with mops and

mowes⁵, and carry out the table. [thou

Pro. [Aside] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had devouring;

Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,

In what thou hadst to say: so with good life⁶,

And observation strange, my meaner ministers,

Their several kinds have done: my high charms

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up [work,

In their distractions: they now are in my power;

And in these fits I leave them, wilst I visit

Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is

And his and my lov'd darling. [drown'd)

[Exit Prospero from above.]

Gon. I'the name of something holy, sir, why

55 In this strange stare? [stand you

¹ Shows called *drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only. ² Certainly.

³ Admire. ⁴ Our Author might have had this intelligence from the translation of Pliny, B. V. ch. 8.

⁵ The Blemmye, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breast. ⁶ This passage

alludes to an ancient forgotten custom, now very obscure, when it was customary for those who

engaged in long expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest

for it at their return home. ⁷ Bailey, in his dictionary, says, that *dowl* is a feather, or rather the

single particles of the down. ⁸ Blameless, innocent. ⁹ To *mop* and to *mow* seem to have the

same meaning, i. e. to make mouths or wry faces. *Mops* and *mowes* in Johnson's last edition.

¹⁰ With honest alacrity, or cheerfulness.

Alon.

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass¹ my trespass.
Therefore my son² the ooze is bedded³; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit.]*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. *[Exeunt.]*

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
Like poison given to work a great time after, [guilt,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy⁴
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. *[Exeunt.]*

10

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. **I** F I have too austere⁵ punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise;
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,

Against an oracle. *[tion]*

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisi-
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion⁶ shall the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eye'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st sugges-
Our worser genius can, shall never melt *[tion]*
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration, *[der'd,]*
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are foun-
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last ser-
Did worthily perform, and I must use you *[vice]*
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come, and go,*
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*

Each one tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow:

Do you love me, master? no. *[proach,*

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not ap-
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. *[Exit.]*

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire⁷ if the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;

The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—

Now come, my Ariel; bring a⁸ corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. *[Soft music.]*

A masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover⁹, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims, *[groves¹⁰,]*
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns: and thy broom
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

¹ That is, told it me in a rough bass sound. ² Ecstasy here signifies alienation of mind. ³ Asper-
sion is here used in its primitive sense of sprinkling. ⁴ That is, bring more than are sufficient, rather
than fail for want of numbers. ⁵ Corollary means surplus. ⁶ Stover from *Estovers*, a law word, signi-
fies an allowance in food or other necessities of life. It is here used for provision in general for
animals. ⁷ Disappointed lovers are still said to wear the willow, and in these lines broom groves are
assigned to that unfortunate tribe for retreat. This may allude to some old custom. We still say
that a husband hangs out the broom when his wife goes from home for a short time; and on such
occasions a broom besom has been exhibited as a signal that the house was freed from uxorial re-
straint, and where the master might be considered as a temporary bachelor. *Broom groves* may
signify broom bushes.

Being lass-lorn¹; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself do'st air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bid thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My² bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou do'st know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows

And be a boy right out.

Cer. High queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing
Hourly joys be still upon you!

Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and joison³ plenty;
Barns, and garners, never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charming: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art

I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, si'ence:
Juno, and Ceres, whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employ-ment.]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp⁴ channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the turrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain reapers, properly habited: they join
with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards
the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and
speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and
confused noise, they vanish heavily.*

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[To the spirits] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack⁵ behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:

If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. *Mira.* We wish you peace.

[Exeunt Fer. and Mira.]

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank thee:—
Ariel, come.

¹ That is, forsaken of his mistress.

² Woody.

joison signifying plenty. ⁴ That is, curling, winding.

⁵ That is, plenty to the utmost abundance; "The winds," (says lord Bacon) "which"

"move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below, pass without noise."

Prospero

Prospero comes forward from the cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to¹: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with² Caliban. [*Ceres,*

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd, Lest I might anger thee. [*varlets;*

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground For kissing of their feet; yet always bending Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor, At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses, As they smelt musick; so I charin'd their ears, That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:

Thy shape invisible retain thou still: The trumpety in my house, go, bring it hither, For³ stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture⁴ can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; And as, with age, his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers: I will plague them all, Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line. [*Prospero remains invisib e.*

Enter Ariel loaden with glistering apparel, &c.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us⁵.

Trin. Mouster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still: Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to [softly]; Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Tri. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, mon-ter, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting:—
5 Yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou here,

10 This is the mouth o' the cell; no noise, and enter: Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts. [*Stephano!*

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, monster; we know what be-
20 longs to a frippery⁶:—O, king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo! by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along.

And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin⁷ under the line: Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an't
35 like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some line upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

40 And all be turn'd to barnacles⁸, or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

¹ To cleave to is to unite with closely. ² To meet with is to counteract; to play stratagem against stratagem. ³ Stale is a word in fowling, and is used to mean a bait or decoy to catch birds. ⁴ Education.

⁵ That is, has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. ⁶ A frippery was a shop where old cloaths were sold. ⁷ Shakspeare seems to design an equivoque between the equinoxial and the girdle of a woman. ⁸ Skinner says *barnacle* is *anser Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing on the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become one of these geese; a vulgar error, which requires no serious confutation.

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
To Ariel.] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
 With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
 With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
 Than pard, or cat o' the mountain. [them]

Ari. Hark, they roar.
Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
 Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
 Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
 Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
 Follow, and do me service.

[Exit.]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Before the cell.

Enter Prospero in his magick robes, and Ariel.
Pro. NOW does my project gather to a head:
 My charms crack not; my spirits obey,
 and Time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
 You said our work shall cease.

Pro. I did say so,
 When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
 How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
 Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
 In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
 They cannot budge, till your release. The king,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,
 Him that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo*,
 His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
 From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly
 works'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch¹, a feeling
 Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion² as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
 the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part: the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.]

Pro. Ye Elves, of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
 and groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
 When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
 By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,

15 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
 pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 (Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd

20 The noon-tide sun, call forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 25 Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent art: But this rough magick

I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
 30 Some heavenly musick, (which even now I do)
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 35 I'll drown my book.

[Solemn musick.
Re-enter Ariel: after him Alonso with a frantic

gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and

Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian

and Francisco. They all enter the circle

which Prospero had made, and there stand

charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 40 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! there stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd—

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;

And as the morning steals upon the night,
 50 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo

My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 55 Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act:—

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
 blood,

60 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse, and nature; who, with Se-
 bastian,

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)

¹ A touch is a sensation.² Passion is frequently used as a verb in Shakspeare.

Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and mucky. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—

Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;—
I will disease me, and myself present.

[Exit Ariel.]

As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.

[Ariel enters singing, and helps to attire him.]

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie:

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer, merrily:

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: So, so, so.—

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pry thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse beat. [Exit.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir King,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Where's thou be'st he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do intreat, [Prospero]
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend, [To Gon.]
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[Aside to Seb. and Ant.]

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [Aside.]

Pro. No:—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!

My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't¹, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late²; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! That they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed. [Ter?]
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,

That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; whom most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was land-
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this; [Ed]
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
The cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you look in;
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

55 Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world. [wrangle,
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son

¹ To drink the air, is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as to devour the way, in Henry VI.
² That is, I am sorry for it. To be woe, is often used by old writers to signify, to be sorry. ³ Meaning, My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me.

Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Tho' the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings [*Ferdinand kneels.*]
Of a glad father compass thee about!

Aris. and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beautiful mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

[*play?*]

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
Your eldest acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's:

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;

Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,

[*gods,*]

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

[*issue*]

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When' no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

*Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir, here are more of us!

I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore.
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—

Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricky² spirit!

[*Aside.*]

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hi-

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake, [ther?]
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,

And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, ginsling chains,

And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

15 We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,

20 And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

[*Aside.*]

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;

25 And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct³ of; some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,

Do not infect your mind with beating⁴ on

30 The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every

These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come

35 hither, spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free: [*Aside.*]

[*To Ariel.*]

Untie the spell. How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company

40 some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano,
and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—

45 *Coragio*, bully-monster, *Coragio!*⁵

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid

50 He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;

What things are these, my lord Anthonio!

Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them

55 Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true:—This misshapen knave—

His mother was a witch; and one so strong [ebbs,
That could controul the moon, make flows and

¹ For *when* perhaps should be read *where*. ² That is, my clever, adroit spirit. ³ Conduct, for conductor. ⁴ *Beating* may mean *hammering*, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. ⁵ *Coragio* is an exclamation of encouragement. ⁶ That is, *honest*. A true man is, in the language of that time, opposed to a thief. The sense is, Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest.

And deal in her command without her power ;
These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life : two of these fellows, you
Must know, and own ; this thing of darkness, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano my drunken butler ?

Seb. He's drunk now : Where had he wine ? [they

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : Where should
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them :—
How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my
bones : I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano ? [a *cramp*].

Ste. O, touch me not : I am not Stephano, but

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape :—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace : What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool ?

Pro. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell ; where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away ; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,

Since I came to this isle : and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptials

Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd ;

And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must

Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all :

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel ;—

chick,—

That is thy charge ; then to the elements } [*Aside.*
Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹ That is, I am all over a *cramp*. Prospero had ordered Ariel to *shorten up their sinews with aged cramps*. *Touch me not* alludes to the *soreness* occasioned by them. In the next line, the speaker confirms this meaning by a quibble on the word *sore*.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples : Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell ;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please : Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant :
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relief'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*
PROTHEUS, }

ANTHONIO, *father to Protheus.*

THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*

HOST, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

OUT-LAWS.

SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *the like to Protheus.*

PANTHINO, *servant to Anthonio.*

JULIA, *a lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*

SILVIA, *the duke of Milan's daughter, beloved of Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Protheus;

Home-keeping youth have ever homely

We're not, affection chains thy tender days [wits:

To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,

I rather would intreat thy company,

To see the wonders of the world abroad,

Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,

Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,

Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!

Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, seest

Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:

Wish me partaker in thy happiness, [ger,

When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy dan-

If ever danger do environ thee,

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,

For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love,

For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,

And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots¹.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with

groans:

Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading mo-

ment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll

Pro. 'Tis love you'll cavil at; I am not love. [prove.

¹ Theobald pronounces this to be a proverbial expression, though now disused, signifying, Don't make a laughing-stock of me; don't play upon me. Mr. Steevens, however, is of opinion, that it might take its origin from a sport the country-people in Warwickshire use at their harvest home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanors committed in harvest, and the punishment for the men is, to be laid on a bench, and slapped on the breech with a pair of boots. This they call *giving them the boots*. He also adds, that the *boots* were an ancient engine of torture.

Val.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
'That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there: to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no; now let us take our
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters [leave.
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend:
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so farewell!

[Exit.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
thought.

Enter Speed. [master?

Speed. Sir Protheus, save you: saw you my

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
And if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shep-
herd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, when
I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and
my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd,
the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep:
thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for
wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter
to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I a lost mutton¹; gave your let-
ter to her, a lac'd mutton; and she, a lac'd mutton²,
gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store
of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were
best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best
pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve
me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? Fold it over and
over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to
your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod? [*Speed nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why that's noddy³.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I said she did nod:

and you ask me, if she did nod; and I said I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it
together, take it for your pains. [ter.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the let-
ter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear
with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; hav-
ing nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.
Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief:

What said she?

Speed. Open your purse; that the money, and
the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What
said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? couldst thou perceive so much from
her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from
her: no, not so much as a ducklet for delivering
your letter: And being so hard to me that brought
your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in
telling her mind. Give her no token but stones;
for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy
pains. To testify your bounty, I thank you, you
have testern'd⁴ me; in requital whereof, hence-
forth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll
commend you to my master. [wreck;

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—

¹ Speed calls himself a *lost mutton*, because he had lost his master, and because Protheus had been proving him a *sheep*. ² Cotgrave, in his English-French Dictionary, explains *lac'd mutton* by a *girl of pleasure*. ³ A *lac'd mutton* was so established a name for a courtesan, that a street in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was formerly called *Mutton-lane*. ⁴ Noddy was a game at cards. ⁵ That is, you have gratified me with a *tester*, *testern*, or *testen*, that is, with a *penance*.

I must go send some better messenger ;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to Julia's Chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love ?

Luc. Ay, madam ; so you stumble not unheed-

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, [fully.]

That every day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew
my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour ?

Luc. As of a knight well spoken, neat and fine ;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What thinks't thou of the rich Mercatio ?

Luc. Well, of his wealth ; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus ?

Luc. Lord, lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

Jul. How now ? what means this passion at
his name ?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam ; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure¹ thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest ?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good, I think him

Jul. Your reason ? [best.]

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason ;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love
on him ?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know
their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia,—Say from whom ?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say ; who gave it thee ?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think,
from Protheus ; [way.]

He would have given it you, but I, being in the
Did in your name receive it ; pardon the fault I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker² !

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines ?

To whisper and conspire against my youth ?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd ;

Or else return no more into my sight. [hate.]

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than

Jul. Will ye begone ?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Erit.]

5 *Jul.* And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the let-

It were a shame, to call her back again, [ter.]

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view ?

10 Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the profferer construe *Ay*.

Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !

15 How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here !

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile !

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

20 And ask remission for my folly past :—

What ho ! Lucetta !

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship ?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time ?

25 *Luc.* I would, it were ; [meat,

That you might kill your 'stomach on your

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you

Took up so gingerly ?

30 *Luc.* Nothing.

Jul. Why did'st thou stoop then ?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing ?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

35 *Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,

Unless it have a false interpreter. [rhime.]

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune :

40 Give me a note ; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible :

Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy ? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing

Jul. And why not you ? [it.]

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song :—How now, minion ?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :

50 And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not.

Luc. No, madam, it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

55 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant³ :

There wanteth but a mean⁴ to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base⁵ for Protheus.

¹ To *censure* means, in this place, to pass sentence. ² A *broker* was used for matchmaker, sometimes for procurer. ³ *Stomach* was used for *passion* or *obstinacy*. ⁴ *Descant* is a term in music. ⁵ The *mean* is the *tenor* in music. ⁶ The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress employed) from the *base* in *music* to a country exercise, *Bid the base* ; in which some pursue, and others are made prisoners.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears it.*]
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—*kind* Julia;—unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ—*love-wounded* Protheus:—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed, [*heal'd*;

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written down:

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the letter, [*bear*

Except mine own name; that some whirlwind

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—

Poor forlorn Protheus, *passionate* Protheus,

To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names;

Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father

Jul. Well, let us go. [*stays.*]

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales

here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them

down;

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them!¹

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you

see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad² talk was

that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship

Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;

While other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover islands far away;

Some, to the studious universities.

For any, or for all of these exercises,

He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet;

And did request me to importune you,

To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment³ to his age,

In having known no travel in his youth. [*that*

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to

Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time;

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:

Experience is by industry atchiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:

Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,

How his companion, youthful Valentine,

Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well. [*him thither:*

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,

Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;

And be in eye of every exercise,

Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:

And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make known;

Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the emperor's court. [*phonso.*

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al-

With other gentlemen of good esteem,

Are journeying to salute the emperor,

And to commend their service to his will. [*go:*

Ant. Good company; with them shall Protheus

And, in good time,⁴—now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:

Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents!

Oh heavenly Julia! [*there?*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or

Of commendation sent from Valentine, [*two*

Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he

writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd,

And daily graced by the emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;

¹ A month's mind was an anniversary in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a less solemnity directed by the will of the deceased. There was also a year's mind, and a week's mind. See *Proverbial Phrases*. ² Sad is the same as grace or serious. ³ Impeachment is hindrance. ⁴ The old expression when something happened which suited the thing in hand, similar to the French *à propos*.

For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentino in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition¹ thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two. [after thee:]

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent 10

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [Exit *Ant.* & *Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
burning; 15

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love:
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is; my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no.

[Exit.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Changes to Milan.

An apartment in the duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. SIR, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours; for this 30
is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She's not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward. [slow. 40

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam
Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love? 45

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First,
you have learn'd, like sir Protheus, to wreath your
arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song,
like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one
that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy
that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young
wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like
one that takes diet²; to watch, like one that fears
robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hal-
lowmas³. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to
crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like
one of the lions; when you fasted, it was pre-
sently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was
for want of money: and now you are metamor-

phos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you,
I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for,
without you were so simple, none else would: but
you are so without these follies, that these follies
are within you, and shine through you like the
water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you,
but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady
Silvia? [supper?]

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her,
and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-
favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but
her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and
the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair,
that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her
beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was de-
form'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

¹ That is, allowance. ² To take diet was the phrase for being under a regimen. ³ That is, about the feast of All-Saints, when the poor people in *Staffordshire*, and probably in *Warwickshire*, go from parish to parish a *souling* as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or singing small) for *soul-cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry. This custom seems a remnant of Popish superstition to pray for departed souls, particularly those of friends.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, and your affection so would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh, excellent motion! Oh, exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant¹, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done². [oil: 45]

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write. Please you command, a thousand times as much: And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel: And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—And yet take this again; and yet I thank you; Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more. [Aside.]

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes! the lines are very quaintly writ

But since unwillingly, take them again; Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;

But I will none of them: they are for you:

I would have had them more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:

And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam? what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit.]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple! [suitor,

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better? That my master, being the scribe, to himself should write the letter!

Val. How now, sir? what, are you reasoning³ with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom? [figure.

Speed. To yourself; why, she wooes you by a

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end⁴.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well: [desty, For often you have writ to her; and she, in motion, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print⁵, for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I've din'd,

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh! be not like your mistress; be mov'd, be moved.

[Exit.]

¹ Motion, in Shakspeare's time, signified puppet, or a puppet-shew. ² This was the language of ladies to their lovers in Shakspeare's time. ³ That is, like a scholar. ⁴ That is, discursing, talking. ⁵ i. e. there's the conclusion of the matter. ⁶ In print means with exactness.

S C E N E II.

*Julia's house at Verona.**Enter Protheus and Julia.**Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.*[Giving a ring.]**Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here,
take you this.*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:*[Exit Julia.]**Julia,* farewell.—What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do:—it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

*Enter Panthino.**Pro.* Sir Protheus, you are staid for.*Pro.* Go; I come, I come:—Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

*A street.**Enter Launce leading a dog.**Laun.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done
weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this very
fault: I have received my proportion, like the pro-
digious son, and am going with sir Protheus to the
imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the
sourdest natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping,
my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid
howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our
house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-
hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very
pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a
dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our part-
ing: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you,
wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show
you the manner of it: 'This shoe is my father;—
no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left
shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so nei-
ther;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worse sole:
'This shoe with the hole in it, is my mother, and
this my father; A vengeance on't! there'tis; now,
sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as
white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is
Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is
himself, and I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me,
and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my
father; *Father your blessing;* now should not the
shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss
my father; well he weeps on: now come I tomy mother:—oh that she could speak now like a
wood woman!—well, I kiss her;—why, there
'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now
come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes:
now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor
speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with
my tears.*Enter Panthino.**Pan.* Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master
is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars.
What's the matter? why weep'st thou man? Away,
ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.*Laun.* It is no matter if the tide were lost; for
it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.*Pan.* What's the unkindest tide?*Laun.* Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.*Pan.* Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood;
and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in
losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing
thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy ser-
vice,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?*Laun.* For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.*Pan.* Where should I lose my tongue?*Laun.* In thy tale.*Pan.* In thy tail?*Laun.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the
master, and the service, and the tide? Why, man,
if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my
tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the
boat with my sighs.*Pan.* Come, come away, man; I was sent to
call thee.*Laun.* Sir, call me what thou dar'st.*Pan.* Wilt thou go?*Laun.* Well, I will go.*[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

*M I L A N.**An apartment in the duke's palace.**Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.**Sil.* Servant,—*Val.* Mistress?*Speed.* Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.*Speed.* Not of you.*Val.* Of my mistress then.*Speed.* 'Twere good you knock'd him.*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?*Val.* Happily, I do.*Thu.* So do counterfeits.*Val.* So do you.*Thu.* What seem I, that I am not?*Val.* Wise.*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?*Val.* Your folly.*Thu.* And how quote¹ you my folly?*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.*Val.* Well, then, I'll doublet your folly.¹ That is, crazy, frantic with grief; or distracted, from any other cause. The word is very frequently used in Chaucer; and sometimes writ *wood*, sometimes *wode*. *Wood*, or crazy women, were anciently supposed to be able to tell fortunes.² To quote is to observe.*Thu.*

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire; sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence. [man?]

Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your country-

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son? [serves

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy We have convers'd, and spent our hours together: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time, To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection: Yet hath sir Protheus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow) He is complete in feature, and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir! this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time a-while: I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio: For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:

I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still. [blind,

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself; Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done, here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:— Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed: Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Serv.*]

Come, sir Thurio, Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know, your joy not in a love discourse.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs: For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sor-
O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord; [row.
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love:
Now I can break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be 'a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too.
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies no-
She is alone! [thing;]

Pro. Then let her alone. [own;

Val. Not for the world; why, man, she is mine
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our
marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

[Exit *Val.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—

That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire',
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold:

And that I love him not, as I was wont:

Oh! but I love his lady too, too much;

And that's the reason I love him so little.

How shall I doat on her with more advice?

That thus without advice begin to love her?

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,

And that hath dazzled so much reason's light:

But when I look on her perfections,

There is no reason but I shall be blind.

If I can check my erring love, I will;

If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

SCENE V.

A street.

Enter *Speed* and *Launce*.

Speed. *Launce!* by mine honesty, welcome to
Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for
I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a
man is never undone till he be hang'd; nor never
welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid,
and the hostess say, Welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-
house with you presently; where, for one shot of
five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes.
But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam
Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they
parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with
him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand
thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst
not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll
but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed. [one.

Laun. Why, stand-under and understand is all

¹ The first or *principal* of women. ² That is, there is none to be compar'd to her. ³ This alludes to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy. ⁴ With more prudence, with more discretion.

Speed.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog; if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the alehouse with a Christian: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my
Provokes me to this threefold perjury. [oath,
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
'O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheeded vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
'To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still more precious in itself;
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,

Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in council, his competitor²:

5 Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended³ flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross, [ing.
10 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceed—
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Julia's house in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Protheus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kinglydoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Protheus.

30 *Luc.* Better forbear, till Protheus make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
Pity the dearth that I have pined in, [food?
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

40 *Jul.* The more thou damn'st it up, the more it
The current, that with gentle murmur glides, [burns:
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
But, when his fair course is not hindered, [rage:
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,

45 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:

50 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

55 *Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds

As may besem some well-reputed page. [hair.

60 *Luc.* Why then your ladyship must cut your

Jul. No, girl: I'll knit it up in silken strings,

¹ To suggest is to tempt, in our author's language. ² Competitor is confederate, assistant, partner. ³ Pretended flight is proposed or intended flight.

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots ;
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make
your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord.
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-
piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta ! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pinson. [pin,

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly ;
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstead a journey?

I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd. [go not.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect !
But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth :
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you
come to him ! [wrong,

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that

To bear a hard opinion of his truth :
Only deserve my love, by loving him ;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently ;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Duke's palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

Duke. SIR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;
We have some secrets to confer about.

[*Exit Thurio.*

Now, tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me :

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would dis-
The law of friendship bids me to conceal : [cover,
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that [me.
Which else no worldly good should draw from

Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter ;

Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know, you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;

And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather choose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,

Being unprevailed, to your timeless grave. [care,
Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest

Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;

And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
This interjection is still used in the North.

means guess, in this instance. That is, be not guess'd. That is, of this claim made to your
daughter. Pretence implies design.

Sir Valentine her company, and my court :
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,

(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;

And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend ;

And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,

And this way comes he with it presently ;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at ;

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ; sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit Pro.*

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

That is, wish'd or desired journey. Aim
means guess, in this instance. That is, be not guess'd. That is, of this claim made to your
daughter. Pretence implies design.

Duke.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sulken, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of her's,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,

And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here, [this:
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman scorns sometimes what best con-
Send her another; never give her o'er; [tents her:
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean, away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
That no man hath recourse to her by night. [safe,

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither? [it

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear
Under a cloak, that is of any length. [turn?

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the
Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;

I'll get me one of such another length. [lord.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? what's here? *To Silvia?*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding! [*Duke*

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying;

Oh, could their master come and go as lightly, [ing.

Himself would lodge, where he sees, unless they are ly-

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd

Because myself do want my servants' fortune: [them,

I curse myself, for they are sent by me, [be.

That they should harbour where their lord would

What's here? Silvia, this night will I enfranchise

'Tis so: and here's the ladder for the purpose. [thee:

Why, Phaeton, (for thou art Merops' son)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think, my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories,

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Begone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living tor-

To die, is to be banish'd from myself! [*meant?*

And Sylvia is myself: banish'd from her,

Is self from self; a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Sylvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?

Unless it be, to think that she is by,

And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

¹ That is, what hinders.

² For is the same as for that, since.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not an hair
on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

[you,—

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray

Pro. Sirrah, say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news? [vanish'd.

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are

Pro. That thou art banish'd, oh, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
As if but now they waxed pale for woe: [them,
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

I hat to close prison he commanded her,

5 With many bitter threats of 'biding there. [speak'st,

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou

Have some malignant power upon my life:

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

10 *Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou can'st not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

15 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white bosom² of thy love.

20 The time now serves not to expostulate:

Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love affairs:

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,

25 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,

Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

30 [*Exeunt Valentine and Protheus.*

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have
the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave:
but that's all one, if he be but one knave³. He

lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I

35 am in love: but a team of horse shall not pluck

that from me: nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a

woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself,

and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for

she hath had gossips⁴: yet 'tis a maid, for she is

her master's maid, and serves for wages.—She

hath more qualities than a water-spaniel—which

is much in a bare christian⁵. Here is the cat-log

[pulling out a paper] of her conditions.—Impri-

mis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horse

45 can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but

only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade.—

Item, *She can milk*, look you; a sweet virtue in

a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

50 *Speed.* How now, signior Launce? what news
with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the

word: What news then in your paper?

55 *Laun.* The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

¹ The phrase of, *to fly his doom* used here for *by flying*, or *in flying*, is a gallicism. The sense is, By avoiding the execution of his sentence I shall not escape death. ² Before the meaning of this *address of letters to the bosom of a mistress* can be understood, it should be known that women antiently had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. In many parts of England the country girls still observe the same practice. ³ One *knave* may signify a *knave on one occasion*, a *single knave*. We still use a *double villain* for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. ⁴ *Gossips*, not only signify those who are sponsors for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lying-in. ⁵ *Bare* has two senses; *mere* and *naked*. *Launce* uses it in both, and opposes the *naked female* to the *water-spaniel cover'd with hairs of remarkable thickness*.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them. [read.]

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'st not

Speed. Thou lvest, I can. [thee?] 5

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother¹: this proves, that thou can'st not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and St. Nicholas² be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock³?

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. *Here follow her vices.*

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kiss'd fasting,* 35
in respect of her breath.

Laun. Close that fault may be mended with a breakfast; Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth⁴.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath. 40

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices? To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, 50
and cannot be taken from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite. 55

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised,

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal⁵.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down, she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.* 10

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was nine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Release that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next? 15

Speed.—*And more faults than hairs,—*

Laun. That's monstrous: Oh, that that were out!

Speed.—*And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,— 25

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve thy turn. 35

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter; an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Duke and Thurio, and Protheus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight,

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure 'Trenched' in ice; which with an hour's heat

Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 55

How now, sir Protheus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

¹ It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. *Launce* probably infers, that if he could read, he must have read this well-known observation. ² St. Nicholas presided over scholars, who were therefore call'd *St. Nicholas's clerks*. ³ That is, a *stocking*. ⁴ Dr. Johnson is of opinion that *sweet mouth* implies the same with what is now vulgarly called a *sweet tooth*, a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats; while Mr. Steevens believes, that by a *sweet mouth* is meant that she *sings sweetly*. ⁵ *Liberal*, is licentious and gross in language. ⁶ *Gracious*, in old language, means *graceful*. ⁷ That is, cut, carv'd in ice.

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe, but Thurio thinks not so.—

Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace. [effect]

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent;

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend. [him,

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage
Your slander never can endamage him;

Therefore the office is indifferent,

Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord; if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.

But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio. [him.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me¹:

Which must be done, by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare trust you in this
Because we know, on Valentine's report, [kind;
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

5 Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large,
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
10 To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—

But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime², to tangle her desires,

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:

Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
20 Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:—

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
25 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet concert: to their instruments
I tune a deploring dump³; the night's dead silence

Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her⁴. [love.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in
30 *Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:

Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently

To sort⁵ some gentlemen well skill'd in musick:

I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,

I'll give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it gentlemen. [per,

Pro. We'll wait upon your gracetill after sup-
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon⁶ you.
[Exeunt.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

A forest, leading towards Mantua,

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* **FELLOWS**, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but 55
down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us what you have
about you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Fal. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;

For he's a proper man.

Fal. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:

¹ *Very* is immediate. ² The meaning of this allusion is, As you wind off her love from him, make me the bottom on which you wind it. The women's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread*. ³ That is, *birdlime*. ⁴ A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy*. ⁵ To *inherit*, is here used for to *obtain possession of*, without any idea of acquiring by inheritance. ⁶ That is, to chuse out. ⁷ That is, I will excuse you from waiting.

My riches are these poor habiliments.

Of which if you should here disfigure me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might
have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was,

2 *Out.* For what offence? [hearse.

Val. For that which now torments me to re-

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable. [friar,

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;

It is a kind of honourable thievery.

Val. Peace, villain! [to?

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful men:

Myself was from Verona banished,

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and niece ally'd unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives)

And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd

With goodly shape; and by your own report

A linguist; and a man of such perfection

As we do in our quality² much want,—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be our
consort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Then shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;

Provided, that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,

5 And shew thee all the treasure we have got;

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Under Silvia's apartment in Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,

15 I have access my own love to prefer;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falshood to my friend;

20 When to her beauty I commend my vows,

She bids me think, how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd.

And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

25 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

But here comes Thurio: now must we to her
window,

And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Protheus: are you crept
before us? [love

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

35 *Thu.* Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here,

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,

40 Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host at a distance; and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're
allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

45 *Jul.* Merry, mine host, because I cannot be
merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring
you where you shall hear music, and see the
gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

50 *Host.* Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

55 *Host.* Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heavens such grace did lend her,

That she might admire'd be.

¹ Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates.
is, hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs.

² Quality is nature relatively considered.

³ That

*Is she kind, as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now ? are you sadder than you were before ?

How do you, man ? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake ; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth ?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings ?

Jul. Not so ; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf ! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music !

Jul. Ay ; that change is the spite. [thing.]

Host. You would have them always play but one

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

Bot, host, doth this sir Protheus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman ?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick¹.

Jul. Where is Launce ?

Host. Gone to seek his dog ; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace ! stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you ; I will so plead, that you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we ?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and musick.*]

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen : Who is that, that spake ? [truth,

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will ?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish ; my will is even this, — That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man !

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceived so many with thy vows ?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, — by this pale queen of night I swear, I am so far from granting thy request, That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ; And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady :

But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;

For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be ; yet Valentine, thy friend, Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness, I am betroth'd ; and art thou not ashamed To wrong him with thy importunity ?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I ; for in his grave, Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence, Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep ;

For, since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow :

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir ;

But, since your falshood shall become you well

To worship shadows, and adore false shapes.

Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it :

And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,

That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Protheus and Silvia.*]

Jul. Host, will you go ?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Protheus ?

Host. Marry, at my house : Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so ; but it hath been the longest night

That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call, and know her mind ; There's some great matter she'd employ me in. — Madam, madam !

Silvia, above at her window.

Sil. Who calls ?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend ;

One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's impose²,

I am thus early come to know what service

¹ Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.

² *Impose* is injunction, command.

It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant, wise, remorseful¹, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true-love dy'd,
² Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unhoily match, [plagues.
Which heaven, and fortune, still reward with
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows, as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your 'grievances':
Which since I know thy virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
⁴ Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exit.]

Enter Launce with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with
him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought
up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning,
when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters
went to it! I have taught him—even as one would
say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was
sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia,
from my master; and I came no sooner into the
dining chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,
and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing,
when a cur cannot keep³ himself in all compan-
ies! I would have, as one should say, one that
takes upon him to be a dog indeed; to be, as it
were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more
wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did,
I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I
live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He

thrusts me himself into the company of three or
four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table:
he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing
while⁴, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with*
the dog, says one; *What cur is that?* says another;
Whip him out, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the
duke: I, having been acquainted with the smell
before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the
fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you*
meant to whip the dog? *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he.
You do him the more wrong, quoth I; *'twas I did the*
thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but
whips me out of the chamber. How many mas-
ters would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be
sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath
stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have
stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, other-
wise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of
this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd
me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did
not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do?
When did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and
make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale?
didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I'll do, sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whore-
son peasant, [To Launce.]

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carry'd mistress Silvia the
dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur;
and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for
such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here I have
brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stol'n from
me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and
then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as
ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slaye, that, still an end⁵, turns me to shame:

[Exit Launce.]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;

But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;

Which, if my augury deceive me not,

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

¹ Remorseful is pitiful. ² It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows
of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. ³ Sorrows. ⁴ To reck is to care for.

⁵ That is, restrain himself. ⁶ A proverbial expression of those times. ⁷ This appears to have
been part of the office of an usher of the table. ⁸ That is, in the end, at the conclusion of every
business he undertakes.

Go oresently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me. [token :

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as
As you do love your lady Silvia;

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love:

You doat on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary,

And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter;—that's her chamb'r.—I'll my lady,

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, he home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit Protheus.

Jul. How many women would do such a message:

Alas, poor Protheus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good-will:

And now I am (unhappy messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love:

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean

To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Protheus, madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[Picture brought.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.

—Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,

As easily as I do tear this paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it

For, I have heard him say a thousand times, [me;

His *Melia* gave it him at his departure:

Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:

To think upon her woes, I do protest,

I hat I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Protheus hath for-

sook her. [sorrow.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is;

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at Pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,

And I was triumph'd in madam Julia's gown;

Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,

As if the garment had been made for me:

Therefore, I know she is about my height.

And, at that time, I made her weep a-good!

For I did play a lamentable part:

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;

Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth:—

Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress's sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell. [Exit Silvia.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you

know her.—

55 A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.

I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,

60 If I had such attire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as this of her's:

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

1 That is, in good earnest.

Unless

Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig'.
 Her eyes are grey as glass: and so are mine;
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective' in myself,
 If this foud Love were not a blinded god?

Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 5 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Near the Friar's cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. THE sun begins to gild the western sky;
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time;
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
 I fear, I am attended by some spies. [off.]
 Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues
 If we recover that, we are sure' enough. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit?
 Pro. Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was;
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
 Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
 Pro. No; that it is too little. [rounder.]
 Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat
 Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it
 loaths.
 Thu. What says she to my face?
 Pro. She says, it is a fair one.
 Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
 Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
 "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."
 Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
 For I had rather wink, than look on them. [Aside.]
 Thu. How likes she my discourse?
 Pro. Ill, when you talk of war. [peace?]
 Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and
 Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your
 peace. [Aside.]
 Thu. What says she to my valour?
 Pro. Oh, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

20 Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

25 Jul. That such an ass should owe' them. [Aside.]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Protheus? how now,
 30 Thurio?

Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

[Valentine;

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant
 And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
 As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
 40 Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
 But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
 Besides, she did intend confession
 At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

45 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently; and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
 That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled;
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[Exit Duke.]

50 Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
 That flies her fortune when it follows her:
 I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

55 Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[Exeunt.]

¹ It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before wigs were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were call'd *periwigs*. ² A high forehead was in Shakspeare's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. ³ That is, *respectful*, or *respectable*. ⁴ *Surc* means safe. Own them.

SCENE III.

*The Forest.**Enter Silvia and Outlaws.**Out.* Come, come;

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one,
Have learn'd me now to brook this patiently.*2 Out.* Come, bring her away. [her?]*1 Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with*3 Out.* Being mumble-motet, he hath outrun us;
But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.*1 Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's
cave:

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee![*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Outlaws' cave in the forest.**Enter Valentine.**Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:

Here can I sit alone, unseem of any,

And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,

Tune my distresses, and record¹ my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—

What hallo'ing, and what stir is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their

Have some unhappy passenger in chase: [law,

They love me well; yet I have much to do,

To keep them from uncivil outrages. [here?]

Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes

[*Val. steps aside.*]*Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.**Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,

(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)

To hazard life, and rescue you from him,

That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me for my meed² but one fair look;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am!*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came:But, by my coming, I have made you happy. [*py.*]*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhap-*Jul.* And me, when he approacheth to yourpresence. [*Aside.*]*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,

I would have been a breakfast to the beast,

Rather than have false Protheus rescue me.

Oh, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,

Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;

And full as much (for more there cannot be)

5 I do detest false perjur'd Protheus:Therefore begone, solicit me no more. [*death,**Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to

Would I not undergo for one calm look?

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,

10 When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.*Sil.* When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,

For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths

15 Descended into perjury, to love me. [*two,*

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst

And that's far worse than none; better have none

Than plural faith, which is too much by one:

Thou counterfeist to thy true friend!

20 *Pro.* In love

Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

Can no way change you to a milder form,

25 I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;

And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.*Val.* Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;*30* Thou friend of an ill fashion!*Pro.* Valentine!*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith

(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye

35 Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,

I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand

Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,

I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,

40 But count the world a stranger for thy sake. [*curst!*]

The private wound is deepest: Oh time, most

Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—

Forgive me, Valentine! if hearty sorrow

45 Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest:

50 Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [*Faints.*]*Pro.* Look to the boy. [*the matter?*]*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me*60* To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;

Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

¹ To record anciently signified to sing. Record is also a term still used by bird-fanciers, to express the first essays of a bird in singing. ² That is, reward.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*]

Pro. How! let me see:

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook: This is the ring you sent to Silvia [*Shews another ring*]

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? At my I gave this unto Julia. [*depart,*]

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me; And Julia herself hath brought it hither,

Pro. How! Julia?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths, And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?

Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me Such an immodest rayment; if shame live

In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds, [*minds.*]

Women to change their shapes, than men their

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: oh heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins: [*sins:*]

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy close;

'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven,

I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize! [*duke.*]

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine [*death;*]

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy

Come not within the measure' of my wrath:

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,

Take but possession of her with a touch;—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honour of mine ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.

Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy Sylvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities;

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile:

They are reformed, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them and thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go; we will include² all jars

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your grace to smile.

What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes. [*boy.*]

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,

That you will wonder, what hath fortun'd.—

Come, Protheus: 'tis your penance, but to hear

The story of your loves discovered:

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹ That is, the reach of my anger. ² To include is to shut up, to conclude.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

MR. PAGE, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.

MR. FORD, }

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welch parson.

DR. CAIUS, a French doctor.

HOST OF THE GARTER.

BARDOLPH.

PISTOL.

NYM.

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Mr. Page.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

RUGBY, servant to Dr. Caius.

MRS. PAGE.

MRS. FORD.

MRS. ANNE PAGE, daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton.

MRS. QUICKLY, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Before Page's house in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. SIR Hugh¹, persuade me not: I will make a Star-chamber² matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slén. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coram.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and ⁴custalorum.

Slén. Ay, and *ratalorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do: and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slén. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luse³ is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slén. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying,

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

¹ Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in the *Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakspeare to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: which, Mr. Gildon says, he was very well assured our author finished in a fortnight. ²This is the first of sundry instances in our poet, where a *parson* is called *sir*; upon which it may be observed, that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. ³The *Star-chamber* had a right to take cognizance of *routs* and *riots*. ⁴Probably intended for a corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*. ⁵The luse is a pike or jack. This passage is also supposed to point at Sir Thomas Lucy, who was the cause of Shakspeare's leaving Stratford.

Shal.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: if sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments¹ in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slén. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Slén. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slén. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here is young master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another

tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your workshops well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: Much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slén. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was out-run on Cotsale².

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slén. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strat;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in counsel; you'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage:—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slén. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching³ rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bar. You Banbury cheese⁴!

Slén. Ay; it is no matter.

¹ *Advise*ment is now an obsolete word. ² He means *Cotswold*, in Gloucestershire; where in the beginning of the reign of James the first, by permission of the king, Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickshire, instituted on the hills of *Cotswold* an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well mounted, and accounted in a suit of his majesty's old cloaths; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment. The games were, chiefly, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly coursing the hare with greyhounds. ³ Falstaff here probably quibbles between *council* and *counsel*; the latter signifies *secrecy*; and his meaning seems to be, 'Twere better for you if it were known only in *secrecy*, i. e. among your friends. ⁴ *Worts* was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. ⁵ A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or sharper. ⁶ This alludes to the thin carcase of Slender.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, 5

Eva. Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; 10 and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations. 20

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences², and two Edward shovel-boards³; that cost me two shilling and two-pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilboe⁴:

Word of denial in thy labras here⁵.

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou ly'st.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry trap*⁶, with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour⁷ on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd⁸; and so conclusions pass'd the careires⁹.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll never be drunk whilst I live again,

but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter mistress Anne Page with wine; mistress Ford and mistress Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. 15

[Kissing her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness. [Exit all but *Shal.* *Slend.* and *Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here:—

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple? where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you, A word with you, coz; marry this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here;—do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason. 35

Shal. Nay, but understand me,

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it. 40

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question 45 is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demand¹⁰. 50

Eva. But can you affection the oman¹¹ let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is

¹ The name of a spirit or familiar, in the old story-book of *Sir John Faustus*, or *Joan Faust*, and in those times a cant phrase of abuse. ² *Mill'dsirepnces* were used by way of counters to cast up money.

³ These were the broad shillings of Edward VI., and at that time used at the play of *shovel-board*.

⁴ Mr. Theobald is of opinion, that by *latten bilboe* Pistol, seeing Slender such a slim, puny wight, would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal which is called *latten*; whilst Mr. Steevens thinks, that *latten bilboe* means no more than a blade as thin as a lath. ⁵ That is, *hear* the word of denial in my lips. *Thou ly'st*. We often talk of giving the lie in a man's teeth, or in his throat. Pistol chooses to throw the word of denial in the lips of his adversary. ⁶ When a man was caught in his own stratagem, the exclamation of insult probably was *marry trap*!

⁷ *Nuthook* was a term of reproach in cant strain; and, if you run the *nuthook's* humour on me, is in plain English, if you say I am a thief. ⁸ A military phrase.

parcel of the mouth: Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good-will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope; sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Ex. Shal. and Evans.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth:—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. P'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruise'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three venes¹ for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do

your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson² loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye³, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne; yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly-la; I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Dr. Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

¹ That is, three different set-to's, *bouts*, a technical term from the French, *venue*. ² The name of a bear. ³ Meaning, that it passed all expression. ⁴ A popular adjuration of those times. *Cock* is no more than a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from *cock's wounds*, *cock's bones*, and *cock's mother*, and some other exclamations which occur in the old Moralities and Interludes. The *pye* is a table in the old Roman offices, shewing how to find out the service which is to be read on each day.

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see the froth, and lime¹; I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base Gongarian wight²! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest³.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call; Steal! foh; a fco for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food⁴.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves⁵, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar stile; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her will, and translated⁶ her will; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain⁷; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife who even now gave me good

eyes too; examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads⁸; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention⁹, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater¹⁰ to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly¹¹; Sail like my pinnace¹² to these golden shores.

[*To Robin.*]

Rogues, hence, avant! vanish like hailstones, go; I rudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of this age.

French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Boy.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam¹³ holds;

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor: Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch dehle.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness¹⁴, for the revolt of mien¹⁵ is dangerous: that is my true humour:

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ This alludes to the tricks of *frothing* beer and *liming* sack, practised in the time of Shakspeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack (i. e. sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass.

² This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays. ³ Nym means to say, that the perfection of stealing is to do it in the shortest time possible.

⁴ A proverb. ⁵ In those times the young of both sexes were instructed in *carving*, as a necessary accomplishment. ⁶ That is, explained.

⁷ The old quarto reads: As many devils attend her! ⁸ Probably from *ocillades*, French. ⁹ That is, eagerness of desire.

¹⁰ By this is meant *eschetour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. ¹¹ Perhaps we should read *rightly*.

¹² A pinnace anciently seems to have signified a small vessel or sloop, attending on a larger. At present it signifies only a man of war's boat.

¹³ *Fullam* is a cant term for false dice, *high* and *low*. *Gourd* was another instrument of gaming.

¹⁴ That is, jealousy. ¹⁵ *Revolt of mien* means *change of countenance*, one of the effects he has just been ascribing to jealousy.

SCENE IV.

*Dr. Caius's house.**Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.*

Quic. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Quic. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you?—oh, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed; does he.

Quic. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what John, I say!—Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down a-down-a! &c. [*Sings.*]

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[*Aside.*]

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vai à la Cour, — la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mettez-le au mon pocket; Depechez, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?*

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Quay j'oublie?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villaine, *larron!* Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*]

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so degmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue: Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *bailler* me some paper: Tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: And to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, —I know Anne's mind, —that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You j ck'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his

¹ That is, when my master is in bed.

² *Bate* is an obsolete word, signifying strife, contention.

³ Foolish.

⁴ *Wee*, in the northern dialect, signifies very little.

the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with yellow beards.

⁵ Probably an allusion to the jockey measure, so many hands high, used by grooms when speaking of horses.

⁶ To deceive her master, she sing, as if at her work.

⁷ *Boitier*, in French, signifies a case of surgeon's instruments.

⁸ Can and Judas, in the

⁹ That is,

¹⁰ *Boitier*, in French, signifies

throat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog.

[Exit Simple.]

Quic. Alas, he speaks a bit for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter a for dat:—do you not tell a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarrierre* to measure our weapon;—by gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the *goujere*!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me:—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have An fool's head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quic. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll besworn on a book, she loves you:—I have not your worship a wart about your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart; I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But indeed she is given too much to allicholly and musing: But for you—Well—go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other woovers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*]

Quic. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[*Exit.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page with a letter.

Mistress Page. WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

Ask me no reason why I love you; for¹ though love use reason for his precision, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I: Hu! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I: Would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

*Thine own true knight,
Bu dan or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour has this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company.—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could

¹ That is, *morbus Gallicus*. ² The meaning is, *though love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, he seldom follows its advice*.—By precision, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity.

³ Meaning, at all times.

shew you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. Owoman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry!

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*! What to-morrow, I throw, threw this whale, with so many tunns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the 'press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with

a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*]

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a 'curtail-dog in some affairs:

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young. [*poor,*]

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and Both young and old, one with another, Ford! He loves thy gally-inawiry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou, Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit Pistol.*]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*Speaking to Page.*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym, I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true;—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*]

Page. The humour of it, quoth a! here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian¹, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

¹ To *hack*, is an expression used in another scene of this play, to signify to *do mischief*. The sense of this passage may therefore be, These knights are a riotous, dissolute sort of people, and on that account thou shouldst not wish to be of the number. ² That is, we have more proof than we want.

³ A popular ballad of those times. ⁴ *Press* is used here ambiguously, for a *press* to print, and a *press* to squeeze. ⁵ That is, the *caution* which ought to attend on it. ⁶ Persons not qualified to keep a greyhound cut off his tail, and then he is termed a lurcher; yet seldom lets his game escape. S. A.

⁷ A medley. ⁸ By a *Cataian*, some kind of sharper was probably meant.

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.
Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth: And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang em slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues¹, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook!

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between

sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go a little aside.*

Shal. [*To Page.*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pot-
 tle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be

Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go an-
 heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccados, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty², yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster³, which I with sword will open. I will retort the sum in equipage⁴.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons, I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen,

¹ That is, *cheats*. ² This passage is evidently obscure. Mr. Steevens proposes to read, *Will you go on, hearts?* in confirmation of which conjecture, he observes, that the Host calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder*; and adds, in a subsequent scene of this play, *Farewell, my hearts*. ³ Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length. Shallow here censures the innovation of lighter weapons.

⁴ *To stand on any thing*, signifies *to insist on it*. To Ford, who is jealous, all *chastity* in women appears as *frailty*. ⁵ Dr. Gray supposes Shakspeare to allude to an old proverb, "The mayor of Northampton opens oysters with his dagger:" that is, to keep them at a sufficient distance from his nose, that town being fourscore miles from the sea. ⁶ Dr. Warburton conjectures the meaning of this to be, I will pay you again in stolen goods; and his opinion is confirmed by that of Mr. Farmer.

my friends, you were good soldiers, and¹ tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan², I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul at a word, hang more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a thong,—to your manor of Pickt-hatch³, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinnable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce⁴ your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what would'st thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman ask to speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quic. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford; come, mistress Ford,——

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries⁵, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweet y, (all musk; and so rusling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant trims; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort as they say) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, dukes, which is more, pensioners⁶; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quic. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absent from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot⁷ of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold⁸ life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear; she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home;

¹ A tall fellow, in the time of our author, meant, a stout, bold, or courageous person. ² Fans, in Shakespeare's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, (or others of equal length and flexibility) which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. The sum of forty pounds was sometimes given for a fan in the time of queen Elizabeth. ³ A noted place for thieves and pickpockets. *Pickt-hatch* probably is derived from the *pickets* placed upon the *hatches* of the doors of the bawdy-houses of those times; a precaution which perhaps the unseasonable and obstreperous irruptions of the gallants of that age might render necessary. ⁴ A *sconce* is a petty fortification: to *ensconce*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort. ⁵ Your ale-house conversation. *Red lattice* at the doors and windows, were formerly the external insignia of an ale-house. Hence the present chequers; and it is very remarkable, that shops, with the sign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. ⁶ This is the name of a brisk light dance, and not therefore improperly used in vulgar language for any hurry or perturbation: perhaps, however, it is not improbable, that *canaries* is only a mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*. ⁷ A *pensioner*, in those times, meant a gentleman always attendant upon the person of the prince. ⁸ To *wot* is to know. ⁹ Ray says, that *frampald*, or *frampurd*, signifies *fretful*, *peevish*, *cross*, *froward*.

but she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Zuic. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Zuic. That were a jest indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves! her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Zuic. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word¹, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me! [*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*]

Pist. This pink² is one of Cupid's carriers;—Clapon more sails; pursue; up with your fights³; Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morn-ing's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in: [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ah! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go, to; *via*!

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome: What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you⁴; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which had something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith' you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, need, I am sure, I have receiv'd none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues,
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a promise?

¹ Of all loves, signifies no more than to send him by all means. ² That is, a watch-word. ³ A pink is a vessel of the small craft, employed as a carrier for merchants. ⁴ Fights are cloaths hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy, and close-fights are bulk-heads, or any other shelter that the fabrick of a ship affords. ⁵ A cant phrase of exultation common in the old plays. ⁶ Meaning, with a view of putting you to expence. ⁷ That is, since. ⁸ That is, reward.

Ford.

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance¹, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd² for many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had 'instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward³ of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which are now too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittoly knave hath masses of money; for the which, his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who

says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made:—Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbasson, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends; but cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page: I will about it;—better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Windsor Park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby?

Rug. Sir.

Caius. What is the clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

¹ Meaning, admitted into all, or the greatest companies. ² Allowed is approved. ³ Instance is example. ⁴ Meaning, the defence of it.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take you rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villan-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Shen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come tor?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin¹, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock², thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Esculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder³? ha! is he dead, bully Stale⁴? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian⁵ king, Urinal⁶! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you bear witness dat me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair⁷ of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shewn himself

a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur mock-water⁸.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy-jack-dog-priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore?

[*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-a-nape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game⁹, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page, said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vel said.

Host. Leg us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

¹ To foin, was the ancient term for making a thrust in fencing, or tilting. ² Stock is a corruption of *stocata*, Ital. from which language the technical terms that follow, are also adopted. ³ We must remember, to make this joke relish, that the elder tree has no heart. Probably this expression was made use of in opposition to the common one, heart of oak. ⁴ The reason for calling Caius bully Stale, and afterwards Urinal, must be sufficiently obvious to every reader. ⁵ Castilian and Ethiopian, like *Catvian*, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. ⁶ This is a proverbial phrase, and is taken from stroking the hair of animals a contrary way to that in which it grows, and is of similar import with that now in use, against the grain. ⁷ Perhaps by mock-water, is meant counterfeit. The water of a gem is a technical term. ⁸ Dr. Warburton thinks it should be read thus, CRY AIM, said I well? i. e. consent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good proposal? for to cry aim signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. The phrase was taken originally from archery. Mr. Steevens defends, however, the present reading, and conjectures, that cry'd game might mean in those days—a profess'd buck, one who was as well known by the report of his gallantry, as he could have been by proclamation.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

*Frogmore.**Enter Evans and Simple.*

Eva. I PRAY you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Simp. Marry, sir, the Pitty-wary¹, the Parkward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad, if ne have deceiv'd me: how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my soul!

*By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand vragrant posies.*

By shallow—

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Babylon—
And a thousand vragrant posies.*

By shallow—

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir
Eva. He's welcome:

By shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by some per-

son, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion o' my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibo-crates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verelore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cog-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jurterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the pro-verbs, and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial! so:—Give me thy hand, celestial! so.—Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—

¹ The old editions read, the *Pittie-ward*, the modern editors, the *Pitty-wary*. There are now no places answering to either of these names at Windsor.

Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page, and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha! ha!

Eva. This is well: he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scald¹, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Ca.us. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you follow.

SCENE II.

The street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little galant: you were wout to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Frd. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Frd. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Frd. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Frd. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he! I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Frd. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Frd. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination;

he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her: A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming² mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim³. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot; I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford:

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good-will, father Page:

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day⁴, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons⁵; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is or no having⁶: he kept company with the wild prince and Poms; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

¹ Scall was an old word of reproach, as scab was afterwards. ² Seeming is specious. ³ That is, shall encourage. ⁴ That is, in an high-flown, fustian style. It was called a holy-day style, from the old custom of acting their farces of the *mysteries* and *moralities*, which were turgid and bombast, on holy-days. ⁵ This alludes to an old custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the *bachelor's buttons* (a plant whose flowers resemble a coat-button) in their pockets; and they judged of their good or bad success, by their growing, or their not growing there. ⁶ Having is the same as estate or fortune.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine¹ first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

Al. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly; is the bucket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, sit down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are call'd. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket?² what news with you?

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent³, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Doso: Go tell thy master, I am alone.

Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Rob.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then;—we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumption;—we'll teach you to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: 'Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance'.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor⁴ to say so; thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou can'st not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lispng haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury⁵ in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*]

Enter Mrs. Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? you're sham'd, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

¹ *Pipe* is known to be a vessel of wine, now containing two hogsheads. *Pipe* wine is therefore wine, not from the *bottle*, but the *pipe*; and the jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine, and a musical instrument. ² *Eyas-musket* is the same as *infant Lilly-pution*. ³ A *Jack o' lent* was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cocks. ⁴ The speaker here tells his mistress, she had a face that would become all the head-dresses in fashion. ⁵ That is, to thy own merit. ⁶ *Buckler's-bury*, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry.

Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you!—how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey him, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you had rather, and you had rather; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—Oh, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee,—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—[*linen.*]

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it.—How now? why do they bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do why they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season, too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*]

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkenel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now, uncape!

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid, he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, and the rest at a distance.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

¹ Look, how you drumble, means, how confused you are. In the North, *drumbled ale*, means, muddly, disturb'd ale. ² This alludes to the stopping every hole at which a fox could enter, before they uncape or turn him out of the bag in which he was brought. Every one has heard of a *bug-fox*.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a bad conscience: your wife is as honest a woman, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a-de turd.

Eva. In your teeth:—for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object, I am too great of birth; [pence. And, that, my state being gall'd with my ex- I seek to heal it only by his wealth: Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—— My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true. [come!

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in scaled bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton, You seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why then,——Hark you hither.

[Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.]

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quic. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults

Look handsome in three hundred pounds a-year! [Aside.

Quic. And how does good master Fenton? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, 'come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that—good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.

Why how now! what does master Fenton here?

Slen. You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient. [child.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my Page. She is no match for you.

! That is, come *poor*, or *rich*, to offer himself as my rival. The phrase is derived from the forest laws, according to which, a man who had no right to the privilege of chase, was obliged to cut or *law* his dog, amongst other modes of disabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called a *cut*, or *cut-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut* and *long-tail* therefore signified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. ² A proverbial expression.

Fent.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Quic. Speak to mistress Page. [daughter]

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love you

In such a righteous fashion as I do, [ners,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and man-

I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire: Let me have your good-will. [fool.]

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon'

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better

husband.

Quic. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good

master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;

Her father will be angry. [*Exe. Mrs. Page & Anne.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now:—Nay, said I, will

you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?

Look on, master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-

night give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for

thy pains. [*Erit.*]

Quic. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A

kind heart he hath: a woman would run through

fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I

would my master had mistress Anne; or I would

master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would

master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for

them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be

as good as my word; but speciously for master

Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir

John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a

beast am I to slack it! [*Erit.*]

SCENE V.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.

[*Erit. Bardolph.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a

basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be

thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be serv'd

such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out,

and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-

year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river

with as little remorse as they would have drown'd

a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and

you may know by my size, that I have a kind of

alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as

bell, I should drown: I had been drown'd, but

that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that

I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a

thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd?

I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, with the wine.

Now, is the sack brew'd?

Bard. Ay, sir: there's a woman below would

speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the

Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had

swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins.

Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave;—I ery you mercy:—Give

your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me

a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in

my brewage.—How now?

Quic. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from

mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough:

I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly-full

of ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not

her fault: she does so take on with her men;

they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish wo-

man's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it

would yern your heart to see it. Her husband

goes this morning a birding; she desires you once

more to come to her between eight and nine: I

must carry her word quickly: she'll make you

amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so: and

bid her think, what a man is: let her consider

his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, sir. [*Erit.*]

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he

sent me word to stay within: I like his money

well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know

what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I

was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How, sir? Did she change her deter-

mination?

Fal. No, master Brook: but the peaking cor-

auto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a

continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the

instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd,

kiss'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the pro-

¹ A common proverb in the southern counties of England:

² She intends to say, *specielly*.

³ That is, *some time to-night*.

logue of our comedy; and at their heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders: met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice, what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with 'a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compass'd, like a good 'bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fret-

ted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney!—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that—hissing hot—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into *Ætna*, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Erit.*]

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him, should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Erit.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Page's House.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William;—hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

¹ With was sometimes used for *of*. ² A *bilbo* is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexibility and elasticity. ³ *Kidney* in this phrase now signifies *kind* or *qualities*; but Falstaff means, a man whose kidneys are as fat as mine. ⁴ That is, make myself ready.

Will. Two.
Quic. Truly I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.
Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is fair *Will*?
Will. *Pulcher.* [liam?]
Quic. Poul-cats! there are fairer things than poul-cats, sure.
Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?
Will. A stone.
Eva. And what is a stone, William?
Will. A pebble.
Eva. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.
Will. *Lapis.*
Eva. That is a good William: What is he, William, that does lend articles?
Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun; and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hoc, hoc.*
Eva. *Nominativo, hic, huc, hog;*—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus;* Well, what is your *accusative case*?
Will. *Accusative, hinc.*
Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hung, hung, hog.*
Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.
Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?
Will. O—*vocativo, O.*
Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*
Quic. And that's a good root.
Eva. 'Oman, forbear.
Mrs. Page. Peace. [liam?]
Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?
Will. *Genitive case?*
Eva. Ay.
Will. *Genitive, horum, harum, horum.*
Quic. 'Vengeance of *Ginev's* case! lie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.
Eva. For shame, 'oman.
Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*:—lie upon you!
Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understanding for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? thou art a foolish christian creatures, as I would desires.
Mrs. Page. Prythee, hold thy peace.
Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.
Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.
Eva. It is *ki, ka, cod;* if you forget your *kies*, your *kas*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches'. Go your ways and play, go.
Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag¹ memory. Farewell mistress Page.
Mrs. Page. Adieu good sir Hugh. Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accomptment, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?
Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet sir John.
Mrs. Page. [Within.] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!
Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John. [Exit Falstaff.]

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?
Mrs. Ford. Why, none but my own people.
Mrs. Page. Indeed? [Aside.]
Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder.
Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.
Mrs. Ford. Why?
Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes² again: he so takes on 'yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer-out, peer-out! that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.
Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?
Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.
Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?
Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.
Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.
Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.
Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

¹ Sir Hugh means to say, You must be breech'd, i. e. flogg'd. To breech is to flog. ² This word is still in use, and signifies ready, alert, sprightly: it is pronounced as if it was written—sprack. ³ That is, lunacy, frenzy. ⁴ To take on, now used for to grieve, seems to be used by our author for to rage. ⁵ That is, appear horns.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more 't the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came.—But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word.—Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract¹ for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John; unless you go out disguised.—How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrum² hat, and her muffler³ too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go go, sweet sir John: mistress Page, and I, will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman at Brentford; he swears, she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh; 'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

3 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a basket! Oh, you pandarous rascals!—there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd.—What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why this is lunatics! this is mad as mad dog!

25 *Shal.* Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford;—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the cloaths alone.

40 *Ford.* I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

45 *Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; Why may not he be here again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford.

¹ That is, a list, an inventory. ² The thrum is the end of a weaver's warp, and was probably used for making coarse hats. ³ A muffler was some part of dress that cover'd the face. ⁴ To pass means here, to go beyond bounds. ⁵ Meaning, this is below your character.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman¹. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?
Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery² as this is: beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in women's cloaths, led by Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my doors, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcot, you ronyon³! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: it I cry out thus upon no trail⁴, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:—Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me he beat him most pitifully.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means, if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvir-
tuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will be still the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd: and, methinks, there would be no period⁵ to the jest, should he not be publicly shan'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Garter inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off⁶; I'll sauce them: come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'omans as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt:

I rather will suspect the sun with cold, [stand, Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. Be not as extreme in submission,

As in offence;

But let our plot go forward; let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park

At midnight! fie, fie; he will never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the

rivers; and hath been grievously peaten, as an old

'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him,

¹ *Lover.* *Leman* is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *beloved*, and *man*. ² *Dauberics* are *disguises*. ³ *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, imports much the same with *scull* or *scab* spoken of a man. ⁴ This expression is borrowed from hunting. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To cry out*, is to *open* or *bark*. ⁵ Meaning, there would be no proper catastrophe. ⁶ That is, they must pay.

that he should not come: methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him hither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a
In a most hideous and dreadful manner: [chain
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you
The superstitious idle-headed eld¹ [know,
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth. [fear

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;—
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought
upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son, [dress
And there are four more of their growth, we'll
Like urchins², ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffus'd³ song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazement will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane?

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves: dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must:
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;

and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [Aside.

10 And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us pro-
15 And tricking⁴ for our fairies. [parties

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[Exit Mrs. Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
20 Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good-will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well-landed, is an idiot;
25 And he my husband best of all affects:

The doctor is well-money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthies come to crave
her. [Exit.

SCENE V.

The Garter inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what,
35 thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,
quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir
John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle,
40 his standing-bed, and truckle-bed⁵; 'tis painted
about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and
new; Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an
*Anthropophaginian*⁶ unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman,
45 gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay,
sir, 'till she come down: I come to speak with
her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be
robb'd: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir
50 John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou
there? It is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Falstaff above.

Fal. How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar⁷ carries the

¹ To take, here means to seize or strike with a disease. ² Meaning, age. ³ Urchin is a hedgehog; but is here used to signify any thing little and dwarfish. *Ouph* is a fairy or goblin. ⁴ Dr. Warburton says, this signifies a song that strikes out into wild sentiments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is fairy land. ⁵ Properties are incidental necessities to a theatre, exclusive of scenes and dresses. ⁶ To trick, is to dress out. ⁷ The usual furniture of chambers in those times consisted of a standing bed, under which was a truckle, or running bed. In the former lay the master, and in the latter the servant. ⁸ That is, a Cannibal. The Host uses this high-sounding word to astonish Simple; an effect which he probably likewise means to produce by the word Ephesian, which follows. ⁹ See the preceding note.

coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now, with me; but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell¹; What would you with her?

Simp. My master, sir, master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the street, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguill'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguill'd master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, sir,

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, sir?

Fal. To have her—or no: Go; say the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike: like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit Simple.*]

Host. Thou art clerkly; thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! merecozenage! *Host.* Where be my horses! speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they are fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin-germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of

horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and plouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a duke *de Jamany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good-vill: adieu. [*Exit.*]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I'm undone! [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-falln as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I foreswore myself at *Primero*². Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now! whence came you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together! sure one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

¹ Falstaff probably calls Simple *mussel-shell*, from his standing with his mouth open.

² That is, scholar-like. ³ A game at cards.

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will,
at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might her chuser)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the shew of both: Fat sir John Falstaff
Hath a great scene; the image¹ of the jest

[*Shewing a letter.*

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine
host;

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here²; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton [sir,
Immediately to marry: she hath consented: now,
Her mother even³ stroag against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,

While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor:—Now, thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to devote⁴ her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint⁵ in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or
mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me;
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony. [vicar:

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. PRYTHEE, no more prating;—go.—
I'll hold: This is the third time: I hope
good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they
say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in na-
tivity, chance or death.—Away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what
I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Ex. Mrs. Quickly.*

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your
head, and mince⁶.

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the
matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you
in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and
you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as
you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see,
like a poor old man: but I came from her, mas-
ter Brook, like a poor old woman. That same
knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad de-
vil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever
govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me
grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the

35 shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath
with a weaver's beam; because I know also,
life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with
me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I
pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I
40 knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately.
Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this
knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be re-
venge'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.
—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook!
45 follow. — [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-
ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remem-
ber, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and
we have a nay-word⁷ how to know one another.
55 I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries,
budget; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either
your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher
her well enough.—It hath sruck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will

¹ That is, the representation.

² In the letter.

³ Even here means as.

⁴ Perhaps we

should read *denote*.

⁵ As *quaint* signifies fantastical, the meaning may be, fantastically drest in
green.

⁶ To mince is to walk with affected delicacy.

⁷ That is, a watch-word.

become

become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely. [*lechery,*]

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; Come come; trib, trib.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—Oh powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—Oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, in the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my dear? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes¹, let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*²; hail kissing-comfits³, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk⁴, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [*The women run out.*]

Mrs. Page. }
Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh like a satyr; Quickly, and others dress'd like fairies, with tapers.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality.—

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes. [*toys.*]

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy Cricket, to Windsor chunnies shalt thou leap:

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths un-
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry⁵; [swept,
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttary: [*die:*]

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall I'll wink and couch: No man their work must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's Bede?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said, Rein up the organs of her fantasy⁶,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:

But those asleep, and think not on their sins, [shins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and

Quick. About, about;

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:

Strew good luck, oushes, on every sacred room;

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as wholesome⁷ as in state 'tis fit;

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm, and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment coat, and several crest,

[With loyal blazou, evermore be blest!

¹ A technical phrase spoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men.

² *Potatoes*, when they were first introduced in England, were supposed to be strong provocatives.

³ Sugar plums perfum'd to make the breath sweet. ⁴ That is, for the keeper of this district. By

custom, the shoulders and humbles were a perquisite of the keeper's. ⁵ The *whortleberry*, called bilberry in Staffordshire, and on which the More game feed. ⁶ That is, elevate her ideas above

sensual desires and imaginations. ⁷ *Wholsome* here signifies entire or perfect.

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see,
And *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee; }
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget. [order set:

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle¹ earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese! [birth.

Eva. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy
Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.—
[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!
Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed, he is full of lecheries
and iniquity.

The SONG.

Fie on sinful phantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

[*During this song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;*
Slender another way, and he takes away a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.]

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.
Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come; hold up the jest
no higher:

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes,

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave: here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoy'd nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent², when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealousies also, I pray you.
Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I lay'd my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb or frize³? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?—this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to an-

¹ Or the matter with which they make letters. ² Spirits being supposed to inhabit the æthærial regions, and fairies to dwell under ground, men therefore are in a middle station. ³ *Luxury* here signifies incontinence. ⁴ That is, the fire in the blood. ⁵ A Jack o' Lent was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks. ⁶ That is, a fool's cap made out of Welch cloth.

swer the Welch flannel¹; ignorance itself is a plummeth o'er me²: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction. [amends:

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*

Enter Slender.

Slender. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eaton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly: Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jesu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry poys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar I am co-

zen'd; I ha' married *un garcon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit *Caius*.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me—Here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fenton. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, She and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.

The offence is holy, that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title: Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed hours, [her.

Which forced marriage would have brought upon

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:— In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!—

Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John, To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he, to-night, shall lye with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

¹ *Flannel* was originally the manufacture of Wales.

² On the meaning of this difficult passage commentators are greatly divided. Dr. Farmer's conjecture, that we should read, "Ignorance itself is a planet o'er me," appears to be the most intelligible.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*
 ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
 ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*
 CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
 LUCIO, *a Fantastick.*
 Two other like Gentlemen.
 VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
 Protost.
 THOMAS, } *two Friars.*
 PETER, }
 A Justice.

ELBOW, *a simple Consta'le.*
 FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
 Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Overdone.*
 ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
 BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*
 ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*
 MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
 JULIET, *belov'd of Claudio.*
 FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
 Mrs. OVERDONE, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

Duke. ESCALUS,—
 Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
 Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
 Since I am put to know¹, that your own science
 Exceeds, in that, the lists² of all advice
 My strength can give you: Then no more remains,

But that your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
 25 And let them work³. The nature of our people,
 Our city's institutions, and the terms
 For common justice, you are as pregnant⁴ in,
 As art and practice hath enrich'd any
 That we remember: There is our commission,
 30 From which we would not have you warp.—Call
 I say, bid come before us Angelo.— [hither,
 What figure of us think you he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special soul⁵
 Elected him our absence to supply;

¹ The story of this play is taken from the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published in 1578, and which was probably originally borrowed from *Cinthio's Novels*. ² Meaning, I am obliged to acknowledge. ³ Limits. ⁴ This passage has much exercised the sagacity of different editors.

Theobald is of opinion, that either from the impertinence of the actors, or the negligence of the copyists, it has come mutilated to us by a line being accidentally left out, and proposes to read thus:

—Then no more remains,
 But that to your sufficiency you add
 Due diligence as your worth is able,
 And let them work.

Sir Tho. Hamper endeavours to supply the deficiency as follows:

—Then no more remains,
 But that to your sufficiency you join
 A will to serve us, as your worth is able.

Dr. Warburton is for reading, instead of *But that*, Put to your sufficiency, which he says here means authority, and then the sense will be as follows: Put your skill in governing (says the duke) to the power which I give you to exercise it, and let them work together. Dr. Johnson, however, approves neither of Theobald's conjecture, nor of Warburton's amendment. That is, ready, or knowing in. That is, of special favour or affection.

Lent

Lent him our terror, drest him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper¹, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth with us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues²: nor nature never³ lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise⁴:
Hold therefore Angelo⁵:
In our remove, be thou at full yourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
'Though first in question⁶, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a heaven'd⁷ and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concerns shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope⁸ is as mine own;
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:

Though it do well, I do not not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!
Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed. [*Enter,*]

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw toge-
And we may soon our satisfaction have

Touching that point.
Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the king of Hungary,
why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
king of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea with the ten command-
ments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to com-
mand the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions; they put forth to steal: There's not a sol-
dier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat,
doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.
Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never
wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion¹⁰, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite
of all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself
art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears
between us¹¹.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists
and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good vel-
vet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee; I
had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd,
as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak
feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most
painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine

¹ That is, are not so much thy own property. ² To great consequences. ³ Two negatives not used to make an affirmative, are common in 'Shakspeare's plays. ⁴ That is, one that can *inform himself* of that which otherwise it would be *my part* to tell him. ⁵ That is, continue to be Angelo.

⁶ That is, first appointed. ⁷ A *leavened* choice means a choice not hasty, but considerate. ⁸ That is, Your fullness of power. ⁹ There are metrical *graces* in the *Primers*, which probably were used in Shakspeare's time. ¹⁰ That is, in any *form*. ¹¹ Meaning, we are both of the same piece.

own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as comes to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars¹ a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown² more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat³, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.—How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done⁴?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down. [city?]

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the

Clown. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs⁵ be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clown. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.— The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the immoderate use

Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue, (Like rats that ravin' down their proper bane) A thirsty evil; and, when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend

Lucio. What is it? murder?

¹ A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours*. ² Lucio means here not the piece of money so called, but that *venereal* scab, which among the surgeons is styled *corona Veneris*. ³ Alluding probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. ⁴ The verb *to do*, is here used in a sense now obsolete, but which the reader will easily guess at from the modern application of the phrase of "undoing a woman," or "a woman's being undone." Hence the name of *Over-done*, which Shakespeare has in this play appropriated to the *bawd*. ⁵ Meaning all bawdy-houses. ⁶ *Ruise* is an obsolete word for *prey*.

Claud.

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—*Lucio*, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—

Is lechery so look'd after? [contract,

Claud. Thus stands it with me.—Upon a true I got possession of Julietta's bed;

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends;

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Till time had made them for us. But it chances,

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,

With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness¹;

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in:—But this new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties, [wall

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the

So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on me:—'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so

tickle² on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she

be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke,

and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation:

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;

I have great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a proud³ and speechless dialect, [art

Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encour-

agement of the like, which else would stand under

grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy

life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly

lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;—

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends

Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd⁴;

And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.

I have deliver'd to lord Angelo

(A man of stricture⁵, and firm abstinence)

My absolute power and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,

And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,

You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting

(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds)

Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,

That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers

Having bound up the threaten'ing twigs of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For terror, not to use; in time the rod

Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;

And liberty plucks justice by the nose;

The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace

To unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd:

And it in your more dreadful would have seem'd,

Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:

Sith'twas my fault to give the people scope,

'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them,

For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass, [father,

And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my

I have on Angelo impos'd the office;

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet, my nature never in the sight

To do it slander: And to behold his sway,

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,

Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

How I may formally in person bear me

Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,

At our more leisure shall I render you;

Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;

Stands at a guard⁶ with envy; scarce confesses

That his blood flows, or that his appetite

¹ That is, whether it be the seeming enormity of the action, or the glare of new authority. The fault and glimpse is the same as the fault or glimpse, i. e. a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority. ² That is, ticklish. ³ Proud here seems to mean humble. ⁴ Meaning a life of retirement. ⁵ Stricture is probably here used for strictness. ⁶ That is, stands on terms of defiance.

Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. [Within.] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
But in the presence of the prioress: [men,
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit Franc.*

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask,
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister. [greets you:]

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what? [judge,

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true: I would not (though 'tis my
familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint. [me.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking

Lucio. Donot believe it. Fewness¹ and truth, 'tis
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd: [thus:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time
' That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison²; so her plenteous womb

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry. [Juliet?

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin

Lucio. Is she your cousin? [names,

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their

5 By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;

10 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

In hand, and hope of action³: but we do learn

By those that know the very nerves of state,

His givings-out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his place,

And with full line⁴ of his authority,

15 Governs lord Angelo: A man whose blood

Is very snow-broth; one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense;

But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge

20 With profits of the mind, study and fast.

He (to give fear to use and liberty⁵,

Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,

As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,

Under whose heavy sense your brother's life

25 Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;

And follows close the rigour of the statute,

To make him an example: all hope is gone,

Unless you have the grace⁶ by your fair prayer

To soften Angelo: and that's my pith⁷

30 Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd⁸ him

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath

A warrant for his execution.

35 *Isab.* Alas! what poor ability's in me

To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,

40 And make us lose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,

And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,

Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,

All their petitions are as truly theirs

45 As they themselves would owe¹⁰ them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it strait;

No longer staying but to give the mother¹¹

Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:

Commend me to my brother: soon at night

I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

¹ That is, in few words.

² For that, we should probably read *doth*; and instead of *brings*, *bring*.

³ That is, plenty, abundance.

⁴ The meaning is, he kept many gentlemen in expectation and dependence.

⁵ That is, full extent.

⁶ That is, to intimidate practices long countenanced by custom.

⁷ That is, the power of gaining favour.

⁸ The principal part of my message.

⁹ That is, has sentenced him.

¹⁰ To owe, here signifies, to possess, to have.

¹¹ The address.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*Angelo's house.**Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost, and Attendants.**Ang.* WE must not make a scare-crow of the law;Setting it up to fear* the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.*Escal.* Ay, but yetLet us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know, (whom I believe
To be most strait in virtue)That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him¹,
And pull'd the law upon you.*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to
That justice seizes. What know the laws, [justice,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very preg-
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it, [nant²,
Because we see it: but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
' For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.*Ang.* Where is the provost?*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.*Ang.* See that ClaudioBe executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.]

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice³, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.*Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.**Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be good
people in a common-weal, that do nothing but usetheir abuses in common houses, I know no law:
bring them away.*Ang.* How now, sir? What's your name? and
what's the matter?*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor
duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean
upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your
good honour two notorious benefactors.*Ang.* Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are
they? are they not malefactors?*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well
what they are: but precise villains they are, that
I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the
world, that good christians ought to have.*Escal.* This comes off well⁴; here's a wise officer.*Ang.* Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow
is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?*Clown.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow⁵.*Ang.* What are you, sir?*Elb.* He, sir? a tapster, sir; a parcel-bawd⁶;
one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir,
was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs;
and now she professes a hot-house⁷, which, I
think, is a very ill house too.*Escal.* How know you that?*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven
and your honour,——*Escal.* How! thy wife?*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an
honest woman;——*Escal.* Dost thou detest her, therefore?*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well
as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house,
it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?*Elb.* Marry sir, by my wife; who, if she had
been a woman cardinally given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all unclean-
ness there.*Escal.* By the woman's means?*Elb.* Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means:
but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.*Clown.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou
honourable man, prove it.*Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To Angelo.]

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and
longing (saying your honour's reverence) for
stew'd prunes⁸; sir, we had but two in the house,
which at that very distant time stood as it were,
in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your

* The provost is usually the executioner of an army. * To affright, to terrify. * That is, for which you now condemn him. * Pregnant here means plain. * That is, because. * That is, from the thorny paths of vice. * Comes off well, when seriously applied to speech, imports a story or tale to be well told or delivered. Escalus, however, here uses the phrase ironically. * The Clown quibbles on the word *elbow*; meaning, he is out at the word *elbow*, and out at the *elbow* of his coat. * The meaning is, he is half tapster, half bawd. * That is, she keeps a bagnio. * A dish of stewed prunes in the window, was the ancient mark or characteristic, as well as the constant appendage, of a brothel.

honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clown. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come me to what was done to her. [yet.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir: a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good-morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Ounce, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; What did this gentleman do to her?

Clown. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his

honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a box, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou cattil! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked cattil?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou would'st discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [To Froth.

Froth. Here, in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[To the Clown.

Clown. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master

Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you ac-

¹ This probably alludes to two personages well known to the audience by their frequent introduction in the old Moralities. ² A mistake for *Cannibal*.

quainted with tapsters; they will draw¹ you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth:—Farewell.—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, sir.

Escal. Truth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you: so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being tapster; Are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a bay²: If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade;—The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well.

What's a clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio: But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Angelo's house.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight: I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for it!—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not Why dost thou ask again? [*order?*]

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:

Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:

Do you your office; or give up your place, And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? she's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some more fitting place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you.

¹ Draw includes here a variety of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it means, *to drain, to empty*; as it refers to *hang*, it implies *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle*. In Froth's answer, it imports the same as *to bring along by some motive or power*. ² Dr. Johnson says, a *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, for the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays*. In Staffordshire, it is applied to the two open spaces of a barn on each side the threshing-floor.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Proc. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Proc. Save your honour!

Ang. Stay yet a while.—[*To Isab.*] You are
welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice:
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Proc. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Give not o'er so: to him
again, intreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy. [him, 40]

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse!
As mine is to him?

Ang. He is sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To Isab.*]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slept, like him; but he, like you, 60]

Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

10 *Isab.* Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were¹, were forfeit once:
And He that might the 'vantage best have took,

Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should

15 But judge you, as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made².

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.

20 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, [row.
It should be thus with him:—he must die to-mor-

Isab. To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden! Spare
him, spare him;

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens

25 We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister [you:
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

30 *Lucio.* Ay, well said. [slept:

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,

If the first man, that did the edict infringe,

Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;

35 Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass³ that shews what future evils,

(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)

Are now to have no successive degrees,

But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,

Which a dismiss'd offence would alter gall;

45 And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;

Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sen-
And he, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent [tence;

50 To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,

To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

55 For every pelting, petty officer [thunder.—

Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
Merciful heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled⁴ oak,

60 Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,

¹ That is, pity. ² Perhaps we ought to read *are*. ³ Meaning, perfect as the first man was, when he came from the hands of his Creator. ⁴ This alludes to the fopperies of the *beril*, a ball of crystal much used at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. ⁵ Paltry. ⁶ That is, knotted.

(Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal'.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench; he will relent:
He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess

A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*To Isab.*
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back. [*row.*

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-mor-

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord,

Ang. How! bribe me? [*turn back.*

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share

Lucio. You had marr'd all else [*with you.*

Isab. Notwith fond¹ shekels of the tested² gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls³,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Goto; 'tis well; [*Aside to Isabel.*] away.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross⁴.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time⁵ fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour! [*Ex. Lucio and Isab.*

Ang. From thee: even from thy virtue!—

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha,
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,

That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous⁶ season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense [nough,
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground &

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things

That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority, [*her,*
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love

That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?

Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous

Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loying virtue: never could the strumpet,

With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid

Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd

how. [*Erit.*

SCENE III.

A Prison.

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will,
good friar? [*order,*

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd
I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know.

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly. [*needful.*

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws⁷ of her own youth,

Hath blister'd her report⁸: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man

More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
con-science,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

¹ Dr. Warburton supposes, that Shakspeare meant by spleen, that peculiar turn of the human mind, which always inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth; that had the angels that, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does not deserve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen. ² *Fond* here means, *valued or prized by folly.* ³ That is, cupelled, brought to the test, refined. ⁴ That is, preserved from the corruption of the world. ⁵ Dr. Johnson thinks, that, instead of *where* we should read, *which your prayers cross.* The meaning of the passage will then be, The temptation under which I labour is that which thou hast unknowingly thwarted with thy prayer. ⁶ Perhaps it were better to read *James.* ⁷ That is, has disfigured her name or reputation.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him. [act]

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually. [his.]

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do repent¹,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven;

Shewing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repeat me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:

Grace go with you! *benedicite.* [Exit.]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! Oh, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray [words;

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty
Whilst my intention², hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven is in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;

And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,

Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot³, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!

How often dost thou with thy case⁴, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art but blood;
Let's write, good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest⁵.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Solus.] Oh heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossession all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general⁶, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much
better please me, [live.]

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [Going.]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit [image]
Their sawcy sweetness⁷, that do coin heaven's
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,

To make a false one. [earth.]

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in
Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul. [sins]

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd
Stand more for number than for account.

Isab. How say you? [speak]

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can
Against the thing I say. Answer to this,—

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! You granting of my suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer

¹ That is, repent not on this account. ² Intention here signifies eagerness of desire. The old folio, however, reads *invention*, by which the poet might mean *imagination*. ³ Profit, advantage. ⁴ Case is here put for *outside*, or external shew. ⁵ The meaning is, Let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent. Thus if we write *good angel on the devil's horn*, 'tis not taken any longer to be the *devil's crest*. ⁶ This phrase of the *general*, means the *people* or *multitude* subject to a king, &c. ⁷ That is, saucy indulgence of the appetite. ⁸ The sense of this passage is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication, and it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.

To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer¹.

Ang. Nay, but hear me; [ignorant,
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
Or seem so, craftily: and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield⁴ beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accounted to the law upon that pain³.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe⁴ not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must you brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once,
'Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence⁴
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption. [rant;

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a ty-
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what
we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he⁵,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too. [selves;

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
Which are as easy broke as they make⁷ forms.

Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them⁸. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are as soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints⁹.

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,

15 Than faults may shake our frames) let me be
I do arrest your words: Be that you are, [bold.—
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrant) shew it now,

20 By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;

25 And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

30 *Ang.* Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seem-
ing¹⁰!—

35 I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an about-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsol'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch¹¹ against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;

40 And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes, [ther
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy bro-
By yielding up thy body to my will;

45 Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,

¹ Meaning, the faults of mine answer are the faults which I am to answer for. ² That is, a beauty covered as with a shield. *These masks* probably mean, the *masks of the audience*. ³ *Pain* here means *penalty, punishment*. ⁴ *To subscribe*, here signifies, to agree to. ⁵ Dr. Warburton observes, this passage is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explained. A *feodary* was one who in the times of vassalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service: which tenures were call'd *feudu* amongst the Goths. Now, says Angelo, "we are all frail." "Yes", replies Isabella; "if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who succeed each other by the same tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes *suit and service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. ⁶ *To owe*, in this place, signifies to *own*, to have possession. ⁷ Perhaps we should read, *take forms*. ⁸ That is, in imitating them. ⁹ That is, take any impression. ¹⁰ That is, Hypocrisy, hypocrisy. ¹¹ *Vouch* is the testimony one man bears for another.

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Erit.*]

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother:

Though he hath fallen by prompture¹ of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[*Erit.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. GO, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death²; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou
Servest to all the skiey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runnest toward him still: Thou art not
noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are ours'd by baseness: Thou art by no means
valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects³,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor:
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;

For thy own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo⁴, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep, [nor age;
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld⁵; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life [fear,
Lye hid more thousand deaths¹⁰: yet death we
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;

And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good
company! [a welcome]

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's

Duke. Provost, a word with you. [your sister.

Prov. As many as you please. [ceal'd,

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be con-
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, most good in
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, [deed:
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger¹¹: [speed,
Therefore your best appointment¹² make with
To-morrow you set on.

¹ That is, temptation, instigation. ² Meaning, be determined to die, without any hope of life.
³ Keep in this place signifies to cure for. ⁴ In the old farces called *Moralities*, the fool of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, brings the fool at every turn into his very jaws. ⁵ Worm is here substituted for any creeping thing or serpent. ⁶ For effects we should read affects; that is, affections.
⁷ A kind of tetter. ⁸ The drift of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age can be said to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is,—We have neither youth nor age. ⁹ Eld is here used for old age, or persons worn out with years. ¹⁰ Meaning a thousand deaths besides those which have been mentioned. ¹¹ Leiger is the same with resident. ¹² Appointment means preparation.

Claud

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to 't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor bettle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms. [ther's grave]

Isab. There spake my brother; there my fa-
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl',—is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast², he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards³! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be. [offence]

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, for this rank
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel. [mor^{row}]

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it⁴? sure it is no sin:
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

5 *Claud.* If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably⁵ fin'd? Oh Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

10 *Isab.* And shamed life a hateful. [where;

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded clod; and the delighted⁶ spirit
15 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about

20 The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment

Can lay on nature, is a paradise
25 To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

30 *Isab.* Oh, you beast!

Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?

Is't not a kind of incest, to take life [think⁷]

35 From thine own sister's shame? What should I
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness⁸,
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance⁹.

Die; perish! Might but my bending down

40 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,

No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

45 Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade¹⁰:

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:

'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

50 *Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one

word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I

would by and by have some speech with you:

the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your

own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must

¹ To *emmew* is a term in falconry. The meaning of the passage is, In whose presence youth are afraid to shew their follies. ² To *cast* a pond is to empty it of mud. ³ That is, in the ornaments of royalty.

⁴ That is, when he is putting the law in force against me. ⁵ Lastingly. ⁶ That is, the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights.

This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. ⁷ *Wilderness* is here used for *wildness*. ⁸ *Defiance* is re-

fusal. ⁹ An established habit.

be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [To Claudio aside.] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo hath never the purpose to corrupt her: only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death:—Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[Exit Claudio. Re-enter Provost.]

Duke. Hold you there! Farewell. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time?

[Exit Prov.]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his failings, I should wonder at Angelo: How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he returns, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further: I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscaried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd;

was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which yet she wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange¹ resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father.

[Exit severally.]

¹ Persevere in that resolution. ² i. e. Very well. ³ *Combinat* means betrothed. ⁴ To scale means, to reach him notwithstanding the elevation of his situation. ⁵ A *grange* is a solitary farmhouse.

SCENE II.

*The Street.**Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard!

Duke. Oh, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clown. "I was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd, by order of law, a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft being richer than innocency, stands for the facing."

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou caustest to be done, That is thy means to live: Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,— From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove— [for sin,

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all as some would seem to be, Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the heels of Caesar? art thou led in triumph? What, is

there none of *Pigmalion's* images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is 't not drown'd? the last rain? ha? What say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? is it sad, and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub!

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell; go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for bring a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too: bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.

—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir, come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go.

[Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none; Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia: other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to

¹ A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue. ² Meaning, his neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope.—Q. Does not this rather mean the method of conveying criminals to justice, or execution, with a cord tied round the neck of the criminal and the middle of the officer? ³ *Trot* is a familiar address to a man, among the provincial vulgar. ⁴ Dr. Warburton says, the author here alludes to the *lues venerea*, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Freind in his *History of Physick*, vol. II. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself was macerated." Wiseman says, in England they do for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. A person under cure for a venereal complaint, is now grossly said to be in the *pickling* or *powdering tub*. ⁵ That is, it is not

steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—some, that he was got between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true:—and he is a motion ungenerative!; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward¹ of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pry'three, might be the cause?

Lucio. No—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file² of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he had helmed³, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. Oh, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungentur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous.

The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light;—Would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pry'three, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays⁴. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality can censure scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself; and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:

¹ The meaning of this passage is, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more use of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. ² A wooden dish with which beggars, in those times, used to make known their poverty, by clacking its moveable cover to shew that it was empty. This is at present a custom also with the mummings and plough-bullocks in the inland counties. ³ Inward means intimate. ⁴ The greater number. ⁵ That is, steered through. ⁶ Meaning, would have a wench, which was called a *luced mutton*. See note ², p. 24.

—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Pror. So please you, this friar has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you? [is now

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, lately come from the see, In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd: Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contented especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister

measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman, to the utmost shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Peace be with you!
He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
I ban by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may that likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall I ye
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

A Grange.

Enter Mariana and Boy singing.

S O N G.

TAKE, oh, take, those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,

bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in rain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.
Duke. 'Tis good: tho' musick oft hath such a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquired for me here to-day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have sat here all day.

Enter

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly¹ believe you:
The time is come, even now. I shall crave your
forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you
anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy? [*Brick.*]

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd² with
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planced gate³,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night. [*this way?*]

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept⁴, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none; but only a repair⁵ i' the dark:
And that I have possess'd him⁶, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana [*forth!*]
A word of this:—What, ha! within! come

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like. [*you?*]

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have
found it. [*hand,*]

Duke. Take then this your companion by the
Who hath a story ready for your ear;
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?
[*Exit Mariana and Isabel.*]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false⁷
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report [*eyes*]
Run with these false and most contrarious quest⁸
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit

Make thee the father of their idle dream, [*agreed:*]
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome: How
Re-enter Mariana and Isabel.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but soft and slow,

Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not. [*all:*]

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at
He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish⁹ the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.¹⁰ [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*Changes to the prison.**Enter Provost and Clown.*

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a
man's head?

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can:
but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head,
and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and
yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are
to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our pris-
son a common executioner, who in his office lacks
a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him,
it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you
shall have your full time of imprisonment, and
your deliverance with an un pity'd whipping, for
you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd,
time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be
a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive
some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! where's Abhorson
there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-
morrow in your execution: if you think it meet,
compound with him by the year, and let him
abide here with you; if not, use him for the pre-
sent, and dismiss him: he cannot plead his esti-
mation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? tie upon him, he will dis-
credit our mystery¹¹.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a fea-
ther will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

Clown. Pray, sir, by your good favour (for,
surely, sir, a good favour¹² you have, but that
you have a hanging look) do you call, sir, your
occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery;
and your whores, sir, being members of my occu-
pation, using painting, do prove my occupation
a mystery: but what mystery there should be in
hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your

¹ Certainly. ² That is, walled round. ³ That is, a gate made of boards or planks. ⁴ That is, in direction given not by words, but by mute signs. ⁵ Meaning, I have informed or acquainted him. ⁶ Traiterous. ⁷ Different reports. ⁸ That is, ornament. ⁹ The various editors seem to be mistaken in this passage; which rather alludes to the accomplishment of the purpose drawing near, altho' the tilth was not yet sown as Shakspeare elsewhere uses the word:

her plenteous womb

Expresseth its full tilth and husbandry.

S. A.

* Dr. Warburton here observes, that the word *mystery*, when used to signify a trade or manual profession, should be spelt with an *i*, and not a *y*. ¹⁰ Favour signifies countenance.

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thie, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare! for truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn. *[Exit.]*

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio: One has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

[labour]

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones: He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. *[Exit Claud.]* But, hark, what noise? *[Knock within.]*

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—By and by;—I hope it is some pardon or reprieve, For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great justice; He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himself, which he spurs on his power To quality¹ in others: were he mealed² *[nous;]* With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrant: But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.

[Knock. Provost goes out.]

This is a gentle provost; seldom, when

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.—

How now? what noise! that spirit's possess'd with haste, *[strokes.]*

That wounds the unresisting postern with these *Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer Arise to let him in; he is called up. *[yet,]*

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio? But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is, You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily.

You something know; yet, I believe there comes No countermand; no such example have we: Besides, upon the very siege³ of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the public ear Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, *[Aside.]*

For which the pardoner himself is in:

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so offended, That, for the fault's love, is the offender

Now, sir, what news? *[friended.]*

Prov. I told you;—Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in my office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely! for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine; for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must get deliver. Thus jail'n't to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril. What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an un-doubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore

¹ Handy. ² Stiffly. ³ That is, to temper, to moderate.

⁴ That is, defied.

⁵ Seat.

⁶ Like to die in a desperate state without repentance.

had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence; he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty, and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head:

I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd sattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lucky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd Lucy Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabl'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great deers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake¹.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. *[Within.]* A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. *[Within.]* Away you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap in to your prayers; for look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

¹ That is,—*here writ*—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. ² That is, an allusion to prisoners begging of passengers for the Lord's sake.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will I not to day. [Exit.]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh, gravel heart!—After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.*]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him¹ in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour: What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall he done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.—Put them In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To the under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents Shall witness to him, I am near at home; And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balance'd form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things, That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.]

Isab. [H'rhin.] Peace, ho, be here! [know]

Duke. The tongue of Isabe:—She's come to If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:

But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world; His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other: [tiencie.] Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close pa-

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabella! Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot: Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark, what I say; which you shall find By every syllable a faithful verity: [eyes;]

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your

One of our convent, and his confessor,

25 Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

30 In that good path, that I would wish it go; And you shall have your bosom² on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

35 *Duke.* This letter then to friar Peter give; 'Tis he that sent me of the duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company [yours,

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you

40 Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,

I am combin'd³ by a sacred vow, [ter:]

And shall be absent. Wend' you with this let-

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

45 With a light heart; trust not my holy order, If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

50 *Duke.* Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart,

to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient:

I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I

dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful

55 meal would set me to't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabella, I lov'd

thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd.

[Exit Isabella.]

60 *Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou ak't him for.

¹ That is, to remove him out of this world to the other. I am bound.

² That is, your wish.

³ That is,

Duke. Well you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucia. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner.—His actions shew much like to madness; pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his ent'ring, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you let it be proclaim'd: Betimes¹ the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit², As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [Exit.]

Ang. Good night.— [nant³, 45
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpreg- And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an emient body, that enforc'd The law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her? no:

For my authority bears a credent⁴ bulk,

That no particular scandal once cantouch, [liv'd,
But it confounds the breather. He should have Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life, [liv'd!
With tansom of such shame. 'Would yet he had Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.]

The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift; Though sometimes you do blench⁵ from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house, And tell him, where I stay: give the like notice Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; But send me Flavius first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.]

Enter Varius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varius; thou hast made good haste:

Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varius. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth; I would say, the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part; yet I am advis'd to do it; He says, to vail full purpose⁶.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick, That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. Oh, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter. [fit,

Peter. Come, I have found you out a standmost Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets The generous⁷ and gravest citizens [sounded; flave hent⁸ the gates, and very near upon The duke is entering; therefore hence, away. [Exit.]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

A public place near the City.

Enter Duke, Varius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucia, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. MY very worthy cousin, fairly met:— Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We have made enquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks, Fore-running more requital.

¹ Meaning, of figure and rank. private.

² That is, thy off.

³ Meaning, to conceal the full extent of our design.

⁴ That is, seized.

⁵ That is, unprepared.

⁶ That is, creditable.

⁷ That is,

⁸ That is,

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And rature of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—*[out,*
And good supporters are you. *[As the Duke is going]*

Enter Peter and Isabella

Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail¹ your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
Oh worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? by whom?
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice; *[be brief:*
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd, *[here.*
Or wring redress from you: hear me, oh, hear me,

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange but yet most truly, will I speak;
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion *[sible*
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impos-
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st catiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute²,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo.

In all his dressings³, characters⁴, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, *(as I believe no other)*
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad *[say?]*
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
Was then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;

Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour. *[it.*

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious catiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd⁵ me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse⁶ confutes my honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like⁷, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond⁸ wretch, thou know'st
not what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice⁹: First, his integrity *[son,*
Stands without blemish:—next it imports no rea-
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd¹⁰ thy brother by himself, *[on;*
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou can'st here to complain.

¹ To rail means to let fall, or to lower.

² i. e. As perfect, as exact in the performance of his duty.

³ His appearance of virtue.

⁴ Characters.

⁵ Reluted.

⁶ Pity.

⁷ Probable.

⁸ Foolish.

⁹ Stratagem.

Isab.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up [woe,
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go! [cer—

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—an offi-
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.¹
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: Who knows
that Lodowick? [friar;

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less. [of?
Know you that friar Lodowick, which she speaks

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Peter. Well he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request, [plaint
(Being come to knowledge that there was com-
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented. First, for this woman,
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I will be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

[*Isabella is carried off, guarded.*

Enter Mariana vail'd.

First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then:—

Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many
of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some
To prattle for himself. [cause

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid: [not,

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows
I have ever he knew me. [better.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no
Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert

Lucio. Well, my lord. [so too.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know. [riana.

Duke. No? You say, your husband. [To *Mu-*

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse.² Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, [Unveiling.
Which, once thou worst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord. [man;

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this wo-
And, five years since, there was some speech of

marriage

Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,

Partly, for that her promis'd proportions

Came short of composition;³ but, in chief,

For that her reputation was disvalu'd

In levity: since which time, of five years,

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince, [breath,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,

He knew me as a wife: As this is true,

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

¹ i. e. In partial favour. ² An artifice. ³ Perpetual. * Abuse here signifies deception.
That is, her promis'd fortune fell short of the agreement.

Or else for ever be contoxed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile 'till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal¹ women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou thy
oaths, [saint,

Though they would swear down each particular
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar, that set them on;
Let him be sent for. [indeed,

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement; I for a while
Will leave you; stir not you till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [Exit.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—Signior
Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lo-
dowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest
in nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath
spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him: We shall
find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again:
I would speak with her: Pray you, my lord, give
me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle
her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she should sooner confess; perchance,
publickly she'll be ashamed.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost.
Isabella is brought in.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at
midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress; here's a gentlewo-

man denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of; here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to
him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir; Did you set these women
on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd
you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are? [devil
Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you
Look, you speak justly. [speak:

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, oh, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress: Is the duke gone?

Escal. Then is your cause gone too. 'Tis the duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice:—I take him hence;
To the rack with him: We'll touse you joint by
joint,

But we will know this purpose: What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject I am not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,

As much in mock as mark. [prison.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to
Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior
Is this the man, that you did tell us of? [Lucio?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
man bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of
your voice: I met you at the prison, in the ab-
sence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember
what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a

¹ Informal signifies out of their senses.

² That is, from beginning to end.

³ Meaning, to

refer your appeal against Angelo to Angelo himself.

⁴ That is, not belonging to this province.

⁵ Dr. Warburton gives the following explanation of this passage: Formerly the better sort of people went to the barber's shop (who then practised the under parts of surgery) to be trimmed, so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people, with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy this, he supposes, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which, it is not likely, would long preserve its authority.—There are still forfeits in barbers' shops for talking of cutting throats during shaving, or calling powder, flour.

fish-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—away with those giglots¹ too, and with the other confederate companions. [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Shew your knave's visage, with a pox to you! shew your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not oil?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]
Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—Sneak not away, sir; [*to Lucio.*] for the friar and Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him. [*you*]

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave: [*To Angelo.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd up on my passes²: Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession. Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord. [*stantly.*—]

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her in Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his disthan at the strangeness of it. [*honour,*]

Duke. Come hither, Isabel: Your friar is now your prince: As I was then Advertising and holy³ to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still

Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as free⁴ to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart: And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself, Labouring to save his life; and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power, Than let him be so lost. Oh, most kind maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd⁵ my purpose. But peace be with him! That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort. So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord. [*here,*]

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him: For Mariana's sake: But as he adjudg'd your brother, [*ther,*]
Of sacred chastity; and of promise-breach, Thereon dependant, for your brother's life) The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper⁶ tongue, An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; [*tage?*]
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vanity: We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;—

Away with him.
Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord, I hope, you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choak your good to come: for his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do enstate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord, I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege— [*Kneeling.*]

Duke. You do but lose your labour;— Away with him to death.—Now, sir, to you. [*To Lucio.*]

Mari. Oh, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense⁷ you do importune her: Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,

¹ *Giglot* means a wanton girl. ² That is, my transactions. ³ Attentive and faithful. ⁴ That is, as generous, by pardoning us also. ⁵ Meaning, which defeated it. ⁶ Meaning, Angelo's own tongue. ⁷ That is, takes from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial. ⁸ *Sense* here means reason and affection.

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.
Oh, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: my brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent, [jects;
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no sub-
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord. [say.—

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private
message. [tice:—

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your of-
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine. [dio.—

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by Clau-
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it. [litta.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Ju-
Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
I pray thee, take this money to provide

For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Whom should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake

[To *Isab.*

Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

[To *Lucio.*

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick: if you will hang me for it, you
may, but I had rather it would please you, I
might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore! Your highness said, even now, I
made you a duke; good, my lord, do not recom-
pense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandring a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness;

There's more behind, that is more gratefull.—
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:

The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our palace; where we'll shew
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know. [Exeunt.

¹ That is, consid'ration. ² That is, requites. ³ That is, according to my custom. ⁴ Mean-
ing carnal offence. ⁵ That is, more to be rejoiced in.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers and*
ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse, } *Sons to Ægeon and*
 } *Æmilia, but un-*
 } *known to each other.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers and Slaves*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *to the two Antipholis's.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, *Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.*

DR. PINCH, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *Sister to Adriana.*

LUCE, *Servant to Adriana.*

A Courtesan.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Ephesus.*

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,

And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Siracusa, plead no more;

I am not partial, to infringe our laws:

The enmity and discord, which of late

Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—

Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,

Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,

Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.

For, since the mortal and intestine jars

'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,

Thy solemn synods been decreed,

Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,

To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:

Nay, more; if any, born at Ephesus,

Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs,

Again, if any, Syracusan born,

Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,

Unless a thousand marks be levied,

To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.

Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;

Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been im-
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable: [pos'd,
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracusa was I born; and wed

Unto a woman, happy but for me,

And by me too, had not our hap been bad.

With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,

By prosperous voyages I often made

To Epidamnus, till my factor's death;

And he, great care of goods at random left,

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;

From whom my absence was not six months old.

Before herself (almost at fainting, under

The pleasing punishment that women bear)

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.

I here she had not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,

A poor mean woman was delivered

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:

Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)

I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,

Made daily motions for our home return:

Unwilling

Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.

We came aboard:

A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death; [brac'd,
Which though myself would gladly have em-
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before, for what she saw must come,
And piteous plannings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means were none.—

The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But, ere they came,—Oh, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before. [so;

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Egeon. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitt'd in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carry'd with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.

At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fisher of his prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail, [course.
And therefore homeward did they bend their
Thus have you heard me severed from my bliss;
That by misfortune was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps. [for,

Duke. And, for the sakes of them thou sorrowest

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Egeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest
At eighteen years became inquisitive [care,
5 After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
10 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
15 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live. [mark'd

Duke. Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have

20 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

25 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,

30 To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Jailor, take him to thy custody. [Ex. Duke & train,

35 *Jail.* I will, my lord. [wend'
Egeon. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Egeon
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[Exeunt Egeon and Jailor.]

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, a Merchant, and
Dromio. [num,

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamn-
45 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
50 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money, that I had to keep. [host,
Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:

Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away. [word,

60 *Dro.* Many a man would take you at your
And go indeed, having so good a means.

[Exit Dromio.]

! Clean is still used in the North of England instead of quite, fully, completely. ² That is, go.

Ant.

Ant. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. He that commends me to mine own con-
Commends me to the thing I cannot get, [tent,
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there, to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

[*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*]

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit; [late;
The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—six-pence, that I had o' Wednesday
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper—[last,
The sadler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your
And strike you home without a messenger. [clock,

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are
out of season;

5 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? [me.

E. Dro. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to

Ant. Come on, sir knave, have done your
foolishness,

10 And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
15 In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce¹ of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

20 *E. Dro.* I have some marks of yours upon my
pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.

If I should pay your worship those again,

25 Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,
hast thou? [Phoenix;

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,

30 And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my
face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, sir? for God's sake,
35 hold your hands.

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught² of all my money.

40 They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;

Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

45 And many such like liberties of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur go to seek this slave;

I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[*Erit.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

[*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*]

Adr. NEITHER my husband, nor the slave
return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!

¹ That is, head.

² That is, over-reached.

Adr.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will. [so.]

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subject, and at their controuls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,

Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unweid.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruist with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pry thee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-

Adr. Horn-mad, (thou villain?) [mad.]

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Will you come? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

5 The pig, quoth I, is bur'd; *My gold*, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master:

10 I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;—

So that my errand due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there. [home.]

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him

15 *E. Dro.* Go back again, and benew beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

20 Between you I shall have a holy head. [home.]

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master

E. Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,

That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

25 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [Exit.]

Luc. Fye, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

30 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

35 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures: My decayed fair

40 A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

45 *Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs do:

I know his eye doth homage other-where; [pense.]

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain:—

Would that alone, alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

50 I see, the jewel, best enamell'd,

Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still,

That others touch; yet often touching will

Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,

Adr. But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

55 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [Exit.]

[Exit.]

¹ Meaning, some other place. ² Meaning, stand under them. ³ That is, plain, free in speech.
⁴ Meaning, my change, or alteration of features. ⁵ That is, his pretence, his cover. See a preceding note in the *Tempest*. ⁶ The sense is, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often touching will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption."

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

Ant. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dromio. What answer, sir? when spake I
such a word? [since.]

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
that. [Beats Dromio.]

S. Dro. Hold, sir, for God's sake; now your jest
Upon what bargain do you give it me? [is earnest:]

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours'.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your scone.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave bat-
tering, I had rather have it a bead: an you use these
blows long, I must get a scone for my head, and
insconce¹ it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my
shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,
every why hath a wherefore. [wherefore,—]

Ant. Why, first, for flouting me; and then,
For urging it the second time to me. [of season,

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither
rhime nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, sir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, for this something that you
gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you no-

thing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-
time? [have.]

S. Dro. No, sir, I think the meat wants that I
Ant. In good time, sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, sir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you cholerick, and pur-
chase me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time:
There's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you
were so cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, sir?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the
plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover
his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by time and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and re-
cover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is time such a niggard of hair, be-
ing, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he be-
stows on beasts: and what he hath scantied men
in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more
hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the
wit to lose his hair!

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men
plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost:
Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he
spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they
should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd,
there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time
to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why
there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is
bald, and therefore to the world's end, will have
bald followers.

Ant. I know 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But soft! who waits us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

¹ Meaning. And break in, or intrude upon them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground called *commons*. ² That is, fortify it. ³ This alludes to the effects of the venereal disease, one of which, on its first appearance in Europe, was the loss of hair. Those who are entrapped by loose women, have more hair than wit, and suffer for their lewdness, by the loss of their hair.

The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, would'st
 That never words were music to thine ear, [vow
 That never object pleasing in thine eye,
 That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
 That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste, [thee.
 Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to
 How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
 That thou art then estranged from thyself?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
 That, undividable, incorporate,
 And better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition, or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst, and therefore see, thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion. [bed:
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true:
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured. [not:
Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.
Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with
 When were you wont to use my sister thus? [you;
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
Ant. By Dromio?
S. Dro. By me? [him,—
Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from
 That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
 Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife. [man?
Ant. Lfd you converse, sir, with this gentlewo-
 What is the course and drift of your compact?
S. Dro. I, sir? I never saw her all this time.
Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart. [words
S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can she thus then call us by our
 Unless it be by inspiration? [names,]

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
 To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
 Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt!
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
 Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
 If aught possess thee from me it is dross,
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion. [theme:
Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
 What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy. [dinner.
Luc. Dromio, go, bid the servants spread for
S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
 This is the fairy land;—oh, spight of spights;
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;
 If we obey them not, this will ensue, [blue.
 They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st
 not? [sot!
 Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou
S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.
S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my
Ant. Thou hast thine own shape. [shape.
S. Dro. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
S. Dro. 'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be, [grass,
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.
 Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:
 Husband, I'll dine abye with you to-day;
 And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks:
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
 Come, sister; Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
 And in this mist at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine to late.
 [Exeunt.]

¹ That is, separated. ² That is, unfertile, and therefore *useless* or *idle*; an happy allusion to the moss which grows on fruit-trees, hastening their decay, and neither suffers the tree to bear fruit, nor does it bear any itself. The exact character of the kind of woman whom Adriana supposes to have attracted the affections of Antipholus. S. A. ³ Dr. Warburton says, it was an old popular superstition, that the scritch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega*, from *strix*, the *scritch-owl*. ⁴ That is, I'll call you to confession, and make you tell all your tricks.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The street before Antipholis's house.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. Ant. **G**OOD signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet¹,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what dost thou mean by
this? [I know:]

E. Dro. Say what thou wilt, sir, but I know what
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand
to show: [gave were ink,]

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I
think

E. Ant. I think, thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear.
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that
pass, [an ass.]

You would keep from my heels, and beware of

E. Ant. You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray
God, our cheer [here.]

May answer my good-will, and your good-welcome.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
welcome dear. [fish,]

E. Ant. Ah, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
dish. [churl affords.]

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common, that every

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for
that's nothing but words. [merry feast.]

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more
sparing guest: [part;]

But though my cates be mean, take them in good
Better cheer may you have, but not with better
heart. [us in.]

But soft: my door is lock'd; Go bid them let

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gil-
lian, Ginn!

S. Dro. [Within.] Mome², malt-horse, capon,³
cox-comb, idiot, patch!⁴ [hatch:]

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st
for such store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from
the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my
master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came,
lest he catch cold on's feet. [door.]

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the

S. Dro. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll
tell me wherefore. [not din'd to-day.]

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not; come
again when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'st me out
from the house I owe⁵?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, sir, and my
name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine
office and my name: [blame.]

The one ne'er got me credit, the other nickle
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there! Dromio,
who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let thy master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh:— [staff?]

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my

Luce. Have at you with another: that's—
When? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce,
thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let
us in, I trow⁶?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

E. Dr. So, come, help; well struck; there
was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
the door down. [in the town?]

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks?

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that
keeps all this noise? [unruly boys.]

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with
E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have
come before. [the door.]

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave
would go sore.

¹ A carkanet is said to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. ² That is, blockhead, stock, post. Sir T. Hanmer says, *Mome* owes its original to the French *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence. ³ That is, fool. ⁴ That is, I own. ⁵ To trow signifies to think, to imagine, to conceive.

- Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
- Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part with neither¹.
- E. Dro.* They stand at the door, master; bid bid them welcome hither.
- E. Ant.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in. [garments were thin.]
- E. Dro.* You would say so, master, if your Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold: [bought and sold?]
- It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so
- E. Ant.* Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate. [your knave's pate.]
- S. Dro.* Break any thing here, and I'll break
- E. Dro.* A man may break a word with you, sir: and words are but wind; [behind.]
- Ang.* and break it in your face, so he break it not
- S. Dro.* It seems, thou wantest breaking: Out upon thee, hind!
- E. Dro.* Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee let me in. [fish have no fin.]
- S. Dro.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and
- E. Ant.* Well, I'll break in; Go, borrow me a crow. [mean you so?]
- E. Dro.* A crow without feather; master, For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather; [together.]
- If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow
- E. Ant.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
- Bal.* Have patience, sir; oh, let it not be so; Herein you war against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife. [dom]
- Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse, Why at this time the doors are made² against you. [you.]
- Be rul'd by me; depart in patience, And let us to the Tyger all to dinner. And, about evening, come yourself alone, To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in, Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it; And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet ungalled estimation, That may with foul intrusion enter in, And dwell upon your grave when you are dead: For slander lives upon succession; For ever hous'd, where 't gets possession.
- E. Ant.* You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet, And, in despite of mirth³, mean to be merry. I know a vein of excellent discourse,— Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle,— There will we dine: this woman that I mean, My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
- Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal; To her will we to dinner.—Get you home, And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made: Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
- 5 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife) Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste: Since my own doors refuse to entertain me, I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
- Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour, sir, hence.
- E. Ant.* Do so; this jest shall cost me some expence. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.**Enter Luciana with Antipholis of Syracuse.**Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot

A husband's office? shall, Antipholis, hate,

20 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

'Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more

kindness;

25 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth; [ness:]

Muffle your false love with some shew of blind-

Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger: [ed:]

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted-

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Be secret false; What need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attainment?

35 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

40 Being compact⁴ of credit, that you love us;

Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:

45 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain⁵; [strife.]

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers

¹ Meaning, we shall share with neither. ² A proverbial phrase. ³ To make the door, is a provincial expression, signifying to bar or fusten the door. ⁴ The meaning is, I will be merry, even out of spight to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the most displeasing to me. ⁵ Compact here means made up. ⁶ Fain here signifies not true.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline. [note,
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid¹, with thy
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;

Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think [die:—
He gains by death, that hath such means to
Let love, being light, be drowned if he sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated²; how, I do not
know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will
clear your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look
on night. [so.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my sister
S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.
S. Ant. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart:
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
S. Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I mean thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [Exit *Luc.*
Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio? where
run'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio?
am I your man? am I myself?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,
thou art thyself.

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and
besides myself.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides
thyself?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due
to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts
me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, such a claim as you would
lay to your horse; and she would have me as a
beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have
me; but that she, being a very beastly creature,
lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverend body; ay, such a one
as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir,
reverence: I have but lean luck in the match,

and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench,
and all grease; and I know not what use to put
her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from
her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and
the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter:
if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week
longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face no-
thing like so clean kept; For why, she sweats, a
man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood
could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, sir;—but her name and three
quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters,) will
not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than
from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I
could find out countries in her. [land?

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ire-

S. Dro. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found
it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in
the palm of the hand.

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted,
making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I
could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it
stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran be-
tween France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot
in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er em-
bellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, de-
clining their rich aspect to the hot breath of
Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks to
be ballasted at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To con-
clude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me;
call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd³ to her;
told me what privy marks I had about me, as the
mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the
great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran
from her as a witch: And, I think, if my beast
had not been made of faith, and my heart of
steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail dog,
and made me turn i' the wheel. [road;

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently, post to the
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.

¹ That is, another name for syren. ² That is, confounded. ³ This alludes to her baying the
French disease. ⁴ That is, affianced to her.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. *[Exit.]*

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle, sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with a chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis?

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. *[Exit.]*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then strait away. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. YOU know, since pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders¹ for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer. *[you,*

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to
Is growing² to me by Antipholis:

And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, as from the Courtezan's.

Offi. That labour you may save; see where he comes. *[go thou]*

E. Ant. While I go to the godsmith's house,
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! *[Exit Dromio.]*

E. Ant. A man is well help up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
P'like, you thought our love would last too long,
It were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:

I pray you see him presently discharg'd,

For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you. *[self?]*

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her your—

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman, chain;

And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Goodlord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine: [cuse

I should have chid you for not bringing it.
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl. *[patch.*

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dis—

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

¹ A coin worth from eighteen-pence to two shillings.

² That is, accruing to me.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath!

Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:

Good sir, say, wher' you'll answer me, or no?

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you! why should I answer

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it: Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit!

Off. I do;

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—

Either consent to pay the sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse from the Bay.

S. Dro. Master there is a bark of Epidamnium,

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

Then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard: and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind

Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now? a madman! why, thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnium stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waightage.

E. Ant. Thoudrunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark. [sure,

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more lei-

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee strait;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, begone:

On, officer, to prison, till it come. [Exit.

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

[Hither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case,

Of his heart's meteors titling in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more

my spight. [here.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he

Luc. Then pleaded I for you. [were.

Adr. And what said he? [me.

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might

move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its

He is deformed, crooked, old and sere¹, [will.

Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making², worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away: [curse.

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet

now, make haste.

Luc. How, hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast. [well?

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,

One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff; [termands

A back-triend, a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-

the passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws cry-

foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls

to hell³.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested

on the case.

¹ That is, silly. ² Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. ³ That is, dry, withered. ⁴ That is, marked or stigmatized by nature with deformity. ⁵ A quibble on *everlasting*, which is the name of a kind of durable stuff. ⁶ That is, a dungeon, for which *hell* was the cant term.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit Luciana.*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;

A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell: 'tis time that I were

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a'turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season. [say,

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

If Time be in debt, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

[*Enter Luciana.*]

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it strait:

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Street.

[*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*]

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute

As if I were their well-acquainted friend; [me

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite me;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;

Some offer me commodities to buy:

Even now a taylor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

[*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*]

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calves-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, it is a plain case: he that went like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band: he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, *God give you good rest!*

S. Ant. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.

Is there

Any ship put forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the boy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I;

And here we wander in illusions:

Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

[*Enter a Courtezan.*]

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholis.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:

Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day? [not!

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam: and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and therefore comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her. [sir.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil. [of supping?

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone. [ner,

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;— And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils

Ask but the paring of one's nail, a rush,

A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,

A cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,

Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her, [it. The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so?

¹ A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance, we believe, the humour of the passage turns. ² A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or military dance, and is mentioned by our old writers as a formidable weapon. ³ Or here means *before*.

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Ex. Ant. and Dro.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad, Else would he never so demean himself: A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis'd me a chain; Both one, and other, he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad, (Besides this present instance of his rage) Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now, to hie home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My ring away: This course I fittest chuse; For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, with a Sailor.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man, I will not break away; I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;

And will not lightly trust the messenger,

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:

I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope's-end. Here comes my man; I think he brings the money. How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them

E. Ant. But where's the money? [*all.*]

E. Dro. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beats Dromio.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass, indeed: you may prove it, by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; wel-

com'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtizan, with a schoolmaster called Pinch, and others.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's-end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk?

[*Beats Dro.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.— [mad?]

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas; how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this

To yield possession to my holy prayers, [man,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee strait;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven. [mad.

E. Ant. Peace, dotting wizard, peace; I am not

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your cus-

Did this companion with the saffron face [tomers?

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? 'I thou villain, what say'st thou? [*home.*]

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out? [*you shut out.*]

E. Dro. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revild you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes¹, she did; the kitchen vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did; my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, [me.

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it. [might,

E. Dro. Money by me? Heart and good-will you

But, surely, master, not a rag of money. [ducats?]

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did,

¹ That is, certainly.

E. Dro. God, and the rope-maker, bear me
That I was sent for nothing but a rope! [witness,
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room. 5

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [to-day,

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out. [both. 10

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in
And art confederate with a damned pack, [all;

To make a loathsome object scorn of me: [eyes,
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false 15

That would behold me in this shameful sport.
Enter 3 or 4, and offer to bind him: he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not
come near me. [in him.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong with— 20

Luc. Av'm, poor man, how pale and wan he
looks! [thou,

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? Thou jailor,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man 30

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor, 35

[*They bind Antipholis and Dromio.*

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house.—Oh, most unhappy day! 40

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet! [you.

E. Dro. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost
thou mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.— [talk!

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis, Dromio, &c.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at? [him?

Offi. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he

Offi. Two hundred ducats. [owes?

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had 45

it not. [day

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-

Came to my house, and took away my ring,

(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Strait after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, with his rapier

drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call 50

more help,

To have them bound again.

Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Mument Antipholis and Dromio.

S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran 55

from you.

S. Ant. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff

from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will

surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us

fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle

nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh

that claims marriage of me, I could find in my

heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away to get our stuff aboard. 60

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I AM sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you; 55

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it. [city:

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir:

Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

Second to none that lives here in the city;

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,

Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—

Signior Antipholis, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly:

Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

1 Foolish. 2 Unhappy here signifies mischievous.

Who,

Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:

This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee:

Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:

I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and others.

Adri. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad:—

Some get within him, take his sword away:

Bind Dionio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither? [hence:]

Adri. To fetch my poor distracted husband

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adri. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much, much different from the man he was;

But, till this afternoon, his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage. [sea:]

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at

Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adri. To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended

Adri. Why, so I did. [him.]

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough. [me.]

Adri. As roughly, as my modesty would let

Abb. Haply in private.

Adri. And in assemblies too.

Abb. But not enough.

Adri. It was the copy¹ of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he felt not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanc'd at it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad. [mad.]

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:

And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraid-

Unquiet meals make ill digestions, [ings:]

Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demen'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adri. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adri. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adri. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office;

And will have no attorney but myself;

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,

Till I have us'd the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal² man again:

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore, depart, and leave him here with me.

Adri. I will not hence, and leave my husband

And ill it doth beseem your holiness, [here:]

To separate the husband and the wife. [him.]

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

[*Exit Abbess.*]

Adri. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers

Have won his grace to come in person hither,

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five;

Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale:

The place of death and sorry³ execution,

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Beheaded publicly for his offence. [death.]

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his

Luc.

¹ That is, the theme, or subject. ² i. e. restored to his senses. ³ Sorry here means lamented, as Egeon was not to be executed for any crime, but by the decree to prevent the traffic between Syracuse and Ephesus.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he' pass the abbey.

Enter the Duke, and Egeon bare-headed; with the headsman and other officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, If any friend will pay the sum for him, He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and reverend lady; It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important¹ letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
(With him his bondman all as mad as he)
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order² for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose!
Beaten the maids a row³, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him [fire];
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool. [while
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer. [here;

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,

To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, begone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing:
Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:

Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholis, and Dromio, of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant
me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took

15 Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Egeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me
I see my son Antipholis and Dromio. [dote,

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that
woman there.

20 She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!

Beyond imagination is the wrong,
25 That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

Whilst she with harlots⁴ feasted in my house.

30 *Duke.* A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst
thou so? [sister,

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my
To-day did dine together: So betal my soul,

As this is false, he burdens me withal!

35 *Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd women! They are both for-
In this the madman justly chargeth them. [sworn.

E. Ant. My liege, I am advised what I say;

40 Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with

45 Could witness it, for he was with me then, [her,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
50 I went to seek him: in the street I met him;

And in his company, that gentleman,
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,

55 He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home

For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer.

To go in person with me to my house.
60 By the way we met my wife, her sister, and

A rabble more of vile confederates;

¹ Perhaps we should read *importunate*.

² *Harlots here means cheats*.

³ i. e. to take *measures*.

⁴ i. e. one after another.

Along with them [villain,
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face, as it were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home [ther;
There left me and my man, both bound toge-
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that
E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of

her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the ab-
bess hither;

I think you are all mated¹, or stark mad.
[Exit one to the Abbess.

Ægeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak:
Haply, I see a friend, will save my life, [a word;

And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholis?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio? [sir,

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound. [me.
Ægeon. I am sure, you both of you remember

E. Dro. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by
For lately we were bound, as you are now. [you;
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you
know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you
saw me last;

And careful hours, with time's deformed² hand
Have written strange defeatures³ in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?
E. Dro. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.
E. Dro. Ay, sir?

But I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's ex-
tremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grained⁴ face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.
Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

Thou knowest, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in
Can witness with me that it is not so; [the city,
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan,
and Dromio Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. [All gather to see him.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
E. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not⁵ or else his ghost?
S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound

him here? [bonds,
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his
And gain a husband by his liberty:—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Emilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?
Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Emilia!

¹ i. e. wild, foolish. ² For deforming. ³ i. e. strange alteration of features. ⁴ i. e. furrow'd.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholis's, these two so like,
And those two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Egeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by-and-by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnus:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;

I, to this fortune that you see me in. [first?

Duke. Antipholis, thou can'st from Corinth
S. Ant. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is
which. [ous lord.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most graci-

E. Dro. And I with him. [mous warrior

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most fa-
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-25

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress. [day?

Adr. And are you not my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so did I, yet she did call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother: What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear. [me.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of

S. Ant. I think it be, sir; I deny it not. [me.

E. Ant. And you, sir, for this chain arrested

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me. [you,

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from
And Dromio my man did bring them me;

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose. [here.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for
my good cheer. [pains

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the

5 To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathized one day's Error

Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,

10 And ye shall have all satisfaction.—

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,

My heavy burden not delivered:—

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

15 And you the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast, and go' with me;

After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[Exeunt.

20 Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from

ship-board? [imbark'd?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the

Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master,

Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

30 [Exeunt Antipholis S. and E.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's

house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

35 *E. Dro.* Methinks you are my glass, and not

my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:

How shall we try it?

S. Dro. We will draw

Cuts for the senior; till then lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before

another. [Exeunt.

1 Dr. Warburton thinks we should read, and *gaude*; that is, *rejoice* with me.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING¹.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*
DON JOHN, *Bastard Brother to Don Pedro.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.*
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.*
BALTHAZAR, *servant to Don Pedro.*
ANTONIO, *Brother to Leonato.*

BORACHIO, *Confident to Don John.*
CONRADE, *Friend to Borachio.*
DOGBERRY, } *two foolish Officers.*
VERGES, }
HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, } *two Gentlewomen attending on*
URSULA, } *Hero.*

A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina in Sicily.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort², and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine call'd Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto³ return'd from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina⁴, and challenged Cupid at the flight⁵: and my uncle's fool

¹ Mr. Pope was of opinion, that the story of this play is taken from Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, b. v. Mr. Steevens, however, supposes, that a novel of Belleforest, copied from another of Bandello, furnished Shakspeare with his fable. ² That is, of any rank. ³ Montante, in Spanish, is a huge two-handed sword, given, with much humour, to one, the speaker would represent as a boaster or bravado.

⁴ This alludes to the custom of fencers, or prize-fighters, setting up bills, containing a general challenge. ⁵ To challenge at the flight, was a challenge to shoot with an arrow of a particular kind, with narrow feathers,

reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. '—I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you², I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits³ went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith⁴ but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block⁵.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books⁶.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer⁷ now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balhazar, and Don John.

Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge⁸ too willingly.

—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is Courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend

¹ The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. They are used at present to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow. ² That is, "he will be *even with*, or a *match for*, you." ³ The five senses probably gave rise to the idea of a man's having five wits. ⁴ Not religious profession, but *profession of friendship*. ⁵ A *block* is the mould on which a hat is formed. ⁶ *To be in a man's books*, originally meant to be in the list of his retainers. ⁷ That is, no young, choleric, quarrelsome fellow. ⁸ *Charge* here signifies *incumbrance*.

Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as would a professed tyrant to their sex? [ment.]

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, I faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part;—mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be lov'd, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceiv'd me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead¹, or hang my bugle² in an invisible baldrick³, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam⁴.

Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

¹ A *recheat* is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent. ² Bugle-horn. ³ Belt or girdle. ⁴ This probably alludes to one Adam Bell, who at that time of day was of reputation for his skill at the bow.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my house, (if I had it.)—

Pedro. The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards¹ are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good. [now,]

Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words: If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; And I will break with her, and with her father, And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end, That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity: Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st; And I will fit thee with the remedy. I know, we shall have revelling to-night; I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell fair Hero I am Claudio; And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong encounter of my amorous tale; Then, after, to her father will I break; And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine: In practice let us put it presently.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleach'd² alley in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: The prince discover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge this evening in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you off.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true: Go you, and tell her of it. [Several servants cross the stage here.] Cousin, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-fer, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw³ no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob

¹ Guards were ornamental laces or borders.

² That is, flatter.

³ Thick-pleach'd means thickly interwoven.

love from any : in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and infranchised with a clog ; therefore, I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.—10 Who comes here? what news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How come you to know this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference:—I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure², and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd: Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula.

Leon. WAS not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be'st so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said God sends a curst cow short horns; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you muids*; so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father.

[*To Hero.*]

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make a curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please you*:—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fel-

¹ i. e. Serious.

² i. e. To be depended on.

low, or else make another curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important¹, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and ancicentry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar; Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, mask'd.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially, when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answer'd.

Urs. I know you well enough: you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand² up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough,

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge-wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

[*Musick within.*]

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John. Are you not signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

¹ Important here, as in many other places, means *importunate*.

Times considered as the sign of a cold constitution. By his impious jests, she insinuates, he *pleased libertines*; and by his *devising slanders* of them, he angered them.

² A dry hand was in those times considered as the sign of a cold constitution.

² By which she means his malice and impiety.

³ i. e. His carriage, his demeanour.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bora.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But bear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so:—the prince wooes for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues: Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. That is an accident of hourly proof, [i*Hero.* Which I mistrusted not: Farewell therefore,

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha? it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the goodwill of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's-nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might

have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's-nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poignards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Atë in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation, follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the lightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me? [p*any.*

Pedro. None, but to desire your good com-

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud.

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. P'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good-will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin: or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord: I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world! but I, and I am sunburn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry, Heigh-ho, for a husband!

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to do be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [Exit Beatrice.]

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's a little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness,¹ and wak'd herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a well marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him; he is of a noble strain, and of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—And I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

¹ To go to the world was a phrase then in use, signifying, to be married. ² Unhappiness here signifies, a wild, wanton, unlucky trick.

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: Offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrow.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Leonato's Orchard.

Enter Benedick and a boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—] I do much wonder; that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him both the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but Love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well:

another virtuous; yet I am well: butt ill all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love? I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! [*self*]

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid him?

Claud. O very well, my lord: the musick ended, We'll fit the 'kid-fox with a penny-worth. [*again.*]

Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:—I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks notworthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:

Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he Note, notes, fofsooth, and noting! [*speaks;*]

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravish'd!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

S O N G.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea, and one on shore;

To one thing constant never:

Th'n sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blith and bonny;

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The frauds of men were ever so,

Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him:

-Kid means discovered.

K

and,

and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry;—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Ex. Balthazar.*]

Pedro. Doso: farewell. Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits'. [*Aside to Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have lov'd any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection;—it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there she will sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh,—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice be-

tween the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I would flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience.*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overcome her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself; It is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have duff'd¹ all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. He thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her acustom'd crossness.

Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible² spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind very wise.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like tear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for

¹ This alludes to the practice of shooting with a *stalking-horse*; by which the fowler anciently conceal'd himself from the sight of the game.

² To *duff*, like to *doff*, means to do off, to put aside.

³ i. e. contemptuous.

your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. *[Aside.]*

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him to dinner. *[Aside.]* *[Exeunt.]*

Benedick advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear their witness; and

virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it:—and wise—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit:—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age:—Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just as much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior! fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. **G**OOD Margaret, run thee into the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she
hide her,

To listen our propose: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. *[Exit.]*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin,

Enter Beatrice behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now

² That is, seriously held.

² That is, our discourse.

Is couched in the woodbine coverture:

Fear you not my part of the dialogue. [nothing]

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the bower.*]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;

I know, her spirits are as coy and wild

As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely? [lord.]

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,

To wish him wrestle with affection,

And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed?

As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man:

But nature never framed a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising² what they look on; and her wit

Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection,

She is so self-ender'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;

And therefore, certainly, it were not good

She knew his love, lest she make sport at it. [man.]

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,

But she would spell him backward³: if fair-fac'd,

She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;

If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick⁴,

Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;

If low, an aglet⁵ very vilely cut:

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If silent, why, a block moved with none.

So turns she every man the wrong side out;

And never gives to truth and virtue, that

Which simplemess and merit purchaseth. [able.]

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commend-

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;

It were a better death than die with mocks;

Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,

And counsel him to fight against his passion:

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders

To stain my cousin with; one doth not know,

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgment,

(Having so swift and excellent a wit,

As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse

So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,

Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,

For shape, for bearing, argument⁶, and valour,

Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—

When are you marry'd, madam? [in.]

Hero. Why, every day,—to-morrow; Come, go

I'll shew thee some attires; and have thy counsel,

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lim'd⁷, I warrant you; we have

caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt.*]

Beatrice advancing.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Leonato's House.

45 *Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.*

Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be con-

summate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll

vouchsafe me.

50 *Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil in the

new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his

new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be

¹ Meaning, as rich a wife. ² That is, despising. ³ This alludes to the received notion of witches saying their prayers backwards. ⁴ The antick was a buffoon in the old English farces, with a blacked face, and a patch-work habit.

⁵ An aglet was the tag of those points, formerly so much in fashion.

These tags were either of gold, silver, or brass, according to the quality of the wearer; and were

commonly in the shape of little images; or at least had a head cut at the extremity. The French call

them *aiguillettes*. And, as a tall man is before compared to a lance ill-headed; so, by the same

figure, a little man is very aptly liken'd to an aglet ill-cut.

⁶ Argument here seems to mean, the powers or gift of reasoning well. ⁷ That is, entangled.

⁸ Alluding to a proverbial saying, that people's ears burn when others are talking of them.

bold with Benedick for his company: for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Leon. What, sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it, is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.— Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied

eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato,*

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this time play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don John.

John. My lord and brother, God save you!

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. 'If it please you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. 'What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to-morrow? [To Claudio.]

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearth of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill-spent, and labour ill-bestow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.—

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

Pedro. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

! That is, all breeches.

Pedro.

Pedro. O day untowardly turn'd!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Watch. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and,

for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r Lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r Lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counsels, and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Conr. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand there close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John, a thousand ducats.

! A bill was the old weapon of the English infantry,

Conr.

Conr. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich: for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirmed:—Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman; I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Conr. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty; sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the recchy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Conr. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast snatched out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leaps me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them; partly by the dark night, which did deceive them; but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable:—We have here recovered the most dangerous piece

of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, masters,—

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you, to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Conr. A commodity in question, I warrant you; Come, we'll obey you. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit Ursula.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, I faith. I saw the dutchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O! that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of your's: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a time, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, your's is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband? an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good-morrow, coz.

Beat. Good-morrow, sweet Hero.

¹ That is, unpractised in the ways of the world. ² i. e. painting discoloured by smoke. ³ Smirch'd in soil'd, obscured. ⁴ Rabato, from the French rabat, signifies a neckband; a ruff.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*¹; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns².

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill!—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk³, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral⁴ in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, by'r Lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o' thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how may you be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little of the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows⁵.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*⁶, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!⁷—Well said, 'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipp'd: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch have, indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

¹ An old dance tune so call'd. ² A quibble between *barns* and *bairns*. ³ i. e. taken captive by Love, and turned a renegade to his religion. ⁴ i. e. some secret meaning. ⁵ A proverbial expression. ⁶ A Spanish phrase, signifying, few words. ⁷ Meaning, it is wonderful to see.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exit Leonato.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a non-com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail.

[Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leon. COME, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what

Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he! [*leave*;

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would not you swear, All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shews? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd, not knit my soul

To an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord,

If you in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; if I have known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the forehead sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamp'rd animals

That rage in savage-sensuality. [*wide*;

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial. [*true.*

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

! i. e. A lascivious bed. ! i. e. your own experiment or trial of her. ! i. e. Natural power.

Leon.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this? [*name.*]

Claud. To make you answer truly to your

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this. [*lord.*]

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden.—Leonato,

I am sorry, you must hear; Upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count,

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal¹ villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are

Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language, [*lady,*

Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd

About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!

But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell!

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious. [*me:*

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for

Beat. Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink

you down? [*Hero swoons.*

John. Come, let us go: these things come thus

Smother her spirits up. [*to light,*

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle:—

Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—signior Benedick!

—friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not? [*thing*

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?—

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:

For did I think, thou would'st not quickly die,

Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that, at frugal nature's frame?

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;

Who smeared thus, and mix'd with infamy,

I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,

That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;

And salt too little, which may season give

To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow. [*made,*

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron

Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die,

Friar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,

And given way unto this course of fortune,

By noting of the lady: I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions

To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames

In angel witness bear away those blushes;

And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the error that these princes hold

Against her maiden truth—Call me a fool;

I trust not my reading, nor my observation,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant

The tenor of my book; trust not my age,

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,

Is, that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury; she not denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That, which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know

If I know more of any man alive, [*none;*

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,

Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight [*ture,*

Maintain'd the change of words with any crea-

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the

princes. [*hour;*

Bene. Two of them have the very bent² of ho-

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,

¹ Liberal here signifies, frank, free, open. ² Meaning, the story which is too plainly discovered by her blushing. ³ Frame here signifies, scheme, order, or disposition of things. ⁴ Meaning, the highest degree.

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies. [her,

Leon. I know not; If they speak but truth of
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her ho-
The proudest of them shall well hear of it. [mour,
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability of means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial. [this do?

Leon. What shall become of this? What will

Friar. Marry, this well carry'd, shall on her
behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that, dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio;
When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul, [mourn.
Than when she liv'd, indeed;—Then shall he
(If ever love had interest in his liver)
And wish he had not so accus'd her:
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false;
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quicken the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,

Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away:
For to strange sores strangely they strain
the cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience,
and endure. [Exeunt.

Manent Benedick and Beatrice. [while?

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
Beat. Yes, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wron'g'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve
of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as
you; Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It
were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so
well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie
not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I
am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and
I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it:
I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I
was about to protest, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart,
that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—There
is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than
fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a vil-
lain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my
kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What,

¹ *Ostentation* here signifies *show* or *appearance*,
rack-ronis.

² That is, raise it to its utmost value, alluding to
bear

bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice!

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd in-to tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have thought, or a soul.

Beat. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you:—By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin! I must say, she is dead: and so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town Clerk and Sexton in gowns.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but

God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly: How answer you for yourselves?

Conr. Marry, sir, we say, we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way:—Let the watch come forth: Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother

villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, suddenly dy'd.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in hand.

Conr. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Conr. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No,

¹ County, from the French *comte*, was anciently used to signify a nobleman. ² i. e. the quickest or readiest way.

thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness: I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, an housholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and

one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowas, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass!— [Exit.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. IF you go on thus you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel: Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard; And, Sorrow wag; cry hem, when he should groan; [drunk]

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no such man: For, brother, men Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ach with air, and agony with words: No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow; But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, To be so moral, when he shall endure The like himself: therefore, give me no counsel; My griefs cry louder than advertisement. [drill.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing. *Leon.* I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and For there was never yet philosopher, [blood; That could endure the tooth-ach patiently, However they have writ the style of gods, And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; Make those that do offend you, suffer too. [so.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do 60 My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;

And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince, 15 And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, has- *Pedro.* Good den, good den. [tily.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

20 *Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord?—well, fare you well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one. [man.

25 *Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him? [sembler, thou]

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dis-

30 Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear:

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword. [me;

35 *Leon.* Tush, tush, man, never flier and jest at I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;—

As, under privilege of age, to brag [do,

What I have done being young, or what would

Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,

40 I thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me, That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;

And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.

I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child, [heart,

45 I thy slander hath gone through and through her

And she lies bury'd with her ancestors:

O, in a tomb where scandal never slept,

Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare; [tice,

Despight his nice fence, and his active prac-

55 His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daffe me? Thou hast

kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—

1 That is, than admonition.

2 That is, canst thou so put me off?

Win

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me:—
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining¹ fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother, — [niece]

Ant. Content yourself; God knows, I lov'd my
And she is dead, stander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Anthony, — [them, yea]

Ant. Hold you content; What, man? I know
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling², out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony, —

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this. [patience.]

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord, —

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard. —

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it. [Exeunt ambo.]

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see,

Here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior!

What news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, signior:

You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses
snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st
thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have
been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee:
for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain
have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many
have been beside their wit:—I will bid thee draw,
as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—
Art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though
care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee
to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career,
if you charge it against me:—I pray you, chuse
another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this
last was broke cross³.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and
more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his
girdle⁴.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain:—I jest not:—I will
make it good how you dare, with what you dare,
and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will
protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet
lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you:—
Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have
good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I faith, I thank him; he hath bid me
to a calves-head and a capon; the which if I do
not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.
—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how Beatrice prais'd thy wit
the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: *True,*
says she, *a fine little one;* No, said I, *a great wit;*
Right, said she, *a great gross one;* Nay, said I, *a*
good wit; Just, says she, *it hurts nobody;* Nay,
said I, *the gentleman is wise;* Certain, said she, *a*
wise gentleman; Nay, said I, *he hath the tongues;*
That I believe, said she, *for he swore a thing to me*
on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday
morning; there's a double tongue, there's 2 tongues.
Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy par-
ticular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a
sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and
said, she car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that,
an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love
him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him
when he was hid in the garden.

Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's
horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here*
dwells Benedick the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind:
I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour:
you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which,
God be thank'd, hurt not.—My lord, for your
many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue
your company: your brother, the bastard, is
fled from Messina; you have, among you, kill'd
a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-
beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then,
peace be with him! [Exit Benedick.]

Pedro. He is in earnest.

¹ A *foin* is a thrust or push with a weapon. ² That is, *scrambling*. A *scrambler* is one who visits about among his friends to get a dinner. ³ An allusion to *tilting*. ⁴ This is similar to a proverb now still in use, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle*; the meaning of which is, If he is in an ill humour, let him continue so till he is in a better.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up my heart, and be sad: Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come you, sir, if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verily'd unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceiv'd even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incest'd me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear in the rare semblance that I lov'd it first. [*Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.*]

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reform'd signior Leonato of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes; That when I note another man like him,

I may avoid him: Which of these is he? [*on me.*]

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath

Mine innocent child? [*hast kill'd*]

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself; Here stand a pair of honourable men,

A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds:

I was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speak: Chuse your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance your invention

Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,

But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I;

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend under any heavy weight

That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,

That were impossible; but, I pray you both,

Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she dy'd; and, if your love

Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—

To-morrow morning come you to my house;

And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us; [cousin,

Give her the right you should have given her

And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose

For henceforth of poor Claudio. [ing;

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your com-

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,

Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;

Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;

But always hath been just and virtuous,

In any thing that I do know by her. [under

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not

¹ Dr. Warburton says, it was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak, to which this well-turned expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked, as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak. ² That is, put into many modes, or shapes,

white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass; I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you examine him on that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour. [Exit.]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret, [low.]

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [Exit severally.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Why you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth: it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit Margaret.]

Bene. And therefore will come. [Sings.]

*The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—*

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam car-pet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme to *lady*; but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *born*, a hard rhyme; *forschool*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid [me.]

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkind.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

¹ Dr. Warburton comments on this passage as follows:—"There could not be a pleasanter ridicule on the fashion, than the constable's descant on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satyryze the *fashion*, whom they took to be a man surnamed, *Deformed*. This the constable applies with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Against this fashion William Prynne wrote his treatise, called, "*The Unloveliness of Love-locks*." ² *To come over* probably means here the same as *to overcome*, in its most significant sense, when applied to a woman. ³ *Meaning, I yield.*

Bene.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peace-ably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours¹; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question²!—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wife, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claudio reads.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the Hero, that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life, that dy'd with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night! Yearly will I do this rite.

Pedro. Good-morrow, masters; put your torches out: [*day,*]

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good-morrow, masters; each his several way. [*weeds;*]

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issues speeds, Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

SCENE IV.

Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent? [*her,* *Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd Upon the error that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this;

Although against her will, as it appears In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;

And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd,

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me:—You know your office, brother;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour. [*true,*

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis most

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The right whereof I think you had from

me, [*will?*]

From Claudio and the prince: But what's your

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the estate of honourable marriage:—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

¹ That is, when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due.

² That is, what a

question's there, or what a foolish question do you ask.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow,
Claud o ;

We here attend you ; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiopie. 5

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar
ready. [Exit Antonio.]

Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick : Why, what's
That you have such a February face, [the matter,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull :—

Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull kapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula, musk'd.

Claud. For this I owe you : here come other
reck'nings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her. 25

Claud. Why, then she's mine : Sweet, let me
see your face. [hand]

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar ; 30
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife :

[Unmasking.]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer :

One Hero dy'd defil'd ; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero, that is dead !

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander 40
liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify ;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice ?

Beat. I answer to that name ; What is your will ?

Bene. Do not you love me ?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince,
and Claudio,

Have been deceived ; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me ?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and
Ursula,

Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore, that you were almost sick
for me. [for me.]

Beat. They swore, that you were well-nigh dead

Bene. 'Tis no such matter :—Then, you do not
love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her ;

10 For here's a paper, written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

15 Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle ! here's our own hands against
our hearts !—Come, I will have thee ; but, by this
light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you :—but, by this good
20 day, I yield upon great persuasion ; and, partly, to
save your life, for I was told, you were in a con-
sumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.—

[Kissing her.]

Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man ?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince ; a college of wit-
crackers cannot flout me out of my humour :

Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram ?

No : if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall

30 wear nothing handsome about him : In brief, since

I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any

purpose that the world can say against it ; and

therefore never flout at me for what I have said

against it ; for man is a giddy thing, and this is

35 my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think

to have beaten thee ; but in that thou art like to

be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my coun-
sin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have

denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee

out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer ;

which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin

do not look exceedingly narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends :—let's have

45 a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten

our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word ; therefore, play, mu-
sick.—Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get

50 thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than

one tipt with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

55 *Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow : I'll

devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike

up, pipers.

[Dance.]

[Exit omnes.]

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*
 BIRON, } *three Lords attending upon the*
 LONGAVILLE, } *King in his retirement.*
 DUMAIN, }
 BOYET, } *Lords, attending upon the Princess*
 MERCADE, } *of France.*
 DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, } *a fantastical*
 NATHANIEL, *a Curate.* } *Spaniard.*
 DULL, *a Constable.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*
 COSTARD, *a Clown.*
 MOTI, *Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*
 A Forester.

Princess of France.
 ROSALINE, } *Ladies, attending on the*
 MARIA, } *Princess.*
 KATHARINE, }
 JAQUENETTA, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princess.

SCENE, the King of Navarre's Palace, and the Country near it.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Navarre. The Palace.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

KING. LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,

Live registered upon our brazen tombs,

And then grace us in the disgrace of death;

When, spight of cormorant devouring Time,

The endeavour of this present breath may buy

That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,

That war against your own affections,

And the huge army of the world's desires,—

Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;

Our court shall be a little Academe,

Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,

That are recorded in this schedule here: [names;

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your

That his own hand may strike his honour down,

That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,

Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast:

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but banker out the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd;

The grosser manner of these world's delights

He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:

I to love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;

With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,

So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,

That is, to live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances:

As, not to see a woman in that term;

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.

And, one day in a week to touch no food;

And but one meal on every day beside;

The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.

And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,

And not be seen to wink of all the day;

(When I was wont to think no harm all night,

And make a dark night too of half the day)

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;

Nor to see ladies study, fast, nor sleep. [these.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from

Biron. Let mesay, no, my liege, as if you please;

I only swore, to study with your grace,

And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

L 2

What

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so, To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or, study where to meet some mistress line,

When mistresses from common sense are bid:

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite, And train our intellects to vain delight. [vain,

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most

Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while,

Doth falsely¹ bind the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye:

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed²,

And give him light that was it blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name. [ing]

King. How well he's read, to reason against read-

Dum. Proceeded³ well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping⁴ frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am? why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing, that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late, [gate.
I hat were to climb o'er the house t' unlock the

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. "Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court."—[Reading.] Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.—"On pain of losing her tongue."—[Reading.] Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why? [penalty.

Long. To fright them hence with that dread

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

"Item, [Reading.] If any man be seen to talk

"with a woman within the term of three years,

"he shall endure such public shame as the rest of

"the court can possibly devise."

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak:

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as tows with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree; She must lye here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years

For every man with his affects is born; [space,

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity—

So to the laws at large I write my name:

And he, that breaks them in the least degree, Stands in attainer of eternal shame:

Suggestions⁵ are to others, as to me:

¹ That is, treacherously. ² Heed here means his direction or lode-star. ³ Proceeded must here be understood in the academical sense of taking a degree: the meaning of the passage then will be, "He has taken his degree on the art of stopping the degrees of others." ⁴ i. e. Checking. ⁵ Meaning, against politeness and urbanity; for men without women become brutal and savage. ⁶ i. e. Temptations.

But,

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation¹ granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know,
is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements², whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull, and Costard, with a letter.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
am his grace's tharborough³: but I would see his
own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme,—Arme,—commends you.
There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you
more.

Cost. Sir, the contents thereof are as touching
me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever, the matter, I hope in
God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having⁴:—God
grant us patience.

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh mode-
rately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the stile shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken
with the manner⁵.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all
those three: I was seen with her in the manor-
house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken
following her into the park; which, put together,
is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for
the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak
to a woman: for some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And
God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken
after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] "Great deputy, the welkin's
"vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre,
"my soul's earth's God, and body's fast ring pa-
"tron,—"

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. "So it is,"—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is,
in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares
not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. "So it is, besieged with sable-colour'd
"melancholy, I did commend the black oppress-
"ing humour to the most wholesome physick of
"thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentle-
"man, betook myself to walk. The time when,—

Cost. About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze,
"birds best peck, and men sit down to that nou-
"rishment which is called supper. So much for
"the time when: Now for the ground which;

Cost. which, I mean, I walked upon: It is cypel'd,
"thy park. Then for the place where; where,
"I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most
"preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-

"white pen the ebony-colour'd ink, which here
"thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest:—
"But to the place where,—It standeth north-
"north-east and by east, from the west corner of
"thy curious knotted garden: There did I see
"that lowspirited swain, that base minnow⁶ of thy

"mirth," (*Cost.* Me.) "that unletter'd, small-
"knowing soul," (*Cost.* Me.) "that shallow vas-
"sal," (*Cost.* Still me.) "which as I remember,
"hight Costard," (*Cost.* O, me!) "sorted and
"consorted, contrary to thy established proclaim-
"ed edict and continent canon, with,—with,—O
"with,—but with this I passion to say where-
"with—"

Cost. With a wench.

King. "With a child of our grandmother Eve, a
"female; or, for thy more sweet under-tanding,
"a woman. Him, I (as my ever esteemed duty
"pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the
"meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's offi-
"cer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, car-
"riage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony
Dull.

King. "For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker ves-
"sel called which I apprehended with the afore-

¹ i. e. Lively sport, or sprightly diversion. ² Complement, in Shakspeare's time, not only signified verbal civility, but the external accomplishments or ornamental appendages of a character. ³ i. e. Tharborough, a peace-officer, assistant to the constable, who acts also in his absence. ⁴ i. e. a low possession, or acquisition. ⁵ A phrase then used to signify, taken in the fact. ⁶ Meaning, that as the minnow is one of the least esteemed of fish, so the object of his mirth is one of the most contemptible of men.

“said swain) I keep her as a vessel of thy law’s
“fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice,
“bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments
“of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,”

“DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.”

Biron. This is not so well as I look’d for, but
the best that I ever heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah,
what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but
little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim’d a year’s imprisonment
to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken
with a damo-sel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel, neither, sir; she
was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaim’d,
virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was
taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence; You shall
fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton
and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver’d o’er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Biron. I’ll lay my head to any good man’s hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I
was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a
true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of
prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and
till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Armado’s House.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy; what sign is it, when a man of great
spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same
thing, dear imp!

Moth. No, po: O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melan-
choly, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the work-
ing, my tough signior.

Arm. Why tough signior? why tough signior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender ju-
venal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent
epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which
we may nominate, tender.

Moth. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent
title to your old time, which we may name
tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my
saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore
apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers:—
Thou heat’st my blood.

Moth. I am answer’d, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross’d.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses’
love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years
with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit
of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish
of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much
the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study?
Now here is three studied, ere you’ll thrice wink:
and how easy it is to put years to the word three,
and study three years in two words, the dancing
horse¹ will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love:
and as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in
love with a base wench. If drawing my sword
against the humour of affection would deliver me
from the reprobate thought of it, I would take
desire prisoner; and ransom him to any French
courtier for a new-devised court’sy. I think scorn
to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid.
Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in
love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority,
dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let
them be men of good repute and carriage.

¹ *Imp* means his infant or little page.

² i. e. my tender youth.

³ *Crosses* here mean money.

⁴ This alludes to a horse belonging to one *Banks*, which played many remarkable pranks, and is frequently mentioned by many writers contemporary with Shakespeare.

Moth.

Moth. Samson, master : he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town gates on his back, like a porter : and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson ! strong-jointed Samson ! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth ?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion ?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two ; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion ?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions ?

Moth. As I have read, sir ; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers : but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir ; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me.

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty, and pathetic !

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known ;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown :
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know ;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar ?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but, I think, now, 'tis not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression¹ by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard ; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd ; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*]

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep

Costard safe : and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance ; but a' must fast three days a-week : For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—*Maid.*

Jaqu. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge,

Jaqu. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate,

Jaqu. Lord, how wise you are !

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaqu. With that face ?

Arm. I love thee,

Jaqu. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaqu. Fair weather after you !

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain ; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave ; away,

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir ; I wul tast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see ?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words ; and, therefore, I will say nothing : I thank God, I have as little patience as another man ; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Arm. I do affect² the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be sworn, (which is a great argument of falshood) if I love : And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ; love is a devil : there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted ; and he had an excellent strength : yet was Solomon so seduced ; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not ; his disgrace is to be call'd boy ; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit,*

¹ Digression here signifies the act of going out of the right way.

² That is, love.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. NOW, madam, summon up your dearest spirits;

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you. [mean,

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker.—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and, in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigot and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted¹ in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)

Is a sharp wit match'd^d with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours
know. [grow.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they
Who are the rest? [youth,

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;

15 And much too little, of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time

Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,

20 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:

His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch,

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;

25 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

30 *Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in love;

That every one her own hath garnished

With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

35 *Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address'd^d to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,

40 He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court)

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre.

45 *Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of
Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, wel-
come I have not yet: the roof of this court is too
high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields,
too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my
court.

55 *Prin.* I will be welcome then; conduct me
thither.

¹ *Chap* or *cheping* was anciently the market; *chapman* therefore is *marketman*.
fitted. ² i. e. joined. ³ i. e. were prepared.

² i. e. well qual-

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions. [tire.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, twill

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen; so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)

Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

Although not valu'd to the money's worth.

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitaine;

Which we much rather had depart' withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding, 'gainst some reason in my breast.

And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so unseemingly to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;

5 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,

Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word:—

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,

For such a sum, from special officers

10 Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so. [come,

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not

Where that and other specialties are bound;

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

15 *King.* It shall suffice me; at which interview,

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,

As honour, without breach of honour may

Make tender of to thy true worthiness:

20 You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,

As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,

Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;

25 To-morrow we shall visit you again. [grace]

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your

King. Thy own wish, wish I thee in every place! [Exit.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own

30 *Ros.* I pray you, do my commendations; [heart.

I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

35 *Ros.* Alack, let it bleed.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physick says, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. Non poynt, with my knife.

40 *Biron.* Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is

that same?

45 *Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.

Long. I beseech you, a word; What is she in

the white? [the light.

50 *Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire

her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire

that, were a shame.

55 *Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

60 *Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [Ex. Long.

! Depart is here synonymous to part with.

Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[Exit Biron]
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-captord;
 Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word. [word.]
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry! [board.]
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
 No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [the jest?]
Mar. Not so, gentle beast;
 My lips are no common, though several¹ they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me. [agree:]
Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles,
 The civil war of wits were much better used
 On Navarre and his bookmen; for here 'tis abused.
Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lyes)
 By the hearer's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
 Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what? [infected.]
Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle af-
Prin. Your reason? [retire]
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their
 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agat, with your print impressed,
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 I to feel only looking on fairest of fair:
 Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy:
 Who, tendering their own worth, from whence
 they were glass'd,
 Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his
 eye hath disclos'd:
 I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
 skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns
 news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her
 father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me,
[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

SCENE I.

The Park; near the Palace.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. **W**ARBLE, child; make passionate my
 sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel! [Singing.]

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years;
 take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring
 him festinately² hither; I must employ him in a
 letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a
 French brawl?³

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my compleat master; but to jig off
 a tune at the tongue's end, canary⁴ to it with your

feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids;
 sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through
 the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing
 love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd
 up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-
 house-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your
 arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a
 rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket,
 like a man after the old painting; and keep not
 too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These
 are complements⁵, these are humours: these be-
 tray nice wenches—that would be betray'd with-
 out these; and make the men of note, (do you
 note men?) that are most affected to these⁶.

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

¹ This word, which is provincial, and ought to be spelt *severell*, means those fields which are alter-
 nately sown with corn, and during that time are kept *severell*, or *severed*, from the field which lies
 fallow, and is appropriated to the grazing of cattle, not by a fence, but by the care of the cowherd or
 shepherd, in which the town-bull only is allowed to range unmolested. ² That is, hastily. ³ A
 kind of dance. ⁴ *Canary* was the name of a sprightly nimble dance. ⁵ i. e. accomplishments.

⁶ The meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young girls, but make the men taken notice of too,
 who affect them.

Arm.

Arm. But O,—but O—
Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot!¹
Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?
Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt², and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?
Arm. Almost I had.
Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.
Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.
Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.
Arm. What wilt thou prove?
Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.
Arm. I am all these three.
Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.
Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.
Moth. A message well sympathiz'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!³
Arm. Ha, ha; what sayest thou?
Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.
Arm. The way is but short; away.
Moth. As swift as lead, sir.
Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious? Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?
Moth. Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.
Arm. I say, lead is slow.
Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so: Is that lead slow, which is fir'd from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric: [he:] He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's I shoot thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.]
Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace; [face:] By thy favour, sweet welkin⁴, I must sigh in thy Most rude melancholy, valour give thee place. My herald is return'd.
Re-enter Moth and Costard.
Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard⁵ broken in a shin.
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *Penvoy*⁶;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *Penvoy*; no salve in the male, sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *Penvoy*, no *Penvoy*, or salve, sir, but a plantain!
Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter: thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *Penvoy*, and the word *Penvoy* for a salve?
Moth. Doth the wise think them other? is not *Penvoy* a salve?
Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain [sain.] Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *Penvoy*.
Moth. I will add the *Penvoy*; Say the moral again.
Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *Penvoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:
Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Moth. A good *Penvoy*, ending in the goose;—Would you desire more?
Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain⁷, a goose that's flat:— [fat.—] Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *Penvoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.
Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?
Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin: then call'd you for the *Penvoy*.
Cost. True, and I for a plantain; thus came your argument in:
Then the boy's fat *Penvoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.
Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?
Moth. I will tell you sensibly.
Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *Penvoy*:—

¹ In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the Reformation took place, and Precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to savour of paganism; and then maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horse, were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the hobby-horse, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*—humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph. ² Meaning, a hot, mad-brain'd, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with juvenile desires. ³ *Welkin* is the sky. ⁴ i. e. a head. ⁵ The *Penvoy*, which is a term borrowed from the old French poetry, appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, and either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. ⁶ To sell a bargain here means to lead a person to say something, which being applied to himself makes him appear ridiculous, so Armado is supposed to call himself a goose. ⁷ The *head* was anciently called the *costard*, as observed above.—A *costard* likewise signified a *crab-stick*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell
some *Penvoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee
at liberty, enfranchising thy person; thou wert
immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound:

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my
purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from dur-
ance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing
but this: Bear this significant to the country maid
Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him
money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, re-
warding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard,
adieu. [*Exit.*]

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my in-
cony! Jew!—

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera-
tion! O, that's the Latin word for three far-
things: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's
the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give
you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remune-
ration!—why, it is a fairer name than French
crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.*

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave, Costard! exceed-
ingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation rib-
bon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of
silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you.

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow
morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark,
slave, it is but this:

5 The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady; [*name.*]
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her sweet hand see thou do commend
10 This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Gives him money.*]

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than
remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better:—
Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print!

15 —Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*]

Biron. O!—And I, torsooth, in love! I, that
have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable:

20 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent! [*boy:*]

This wangled, whining, purblind, wayward

This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of tilded arms,

25 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all lotterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors,—O my little heart!—

30 And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What? what? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;

35 And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all:

And, among three, to love the worst of all:

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

40 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague

45 That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might. [*groan:*]

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[*Exit.*]

¹ *Incony*, or *kony*, in the north, signifies fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. ² i. e. re-
ward. ³ i. e. with the utmost nicety. ⁴ The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. ⁵ An
apparitor, or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court, who carries out citations for fornication and
other matters cognizable in his court. ⁶ That is, hanging on one shoulder, and falling under the op-
posite arm.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. WAS that the king that spurr'd his horse
so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting
mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty; I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again
say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[*Giving him money.*]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will besav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes; [part,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill [ill.

The poor deer's blood that my heart means no

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sove-
reignty

Only for praise's sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords? [ford]

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may af-
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-
wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is
the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest
that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest. [truth.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! 'tis so; truth is
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as mywit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should
be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thick-
est here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to
one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good
friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve
Break up this capon!

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is written to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear: [ear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give

Boyet. [Reads.] "By heaven, that thou art fair, is

"most inallible; true, that thou art beauteous;

"truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer

"than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than

"truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical

"vassal! The magnanimous and most illustre"

"king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and

"indubitate beggar Zenelephon; and he it was

"that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which

"to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure

"vulgar) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame:

"He came, one; saw, two; overcame, three.

"Who came? the king; Why did he come? to

"see; Why did he see? to overcome; To whom

"came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the

"beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar: The

"conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's:

"the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the

"beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; On

"whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one,

"or one in both. I am the king; for so stands

"the comparison: thou the beggar; for so wit-
nesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy

"love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could:

"Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou

"exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles;

"For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply,

"I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy

"picture, and my heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And be from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

¹ That is, Open this letter. Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*, which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. ² *Illustrate* for *illustrious*.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter? [hear better?]
 What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever
Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile. [ere while'.]
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er 'it
Boyet. This Arnado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; [sport]
 A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes
 To the prince, and his book-mates.
Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
 Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you, my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
 To a lady of France, that he called Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
 Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [Exit Princess attended.
Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?
Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
 Finely put off! [marry,
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
 Finely put on!
Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.
Boyet. And who is your deer? [near.
Ros. If we chuse by horns, yourself; come not
 Finely put on, indeed!—
Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.
Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?
Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?
Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.
Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, [Singing.
Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
 An I cannot, another can. [Ex. Ros. & Kat.
Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!
Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.
Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady! [may be.
 Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it
Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout'.
Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in. [the pin.
Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving
Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.
Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir;—challenge her to bowl.
Boyet. I fear too much rubbing: Good night, my good owl. [Exeunt all but Costard.
Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! [gar wit!
 O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vultures! When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were so fit.
 Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
 To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—
 And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most patheticall nit!
 Sola, sola! [Shouting within.
 [Exit Costard.]

SCENE II.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.
Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood, ripe as a pomewater,* who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of Cælo,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of Terra,—the soil, the land, the earth.
Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.
Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.
Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explanation; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather *ostentare*, to shew, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unletter'd, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.
Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket'.
Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!
Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

* A pun upon the word *stile*. * i.e. a little while ago. * Shooter here means *suitor*. * i.e. the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail which upheld it. * Dr. Warburton says, that by Holofernes was designed a particular character, a pedant and a schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London. * A species of apple. * A *buck* is the first year, a *faun*; the second year, a *pricket*; the third year, a *sorell*; the fourth year, a *sore*; the fifth year, a *buck of the first head*; the sixth year, a *complete buck*.

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indis-

cree, or a fool, [in a school :
So were there a patch¹ set on learning, to see him
But, *omne bene*, say I ; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men ; Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet ?

Hol. Dictynna, Goodman Dull ; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna ?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more ; [five-score.

And raught not² to five weeks, when he came to The allusion holds in the exchange³.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed ; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity ! I say the al-

lusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange ; for the moon is never but a month old ; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extempor- al epitaph on the death of the deer ? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge* ; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter ; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket ;

Some say, a sore ; but not a sore, 'till now made sore with shooting : [from thicket ;

The dogs did yell ; put L to sore, then sorel jumps Or pricket, sore, or else sorel, the people full a hooting. [O sore L !

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores ; Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but

Nath. A rare talent. [one more L.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion : But

the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you ; and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction : if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them : But, *vir sapit, quæ pauca loquitur* : a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good-morrow, master parson.

Hol. Master parson,—*quasi* person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one ?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likeliest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter : it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho : I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan ! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venègia, Venègia*, [nice ;

Chi non te vide, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan ! old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not,—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*.—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or, rather as Horace says in his—What, my soul, versant

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse ; *Lege, domine*.

Nath. " If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ? [vow'd !

" Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty

" Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faith-ful prove ;

" Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

" Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes ; [comprehend :

" Where all those pleasures live, that art would

" If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ; [commend :

" Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee

" All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder ; [admire :

" Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts

" Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder, [sweet fire,

" Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and

¹ Patch here means a silly, foolish, fellow. The term is supposed to have been adopted from a celebrated fool named Patch, and who wearing, perhaps in allusion to his name, a party-colour'd dress, all stage fools have ever since been distinguish'd by a motley coat. ² i. e. reach'd not. ³ i. e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain. ⁴ Alluding to L being the numeral for 50. ⁵ Baptista Spagnolus (surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century. His *Eclo-gues* were translated before the time of Shakspeare. ⁶ That is, " O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem."

"Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
"That sings the heaven's praise with such an
"earthly tongue!"

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *carct.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing; so doth the hound¹ his master, the ape his keeper, the tired² horse his rider. But damocella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

"Your Ladyship's in all desired employment,
"BIRON."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king: and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the King; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours³. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, I do invite you too; [*To Dull.* you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Biron with a paper.

Biron. The king is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am

toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep: it kills me, I a sheep: Well prov'd again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; I faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady!—By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*He stands aside.*]

Enter the King.

King. Ay, me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I' faith, secrets.—

King. [*Reads.*] "So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

"To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
"As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays
"have smote [*flows:*

"The night of dew that on my cheeks down
"Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
"Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
"As doth thy face through tears of mine give

"light;
"Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
"No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
"So ridest thou triumphing in thy woe;
"Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
"And they thy glory through my grief will

"shew:
"But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
"My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
"O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
"No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell."

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper: Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*The king steps aside.*]

Enter Longaville.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Now, in thy likeness, once more fool appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a perjuror, wearing papers⁴.

King. [*Aside.*] In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

¹ i. e. The hound and the ape are taught to imitate the tricks of their masters. ² Tired here means attired, alluding to Banks's horse, mentioned in a former note, p. 150. ³ That is, specious appearances.

⁴ Convicted perjurers, when punished, wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

Long.

Long. [*Aside.*] Am I the first, that have been
perjur'd so?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort;
not by two, that I know: [etym.]

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of soci-
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to
O sweet Maria, empress of my love! [move:
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wan-
ton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop¹.

Long. This same shall go.—[*He reads the sonnet.*

"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye

"('Gainst whom the world cannot hold ar-
"gument)

"Persuade my heart to this false perjury? [ment.

"Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punish-

"A woman I forswore: but, I will prove,

"Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee: 20

"My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

"Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace
"in me.

"Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

"Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth 25
"dost shine,

"Exhal'st this vapour vow: in thee it is:

"If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

"If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,

"To lose an oath to win a paradise?" 30

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein², which
makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out
o' the way. 35

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Compa-
ny! stay. [*Stepping aside.*

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant 40

Like a demy-god here sit I in the sky, [play:

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye:

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not corporal³; there 45

you lie. [*Aside.*

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber coted⁴. 50

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well

noted. [*Aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.* 55

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun

must shine. [*Aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a
good word? [*Aside.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will rememb'red be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then incision
Would let her out in sawceps; Sweet misprision!

[*Aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have
writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can
vary wit. [*Aside.*

Dumain reads his sonnet.

"On a day, (alack the day!)

"Love, whose mouth is ever May,

"Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,

"Playing in the wanton air:

"Through the velvet leaves the wind,

"All unseen, 'gan passage find;

"That the lover, sick to death,

"Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

"Air, (*quoth he*) thy cheeks may blow;

"Air, would I might triumph so!

"But, alack, my hand is sworn,

"Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

"Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;

"Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

"Do not call it sin in me,

"That I am forsworn for thee:

"Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,

"Juno but an Ethiopie were;

"And deny himself for Jove,

"Turning mortal for thy love.—"

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting⁵ pain.

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! till, to example ill,

Would from my forehead write a perjur'd note;

For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's griefs desires⁶ society: [*coming forward.*

45 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, you blush; as his, your case
is such; [*coming forward,*

You chide at him, offending twice as much:

You do not love Maria? Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile?

Nor never lay'd his wretched arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart?

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

55 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;

Her hairs were gold, chrystal the other's eyes:

¹ Slops are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and sea-faring men. ² The liver was supposed to be the seat of love. ³ Corporal here means corporeal. ⁴ To cote, is to out-strip, to overpass. ⁵ Fasting here signifies longing, wanting.

You would for paradise break faith and troth :

[To Long.]

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[To Dumain.]

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear

A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?

How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me :

[Coming forward.]

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,

There is no certain princess that appears;

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;

Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnetting.

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?

You found his mote; the king your mote did see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!

O me, with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformed to a knot!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,

And profound Solomon tuning a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!

Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good Dumain!

And, gentle Longaville, where lyes thy pain?

And where my liege's? all about the breast—

A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in;

I am betray'd, by keeping company

With men like men, of strange inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?

Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time

In pruning me? When shall you hear, that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb:—

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaqu. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaqu. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;

Our parson misread it; it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [He reads the letter.]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaqu. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost

thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace

needs not fear it. [fore let's hear it.]

Long. It did move him to passion, and there-

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were

born to do me shame.— [To Costard.]

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to

make up the mess.

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:—

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the trai-

tors stay. [Exeunt Costard & Jaquenetta.]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us em-

brace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb & flow, heaven will shew his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some

love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the

heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty? [now?]

King. What zeal, what fury, hath inspir'd thee

My love, my mistress, is a gracious moon;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity; [seek.]

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth

¹ To leap means in this place to exult. ² Some critics have conjectured, that Shakspeare here alludes to the *Knott*, a Lincolnshire bird of the snipe kind, which, from the easiness with which it was ensnared, was deemed foolish even to a proverb. Mr. Steevens, however, thinks that our author alludes to a *true lover's knot*; meaning, that the king remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a *knot*. ³ Critic and critical are often used by Shakspeare in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. ⁴ A bird is said to prune himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—

Fye, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs; [blot.]

She passes praise; then praise too short doth

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book,

That I may swear, Beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look?

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;

And beauty's crest¹ becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt, [of light.]

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now:

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers

black. [bright.]

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion

crack. [light.]

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. I were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell

you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-

day here. [as she.]

King. No devil will fright thee then so much

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her

face see. [Shewing his shoe.]

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were too much dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,

now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this

Long. O, some authority how to proceed; [evil.]

Some tricks, some quill²ts, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms:

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the book, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean

Why, universal plodding prisons up [fire.]

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow:

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords;

And in that vow we have forsworn our books;

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such fiery numbers³, as the prompting eyes

Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain:

And therefore finding barren practisers,

Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:

But, love, first learned in a lady's eyes,

Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power;

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye,

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious⁴ head of theft is stopp'd:

Love's feeling is more soft; and sensible,

Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;

¹ In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakspeare therefore uses it here in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*. ² Dr. Warburton says, that *quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane, and imagines the original to be this: In the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. ³ That is, ye soldiers of affection. ⁴ In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves. ⁵ Alluding to the discoveries in modern astronomy, at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies' eyes are compared, as usual, to *stars*. ⁶ That is, a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey.

Love's tongue proves dainty Bâcchus grows in
 For valour, is not love a Hercules, [taste;
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair¹;
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony².
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish, all the world;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
 It is religion, to be thus forsworn:
 For charity itself fulfils the law;

And who can sever love from charity?
King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the
 field! [them, lords;
Biron. Advance your standards, and upon
 Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them. [by:
Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these gloves
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?
King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.
Biron. First, from the park let us conduct
 them thither;
 Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Fore-run fair love, strewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons!—allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd
 no corn!
 And justice always whirls in equal measure:
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.
 [Exeunt.]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. SATIS quod sufficit³.

Nat. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons⁴ at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation⁵, audacious⁶ without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical. He is too picked⁷, too spruce⁸, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Draws out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanatical phantasms, such inociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, vocatur, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable. (which he would call abominable) it insinuateth me of insanie: *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. Bone?—bone, for bone: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Vidco & gaudeo.*

¹ Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair means no more than strung with gilded wire. ² This passage has been very fully canvassed by all the various commentators upon our author: the following explanation, however, strikes us as the most simple and intelligible: "When love speaks, (says Biron) the assembled gods reduce the elements of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator." ³ This proverbial expression intimates that, beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. ⁴ That is, enough's as good as a feast. ⁵ Reason here, as in other passages of our author's plays, signifies discourse. ⁶ That is, without affectation. ⁷ Audacious is used for spirited, animated; and opinion imports the same with phintacy or opiniatreté. ⁸ Meaning, too nicely dressed; alluding probably to a bird picking out or running its feathers; a metaphor which our author has before used in this play.

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military, sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*To Costard aside.*]

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon*.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is a, b, spelt backward, with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u!

Arm. Now, by the salt water of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick renew* of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-odd.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horus.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your in many *circum circa*; A giggle of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguen.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house* on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-

noon: the word is well cull'd, chose: sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy:—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement*, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breakings out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—at the king's command; and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error; he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?

Hol. I will play three: myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge* not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via**, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

* That is, the very offal, or refuse of words.

A flap-dragon is a small inflammable substance, which toppers swallow in a glass of wine. By o, u, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them.

A renew is the technical term at the fencing-school for a bout. Mr. Steevens supposes the charge-house to mean the free-school. * Meaning, his beard. That is, suit not. An Italian exclamation, signifying Courage! come on!

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport away.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter Princess and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, if fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds! — [part,

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yea, as much love in as would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper [rhime, Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all; That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax'; For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er befriends, with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died; had she been light like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd: And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. [out.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff'; Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look what you do, you do it still! the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not, — O, that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well banded both; a set of wit well play'd. But, Rosaline, you have a favour too: Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:

As if my face were but as fair as yours, My favour were as great, be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your My red dominical, my golden letter: [debtor,

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. Pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Du-

Kath. Madam, this glove. [main?

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity. [ville;

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longa-

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short? [part.

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go. [so.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wit in bootless rhimes;

And shape his service all to my behests:

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate! [catch'd,

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such

As gravity's revolt to wantonness. [excess,

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's

Prin. Thy news, Boyet? [her grace?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare! —

Arm, wenches, arm! — encounters mounted are

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. St. Dennis to St. Cupid! What are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, scout,

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore, [say.

I thought to close my eyes some half an hour:

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Towards that shade I might behold address

The king and his companions: warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

¹ To *wit* here signifies to *grow*. ² *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff* of a candle.
³ Meaning "Ware painting." ⁴ Alluding, perhaps, to the pits in her face, occasioned by the small-pox.
⁵ This expression probably alludes to the practice of hiring servants or artificers by the week; and the meaning of the passage may be, I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him. See note 4, p. 87, in *Measure for Measure*. The meaning is, I would be his fate or destiny, and like a *portent*, hang over and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That will by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously:
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil. [der:
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoul-
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a *zealous* laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous¹ appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be
task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give methine:
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes. [sight.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in
Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart.

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Sound.]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; he masked, the
maskers come. [The ladies mask.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain,
disguised like Muscovites; Moth with musick, &c.

Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties on the
"earth!"

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata².

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[The ladies turn their backs to him,
"That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views."

Biron. Their eyes, villian, their eyes.

Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal
"views!"

"Out—"

Bryet. True; out, indeed. [You'l safe

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,
"Not to behold—"

Biron. Once to behold; rogue. [eyes.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed

"With your sun-beamed eyes—"

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings
me out. [rogue.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? begun; you

Ros. What would these strangers? know th'ir
minds, Boyet;

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so
be gone. [gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be
King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many
a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass,

Ros. It is not so: Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is easily told. [miles.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,

How many inches do fill up one mile. [steps.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile? [you;

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to
shine

(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

¹ *Spleen ridiculous* is, a ridiculous fit.

² i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

King. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe
one change:

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: Nay, you must do it
soon.

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus
estrang'd? [chang'd.]

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,

We'll not benice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so this measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not
nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize yourselves, then; what buys your
company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. They cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more

Ros. In private, then. [chat.]

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word
with thee. [three.]

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is

Biron. Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow
so nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey:—well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog¹, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet. [word?]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so?—Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [tongue?]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your
mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half. [a calf?]

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman; is not veal

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:

5 Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these
sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Beat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as
keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

15 Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense; so sensible

seemeth their conference; their conceits have
wings, [things.]

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter

20 *Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewel, mad wenches! you have simple
wits. [Exeunt king and lords.]

25 *Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff'd out. [fat, fat.]

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross;

30 *Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, shew their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

35 The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I; my servant strait was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart,

40 And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness, as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-
caps².

45 But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

50 *Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

I they will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows:

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

Therefore, change favours: and when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow? how, blow? speak to be
understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;

¹ To cog, signifies to falsify the dice, and metaphorically, to lye. ² Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of Queen Elizabeth.—Probably the meaning is, "Better wits may be found among men of inferior or more humble rank."

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels vailing¹ clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd, like Muscovites, in shapeless² gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at out tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt ladies.*]

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain,
in their own habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her? [word.]

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one

Boyet. I will: and so will she, I know, my lord. [Exit.]

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again when Jove doth please:

He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares

At wakes, and wassels³, meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;

He can carve, too, and lisp: Why, this is he,

That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing

A mean⁴ most meanly; and, in ushering,

Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:

This is the flower⁵ that smiles on every one,

To shew his teeth as white as whale's bone:⁶—

And consciences, that will not die in debt,

Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet. [heart,

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my

That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine,

Boyet, and attendants.

Biron. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what
wert thou, [now?] 50

'Till this mad man shew'd thee? and what art thou

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave. 55

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your

vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men. 60

King. Rebuke me not for that which you pro-
voke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should
have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsully'd lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant games;

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;

My lady, (to the manner of these days)

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle,

sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we

greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light: Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my

eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you were?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why de-

mand you this? [case,

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descry'd: they'll mock us now

downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord! Why looks your high-

ness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why

look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for

perjury.

¹ That is, letting those clouds which obscured their brightness sink from before them.

² uncouth. ³ *Wassels* were meetings of rural mirth and intemperance.

⁴ The mean, in music, is the tenor. ⁵ That is, the flower or pink of courtesy. ⁶ As white as whale's bone is a proverbial comparison in our ancient poets.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd,¹ hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand,
God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans², I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—

Write, *Lord have mercy on us*³ on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see. [to us.]

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undous.

Ros. It is not so: For how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue⁴?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
Some fair excuse. [transgression]

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear? [her.]

King. That more than all the world I did respect

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;

Your oath broke once, you force not to forswear⁵.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it;—Rosaline; 53]

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me.

Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,

5 That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word. [troth,

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my

I never swore this lady such an oath.

10 *Ros.* By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this; but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give:

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;

15 And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent⁶,

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)

20 To dash it like a Christmas comedy: [sany⁷,

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some

Dick,——

[trick

That smiles his cheek in years⁸; and knows the

25 To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—

Told our intents before: which once disclosed,

The ladies did change favours; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she,

Now to our perjury to add more terror,

30 We are again forsworn; in will and error⁹.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you

[To Boyet.]

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier¹⁰,

35 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd¹¹;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

40 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this love been manage, this career, been run.

45 *Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have
done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

50 *Biron.* What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is very fine,

For every one pursuents three.

Biron. And three times three is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope,

it is not so:

¹ A metaphor taken from the *pile* of velvet.

² That is, without French words.

³ The inscription put upon the doors of the houses infected with the plague.

⁴ Our author here puns upon the word *sue*, which signifies to *prosecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*.

⁵ That is, You make no difficulty to forswear.

⁶ That is, a *conspiracy*.

⁷ That is, a buffoon, or merry Andrew.

⁸ In years signifies, into wrinkles.

⁹ i. e. First in will, and afterwards in error.

¹⁰ From the French *esquicre*, a rule or square.

The sense is nearly equivalent to the proverbial expression, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humour'd her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases.

¹¹ That is, You may say what you will.

You cannot beg us', sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where—until it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man; Pompon the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompon the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare. [some care.]

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir, we will take

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach. [Exit Costard.]

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come. [now;]

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how;
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,
There form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

[Enter Armado.]

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words. [Converses apart with the king.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you? [ing.]

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

King. Here is like to be a good presence of five worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Macchabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other

Biron. There is five in the first show. [five.]

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:— [again,
A bare throw at novum²; and the whole world
Cannot prick out³ five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again. [Pageant of the Nine Worthies.]

[Enter Costard for Pompey.]

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee⁴.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee. [Big.]

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Dym. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—"Pompey surnam'd the great;

"That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat;

"And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

"And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France." [done.]

If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey*, I had *Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

[Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.]

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

"By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might: [der.]

"My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisan-
Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right⁵.

Biron. Your nose smells no, in this most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander:"— [der.]

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so Alisan-
Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard. [sander.]

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisan-
Cost. O, sir, you have overthrown Alisan-der the

conqueror! [To Nath.] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool⁶, will be given to A-jax⁷; he will then be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for

shame, Alisan-der. [Exit Nath.] There, an't shall please you! a foolish mild man, an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous

good neighbour in sooth; and a very good bowler:

¹ Meaning, we are not fools: our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number.

² *Novum* was an old game at dice.

³ A phrase still in use among gardeners.

⁴ This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head.

⁵ To relish this joke, the reader should recollect, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders.

⁶ Alluding to the arms given to the nine worthies in the old history.

⁷ A paltry pun upon *Ajax* and *a jakes*.

but, for Alisander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little o'erparted:—But there are worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Mith for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
"Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
"canus;

"And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
"Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*;

"*Quoniam*, he seemeth in minority;

"*Ergo*, I come with this apology.—"

[*To Moth.*] Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

Hol. "Judas I am,—"
[*Exit Moth.*]

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

"Judas I am, ycleped Macchabæus."

Dum. Judas Macchabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor;—How art thou prov'd

Hol. "Judas I am,—"
[*Judas*]

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder. [elder.]

Biron. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern¹ head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring. [seen.]

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce

Boyet. The pumel of Caesar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask².

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
[tenance.]

And now, forward; for we have put thee in coun-

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:
Judas, away. [ble.]

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not hum-

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas; it grows dark,
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Macchabæus, how he hath
been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes
Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me,
I will now be merry. [this.]

King. Hector was but a Trojan³ in respect of

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. Think, Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best iudg'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the al-
"Gave Hector a gift,—"
[mighty,

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves⁴.

Dum. No, cloven [the almighty,

Arm. Peace! "The armipotent Mars, of lances

"Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium! [yea,

"A man so breath'd, that, certain, he would fight,

"From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

Arm. "I am that flower,—"

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it
runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;
sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:

when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will for-
ward with my device; [*To the Princess*] sweet

royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much de-
lighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—"

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is
gone, she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,
the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the
child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamelize me among poten-
tates: thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaque-
netta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pom-
pey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great
Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more
Ates⁵; stir them on, stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's
belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern
man: I'll slash; I'll do't by the sword:—I pray

you, let me borrow my arms⁶ again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.
[Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat?]

¹ A cittern was a musical instrument of the harp kind.

² A Trojan, in the time of Shakspeare, was a cant term for a thief.

³ Ate was the heathen goddess who incited blood-

shed.

⁴ Meaning the weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey.

⁵ That is, a soldier's powder-horn.

⁶ An orange stuck with cloves

What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward¹ for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so: my tale is told. [cloud.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [Exit Worthies.

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,

The liberal² opposition of our spirits:

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath, your gentleness

Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!

A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue:

Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms

All causes to the purpose of his speed;

And often, at his very loose, decides

That which long process could not arbitrate:

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love

The holy suit which fain it would convince;

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,

Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of

And by these badges understand the king. [grief;—

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opposed end of our intents:

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,

As love is full of unbecoming strains;

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:

Which party-coated presence of loose love,

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,

I those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

Suggested³ us to make: Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes

Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,

By being once false for ever to be true

To those that make us both, fair ladies, you;

And even that falshood, in itself a sin,

Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;

And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,

As bombast⁴ and as lining to the time:

But more devout than this, in our respects,

Have we not been; and therefore met your loves

In their own fashion, like a merriment. [than jest.

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,

Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in:

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,

Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this,—

If for my love (as there is no such cause)

You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust: but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;

There stay, until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning:

If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood;

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love;

But that it bear this trial, and last love;

I then, at the expiration of the year,

Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,

And, by this virgin-palm, now kissing thine,

I will be thine: and till that instant, shut

My woeful self up in a mourning-house;

Raining the tears of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part;

Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter⁵ up these powers of mine with rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;

Your are attaint with fault and perjury:

¹ To go woolward was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries, and means, that he was clothed in wool, and not in linen. ² Liberal here signifies, as has been remarked in other places, free to excess. ³ That is, tempted us. ⁴ Bombast was a stuff of loose texture, and used formerly to swell the garment, and thence used to signify bulk, or shew without solidity. ⁵ That is, to soothe. ⁶ Therefore,

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me? [nesty: 5

Kath. A wife!—a beard, fair health, and ho-
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your faithful brain;
And therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce¹ endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile. [death? 30

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear² groans,
Will hear your idle scorn, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well, befall what will
befall,
I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, my sweet lord; and so I take my
leave. [To the King. 55

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your
way. [play; 60

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelve-month and
And then 'twill end. [a day,

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take
leave: I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta
to hold the plough for her sweet love three year.
But, most esteem'd greatness, will you hear the di-
alogue that the two learned men have compiled,
in praise of the owl and the cuckow? it should
have follow'd in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holloa! approach.—

Enter all for a song.

This side is Hiems; winter. [owl,
This Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

SONG. SPRING.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow;

Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow;

Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot³.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw⁴,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the
songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[Exit omnes.]

¹ Fierce here means vehement, rapid. ² Dr. Johnson thinks, that dear should here, as in many other places, be deere, sad, odious. ³ i. e. Scum the pot. The word is yet used in Ireland. ⁴ i. e. his discourse.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*
LYSANDER, *in love with Hermia.*
DEMETRIUS, *in love with Hermia.*
PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the sports to Theseus.*
QUINCE, *the Carpenter.*
SNUG, *the Joiner.*
BOTTOM, *the Weaver.*
FLUTE, *the Bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *the Tinker.*
STARVELING, *the Taylor.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

Attendants.

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, *a Fairy.*
PEASEBLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARD-SEED,
Pyramus,
Thisbe,
Wall,
Moonshine,
Lyon,

} *Fairies.*

} *Characters in the Interlude, performed by the Clowns.*

HIPPOLITA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*
HERMIA, *Daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen: Attendants on Theseus and Hippolita.

SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Palace of Theseus, in Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with Attendants.

The. NOW, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days
bring in

Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves
in nights;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[*Exit Phi.*

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

5 *Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.*

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news
With thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint

10 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—

Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her:

Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,

This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:

15 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love:

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy

20 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds', conceits,

Knacks, triles, nose-gays, sweet-meats, messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;

: i. e. baubles, toys.

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case. [Inaid:]

The. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Her. I do intreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth¹, examine well your blood
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and by the next new
moon,

(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)

Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life. [yield]

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander,
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he bath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him:
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:

Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;

Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death; or to a vow of single life.—

Come, my Hippolita! What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:

I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something, nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt The. Hip. Egeus, Dem. and train.*]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek
so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast? [well
Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could
Beteem² them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

But, either it was different in blood;—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthral'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgrail'd, in respect of years;—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:—

Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

Lys. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;

Brief as the lightning in the colly'd³ night

That, in a spleen⁴, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!

The jaws of darkness do devour it up:

So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our tryal patience,

Because it is a customary cross;

¹ i. e. consider your youth. ² i. e. give them.

³ i. e. black.

⁴ Meaning, in a sudden hasty fit.

As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: if thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And, in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee. [*Helena.*]

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes
Enter *Helena.*

Her. God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair¹: O happy fair! [*air*]
Your eyes are lode-stars²; and your tongue's sweet
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear, [*pear.*]
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds ap-
Sickness is catching: O, were favour³ so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated⁴.
O, teach me how you look: and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my
smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my prayers could such affection
move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me,

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty; would that fault
were mine! [*face;*]

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lover's flights doth still conceal)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd;
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Herm.*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius doat on you!

[*Exit Lys.*]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doating on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities,
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpoze to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unbecomly haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguill'd.
As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence;
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Cottage.

Enter *Quince* the carpenter, *Snug* the joiner, *Bot-*
tom the weaver, *Flute* the b. llovs-mender, *Snout*
the tinker, and Starveling the taylor.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man
by man, according to the scrip⁶.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name,
which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play
in our interlude before the duke and dutchess, on
his wedding-day at night.

¹ That is, your beauty, or your complexion. ² The lode-star is the leading or guiding-star, that is, the pole-star. ³ Favour, here means feature, countenance. ⁴ To translate, here implies to change, to transform. ⁵ i. e. in sport, in jest. ⁶ i. e. the writing, or paper.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is—the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrowl: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
“And shivering shocks,
“Shall break the locks
“Of prison-gates:
“And *Phibbus*’ car
“Shall shine from far,
“And make and mar
“The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles*’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That’s all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice:—

“Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear;
“Thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!”

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling the taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby’s mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus’s father; myself, Thisby’s father;—Saug the joiner, you, the lion’s part:—and, I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion’s part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study¹.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man’s heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother’s son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking-dove; I will roar you as ²⁵twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-fac’d man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer’s day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs ³⁰play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange tawney beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard³, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French-crowns⁴ have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac’d.—

⁴⁰But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog’d with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties⁵, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

⁵⁰*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke’s oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings⁶.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ To study a part, in the language of the theatre, is to get it by rote. ² This alludes to the custom of wearing coloured beards. ³ See note ¹, p. 77. ⁴ See note ¹, p. 68. ⁵ Dr. Warburton says, this proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bowstrings* were broke, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*Hold or cut bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow-string held or broke.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin Good-fellow) at another.

Puck. **H**OW now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, per-force, withholds the loved boy, [joy:
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square¹; that all their elves for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there. [quite,

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villag'ry;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern²,
And bootless make the breathless huswife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm³;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck⁴,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:

And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob;
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.

5 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And taylor⁵ cries, and falls into a cough;
16 And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,
And waxen⁶ in their mirth, and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—Would that he
15 were gone!

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon, king of Fairies, at one door with his train, and the queen at another, with her's.

20 **Ob.** Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.
Queen. What, jealous Oberon? fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy lady: But I know

25 When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?

30 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus, for shame, Titania,
35 Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus; [night
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
From Perigune, whom he ravish'd?
And make him with fair Egle break his faith,
40 With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never since the middle summer's spring⁷,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
45 Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
50 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting⁸ river made so proud,

¹ This alludes to the circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them. ² Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock, all imply both indolence of body and dulness of mind. ³ i. e. shining. ⁴ To square here signifies, to quarrel. ⁵ A quern is a hand-mill. ⁶ Barm is a name for yeast, still used in our midland counties. ⁷ Puck is said to have been an old Gothick word, signifying fiend or devil. ⁸ In Staffordshire the epithet of aunt is still applied indiscriminately to old women, and is there pronounced naunt. ⁹ This may perhaps allude to a custom of crying taylor at a sudden fall backwards, as a person who slips beside his chair falls as a taylor squats upon his board. ¹⁰ i. e. encrease. ¹¹ By the middle summer's spring, our author seems to mean the beginning of middle or mid summer. ¹² i. e. despicable, mean.

That they have overborne their continents'.
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain stock:
 The nine-men's morris² is fill'd up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter here,
 No night is now with hymn, or carol blest:—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air.
 That rheumatic diseases do abound³:
 And, thorough this distemperature⁴, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
 The chiding⁵ autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which:
 And this same progeny⁶ of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissention;
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman⁷.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order:
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embark'd traders on the flood:
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 (Following her womb then rich with my young
 Would imitate; and sail upon the land, ['squire)
 To fetch me trifles and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Queen. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom—Fairies, away:
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this
 Till I torment thee for this injury.— [grove,
 My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory.
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's musick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watry moon;
 And the imperial votress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free⁸.

Yet, mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
 It fell upon a little western flower,— [wound,—
 Before, milk-white; now purple with love's
 And maidens call it, love in idleness⁹. [once;
 Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly doat
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes. [Exit.

Ob. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing when she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
 (As I can take it with another herb)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here? I am invisible?
 And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
 Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood,
 And here am I, and wood¹⁰ within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
 Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?

Ob. Rather, do I not in plainest truth
 Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more;
 I am your spaniel; and Demetrius,
 The more you beat me, I will fawn on you;
 Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,

¹ Meaning their banks. ² *Nine men's morris* is a game still played by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties. ³ The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was first published. ⁴ That is perturbation. ⁵ That is, the pregnant. ⁶ That is, produce. ⁷ Page of honour. ⁸ This was intended as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth. ⁹ i. e. heart's-ease. ¹⁰ *Wood*, here means mad, wild, raving. In this sense it was formerly spelled *wode*.

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worse place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog? [rit: 5

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spi-
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place.
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.

It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think, I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest has not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell.

To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exit.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave 40
this grove,

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me,
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips¹ and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies

May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter the Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel², and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice on³ for their leathern
wings

To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clam'rous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits⁴: Sing me now asleep;
20 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

First Fairy.

*You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:*

Chorus.

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

Second Fairy.

*Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near:
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

First Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[Exit Fairies. The Queen sleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[Squeezes the flower on her eye-lids.
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:

50 Be it ounce⁵; or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near. [Exit Ober.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood;
And to speak truth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
60 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

¹ The greater cowslip. ² A roundel is a dance in a ring. ³ A rere-mouse is a bat. ⁴ Dr. Warburton reads quaint sports. ⁵ The ounce is a small tyger, or tyger-cat.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear, 5
Lye further off, yet, do not lye so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;

So that but one heart we can make of it:

Two bosoms interchained with an oath;

So then two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;

For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—

Now much beshrew¹ my manners and my pride,

If Hermia meant to say, Lysander ly'd.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

Lye further off; in human modesty

Such separation, as, may well be said,

Becomes a virtuous hatchelor, and a maid:

So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:

Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair pray'r, say I;

And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be

press'd! [They sleep.]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,

But Athenian found I none,

On whose eyes I might approve

This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence! who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear:

This is he, my master said,

Despised the Athenian maid;

And here the maiden, sleeping sound,

On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul! she durst not lye

Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw

All the power this charm doth owe:

When thou wak'st, let love forbid

Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.

So awake, when I am gone;

For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.]

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me

thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril: I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace².

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes. [tears:]

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spheny eye?—

But who is here? Lysander? on the ground?

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet

sake. [Waking.]

Transparent Helena! Nature shews art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what

though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season:

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories, writt'n in Love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery

born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Lys. Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good soth, you do,

40 In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness³.

Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,

Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit.]

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep

thou there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And all my powers, address your love and might,

To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.]

Her. [starting from sleep.] Help me, Lysan-

der, help me! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here?

60 Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear!

¹ Beshrew means the same as if she had said, "Now ill befall my manners, &c." ² i. e. My acceptableness. ³ i. e. What then? ⁴ Meaning, that he had more of the spirit of a gentleman.

Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander, lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon, almost with fear.
No?—then I will perceive you are not nigh;
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Bot. ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,——

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin², a parlous³ fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl, than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall;—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake⁴; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. "Thisby, the flower of odious savours"

Quin. Odours, odours. [sweet.]

Pyr. "——odours savours sweet,

"So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—"

"But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit⁵,

"And by and by I will to thee appear."

[Exit Pyramus.]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[Aside. Exit.]

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again,

¹ This adjuration is frequently used by our author. ² i. e. by our *Ladykin*, or *little lady*. ³ *Parlous* means dangerous. ⁴ *Brake* anciently signified a *thicket* or *bush*. ⁵ i. e. a little while.

This. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white
"of hue,

"Of colour like the red-rose on triumphant brier,

"Most briskly juvenal¹, and eke most lovely Jew,

"As true as truest horse, that yet would never
"tire,

"I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not
speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you
speak all your part at once, cues² and all.—Pyra-
mus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter Puck and Bottom with an ass's head.

This. "O—As true as truest horse, that yet
"would never tire."

Pyr. "If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:"

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted!

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*]

Pack. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a
round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery
of them, to make me afear'd³.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do
I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass' head
of your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art
translated.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass
of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will
not stir from this place, do what they can: I will
walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they
shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*]

The ouzel-cock⁴, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The thrush⁵, with his note so true,

The wren with little quill:

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowery
bed?

[*Waking.*]

Bottom sings.

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckow gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dures not answer, nay:

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
bird? Who would give the bird the lye, though
he cry cuckow, never so.

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,

[So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape:]

And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little
reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason
and love keep little company together now-a-days:
The more the pity, that some honest neighbours
will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek⁶,
upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough
to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve
mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit, of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—

Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-
seed!

Enter four fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I: where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,

And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2 *Fair.* Hail!

3 *Fair.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily,—
I beseech your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall
make bold with you.—Your name, honest gen-
tleman?

Pease. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to mistress
Squash⁷ your mother, and to master Peascod, your
father. Good master Pease-blossom, I shall desire
you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I
beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

¹ i. e. youngman. ² A *cue*, in the language of the stage, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. ³ i. e. afraid. ⁴ The *ousel cock* is generally understood to be the cock blackbird. ⁵ The *thrush* is the *thrush*. ⁶ i. e. *deceive*, or *beguile*. ⁷ A *squash* is an unripe peascod.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience¹ well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you, more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger,—How now, mad spirit:
What night-rule² now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches³, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's now! I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisby must be answered. [spy,
And forth my minnock⁴ comes: When they him
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,⁵
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all
things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd⁶ the Athenian's eyes.
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping—that is finish'd too,

And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe. [worse;

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away

From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.

It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;

So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look: and so
should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my bounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur, thou driv'st me past
the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!⁷

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd⁸
mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain. [vein:

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down.*]

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

¹ By *patience* is meant, standing still in a mustard-pot to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a constant attendant. ² Meaning, what frolic of the night? ³ i. e. low, paltry fellows. ⁴ i. e. a head.

⁵ *Minnekin*, now *minx*, is a nice trilling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt; it is more probable that Shakspeare wrote mimick or player. ⁶ i. e. company. ⁷ i. e. closed.

To *latch the door*, in Staffordshire, and the adjoining counties, is, to *shut the door*. ⁸ *Touch*, in our author's time, was the same with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke*. ⁹ i. e. mistaken.

Of thy misprision¹ must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man hold-
ing troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick² she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.]

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be bye,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's! Will you give her o'er:
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her; and he loves not you.

Dem. [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O how ripe in show
Thy lips, those, kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.

5 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls³, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;

10 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with you hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,

15 With your derision! None of nobler sort⁴
Would so offend a virgin; and extort⁵
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:

20 And here, with all good-will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

25 *Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,

There to remain.

30 *Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril, thou aby⁶ it dear—

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

35 *Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function
The ear more quick of apprehension makes; [takes,

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:

40 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found.
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
to go?

45 *Her.* What love could press Lysander from my
side? [bide?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night

50 Than all von fiery o's⁷, and eyes of light. [know,
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

55 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd

60 To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
For parting us—O, and is all forgot?

All school-day friendship, childhood innocence?

¹ That is, *mistake*. ² i. e. all *love-sick*.
or *quality*. ³ i. e. Harass, or torment.
for a circle; here he means the stars.

⁴ That is, join heartily. ⁵ See note⁶, p. 108.

⁶ Sort is here used for *degree*.
⁷ Shakespeare sometimes uses O

We. Hermia, like two artificial¹ gods,
Have with our needl² created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with nien in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul.
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carry'd, shall be chronicle.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well; 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot retreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do; [prayers.
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, sir, he'll

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing,
let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
sweet love? [is this,

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

5 Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for, I perceive,

10 A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. [dead?

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than
hate?

15 Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my
love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile. [me:

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left

20 Why, then you left me,—O the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt;

25 Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. Ome! you juggler! oh, you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

30 *Hel.* Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

35 *Her.* Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

40 And are you grown so high in his esteem,

Because I am so dwarfish and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

45 *Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;

I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardice;

Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,

50 Because she's something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia;

55 Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood;

He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.

But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me

60 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back,

¹ Meaning, ingenious, artful.

² That is, needles.

³ Meaning, such a *subject* of light merri-
ment. ⁴ Shakspeare here alludes to the worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always
beginning in the middle;

And follow you no further: Let me go:

You see how simple and how fond I am. [you:]

Her. Why get you gone? Who is't that hinders

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius. [Iena.]

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee, *He-*

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;

She was a vixen, when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;

You minimus¹, of hind² ring knot-grass made³;

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone: speak not of Helena;

Take not her part: for if thou dost intend

Never so little shew of love to her,

Thou shalt aby⁴ it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by

jowl. [*Ex. Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;

Nor longer stay in you curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;

My legs are longer, though, to run away.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exeunt; Hermia pursuing Helena.*]

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st, or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprize,

That I have 'pointed an Athenian's eyes;

And so far-am I glad it did so sort⁵,

As this their jangling I esteem a sport. [fight:]

Ob. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;

And lead these testy rivals so astray,

As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;

And sometimes rail thou like Demetrius;

And from each other look thou lead them thus,

'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye:

Whose liquor hath this virtuous⁶ property,

To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision

Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;

5 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,

I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;

And then I will her charmed eye release

10 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; [there,

15 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and

Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,

Already to their wormy beds are gone;

For fear lest day should look their shames upon,

20 They wilfully themselves exile from light,

And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:

I with the morning's love have oft made sport;

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,

25 Even till the eastern-gate, all fiery red,

Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,

Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:

We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Ob.*]

30 *Puck.* Up and down, up and down;

I will lead them up and down:

I am fear'd in field and town;

Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

35 *Enter Lysander.*

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

40 *Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then

To plainer ground.

[*Lys. goes out, as following Dem.*]

Enter Demetrius.

45 *Dem.* Lysander! speak again.

Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? where dost thou hide thy head? [stars,

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the

50 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou

child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,

That draws a sword on thee.

55 *Dem.* Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;

60 When I come where he calls, then he is gone,

¹ That is, foolish. ² i. e. you *diminutive* of the creation, you *reptile*. ³ Knot-grass was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. ⁴ To *aby* is to pay dear for, to suffer. ⁵ i. e. to happen. ⁶ i. e. salutiferous.

The villain is much lighter heePd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[Lies down. 5

For if but once thou shew me thy great light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spight.

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comest thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
buy this dear. 15

If ever I thy face by day-light see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—

By day's approach look to be visited. [Lies down. 20

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the
east;

That I may hack to Athens by day-light, 25

From these that my poor company detest:—

And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Sleeps. 30

Puck. Yet but three? come one more;

Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst, and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars;

I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me, till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down.

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound:

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall
be well. [Exit Puck. They sleep.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and the King behind them.

Queen. COME, sit thee down upon this flowery
bed, 45

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Pease-blossom?

Pease. Ready. 50

Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where's
monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-
hip'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and good
monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret
yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and,
good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break 60
not; would be loth to have you overdown with a

honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-
seed? 40

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif^s, monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help ca-
valero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the bar-
ber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous
hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass,
if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick,
my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick:
let us have the tongs and the bones¹.

Queen. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st
to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could
munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a
great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet
hay, hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

¹ To coy is to sooth, to stroke. ² i. e. fist. ³ Meaning, the old rural musick of the tongs and
key.

Bot.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away!
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Earrings the barks fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which strait she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of the Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen;

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[Touching her eyes with an herb.]

See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Queen. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamoured of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass?
Oh, how mine eye doth loath his visage now!

Ob. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Queen. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, musick. [Still musick.] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground. [Exit.

[Wind horns within.]

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd:

And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—

Egeus. We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear:
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder. [kind,

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable

Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: [are these?
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;

This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder at their being here together. [serve

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to ob-
The rite of May; and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—

But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns.

*Horns, and shout within; Demetrius, Lysander,
Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? [past;

¹ That is, disperse yourselves. ² i. e. grave or sober. ³ Meaning, the honours due to the morning of May. ⁴ Vaward is an obsolete word signifying the fore-part. ⁵ Chiding means sound. ⁶ i. e. so mouthed. Flews are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed bound.

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to The-
The.* I pray you all, stand up. [*scus.*

I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)

I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law. [*enough;*

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.— [*metrius,*
They would have stol'n away, they would, De-
Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen to'd me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,
Melted as is the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,¹

Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like a sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.—

Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in this temple, by-and-by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—

Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.— [*train.*
Come, Hippolita. [*Exe. Theseus, Hippolita, and*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguish-
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. [*able,*

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted
When every thing seems double. [*eye,*

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake?—It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*him;*
[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus.*—
Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-
mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my
life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had
a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the
wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but
an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Mc-
thought I was—there is no man can tell what.
Methought I was, and methought I had,—But
man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say
what methought I had. The eye of man hath not
heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand
is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
heart to report, what my dream was. I will get
Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it
shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no
bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a
play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it
the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

Athens. Quince's House.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he
come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt
he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd;
it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in
all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any
handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is
a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is,
God bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the
temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies
more married: if our sport had gone forward, we
had all been made men.²

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost
six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have
scaped six-pence a-day: an the duke had not
given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus,
I'll be hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: six-
pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these
hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O
most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but
ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true

¹ *Fancy* here means *love* or *affection*. ² See the note in p. 175. ³ i. e. a fool in a party-coloured coat. ⁴ This should have been *after death*, i. e. after having died as Pyramus he would come again and sing the song. ⁵ Meaning, we had all made our fortunes.

Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath din'd : Get your apparel together ; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace ; every man look o'er his part ; for the short

and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen ; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words ; away ; go, away. [Exeunt.]

A C T . V.

S C E N E I.

The Palace.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, Philostrate, Lords, &c.

Hip. 'TIS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of. [lieve

The. More strange than true. I never may be- These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact :

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ; That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, [heaven ; Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination ; That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;

Or, in the night imagining some fear, How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy :

But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, & Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—

Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More than to us Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed !

The. Come now ; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours, Between our after-supper, and bed time ?

Where is our usual manager of mirth ? What revels are in hand ? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?

Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus. [evening ?

The. Say, what abridgment' have you for this What mask ? what musick ? How shall we beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight ? Philost. There is a brief', how many sports are

ripe ; Make choice of which your highness will see first. [Giving a paper.

The. [reads.] " The battle of the Centaurs, to be sung

" By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

We'll none of that : that I have told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

" The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, " Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

That is an old device ; and it was play'd When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

" The thrice three Muses mourning for the " Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary." [death

That is some satire, keen and critical, Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

" A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus " And his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth."

Merry and tragical ? Tedious and brief ? That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord ? Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten

words long ; Which is as brief as I have known a play ;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long ; Which makes it tedious : for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted. And tragical, my noble lord it is ;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself. Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it ? [here, Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens

Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now ; And now have toil'd their unbreath'd' memories

With this same play, against your nuptial. The. And we will hear it.

¹ i. e. made up. ² i. e. consistency. ³ By *abridgment* Shakspeare here means a dramatick performance. ⁴ i. e. a short account. ⁵ Meaning, *criticising, censuring*. ⁶ That is, unexercised memories.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents¹,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain, 5
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it. [dies.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, la- 10

[*Exit Philost.*
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might², not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [Flour. Trum.

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. "If we offend, it is with our good-will.

"That you should think, we come not to offend,

"But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,

"That is the true beginning of our end.

* Consider then, we come but in despite.

"We do not come, as minding to content you,

"Our true intent is. All for your delight,

"We are not here. That you should here re-

"pent you,

"The actors are at hand; and by their show,

"You shall know all, that you are like to know."

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: 55
It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue,
like a child on a recorder: a sound, but not in government³.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain: no-
thing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next? 60

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Pro. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at
"this show;

"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

"Wall, that vile wall which did those lovers

"sunder:

"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are

"content

"To whisper; at which let no man wonder.

"This man with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

"Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,

"By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

"Did scare away, or rather did affright:

"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

25 "Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

"And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

"Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,

30 "At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may,
when many asses do.

35 *Wall.* "In this same interlude, it doth befall,

"That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:

"And such a wall, as I would have you think,

"That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,

"Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

"Did whisper often very secretly. [shew

"This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth

"That I am that same wall; the truth is so:

"And this the cranny is, right and sinister, [per."

"Through which the fearful lovers are to whis-

45 *The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak

better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hu
"so black!

"O night, which ever art, when day is not!

"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—

"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

"That stand'st between her father's ground

"and mine:

"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

"Shew me thy chink to blink through with

"mine cyne,

¹ *Intents* here means the object of their attention. ² *In might*, is probably an elliptical expression for what might have been. ³ i. e. ready. ⁴ A kind of flute. ⁵ Meaning, not regularly.

"Thanks,

"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well
"for this!

"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

"O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss:

"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue; she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you: Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisby.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my
"moans,

"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

"Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
"grace;

"And like Limander am I trusty still." [kill.]

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this
"vile wall." [all.]

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me
"straightway?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without
"delay." [so:]

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged
"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows:
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and
not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of
themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here
come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts
"do fear

"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on

"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble
"here,

"When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

"Then know, that I, as Snug the joiner, am

"A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;

"For if I should as lion come in strife

"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that
e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot
carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry
his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It
is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen
to the moon.

Moon. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon
"present:" [head.]

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his
The. He is no crescent, and his horns are in-
visible within the circumference:

Moon. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon
"present;

"Myself the man P' th' moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest:
the man should be put into the lanthorn; How
is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle:
for, you see, it is already in snuff¹.

Hip. I am a-weary of this moon. Would, he
would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion,
that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in
all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you,
that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the
moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this
dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the lanthorn;
for they are in the moon. But, silence; here
comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is
"my love?" [off.]

Lion. "Oh—" [The lion roars. *Thisbe runs*]

Dem. Well roard, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon
shines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
"beams:

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:

"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

"I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

"But stay;—O spite!

"But mark;—Poor knight,

"What dreadful dole is here?

"Eyes, do you see?

"How can it be?

"O dainty duck! O dear!

¹ *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger.

"Thy mantle good,
 "What, stain'd with blood?
 "Approach, ye furies-fell!
 "O fates! come, come;
 "Cut thread and thrum¹;
 "Quail, crush, conclude and quell²!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
 would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions
 "frame?"

"Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
 "Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
 "That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd,
 "with cheer.

"Come tears, confound;

"Out sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus:

"Ay, that left pap,

"Where heart doth hop:—

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

"Now am I dead,

"Now am I fled;

"My soul is in the sky:

"Tongue, lose thy light!

"Moon take thy flight!

"Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies.* Exit Moonshine.

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but
 one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead: he
 is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet
 recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance the moonshine is gone, be-
 fore Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—

Enter Thisbe.

Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one,
 for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Py-
 ramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those
 sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.—

This. "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise,

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These lilly brows,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone:

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks.

"O sisters three,
 "Come, come, to me,
 "With hands as pale as milk;
 "Lay them in gore,
 "Since you have shore
 "With shears his thread of silk.
 "Tongue, not a word:—
 "Come, trusty sword;
 "Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
 "And farewell, friends;
 "Thus Thisbe ends:
 "Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the
 dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that
 parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the
 epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance³, between
 two of our company.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play
 needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the
 players are all dead, there needs none to be
 blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd
 Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter,
 it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is,
 truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come,
 your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a Dance of Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;—

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf beloids the moon;
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task forlorn⁴.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are trolick; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

¹ Thrum is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn.
² To quell is to murder, to destroy. ³ That is, a dance after the manner of the peasants of Ber-
 gomasco, a country in Italy belonging to the Venetians. ⁴ i. e. Passage, progress. ⁵ i. e. Over-
 come.

I am sent with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their Train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG and DANCE.

Ob. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious¹, such as are

¹ i. e. portentous.

Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait²;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace:
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[Exit King, Queen, and Train.]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear:
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call,
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. *[Exit.]*

² i. e. take his way.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Venice.
 PRINCE of Morocco.
 PRINCE of Arragon.
 ANTHONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*
 BASSANIO, *his Friend.*
 SALANIO, }
 SALARINO, } *Friends to Anthonio and Bassanio.*
 GRATIANO, }
 LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
 SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
 TUBAL, *a Jew.*

LAUNCELOT, *a Clown, Servant to the Jew.*
 GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*
 SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice.*
 LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*
 BALTHAZAR, }
 STEPHANO, } *Servants to Portia.*
 PORTIA, *an Heiress.*
 NERISSA, *Waiting-maid to Portia.*
 JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*

Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anth. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
 It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn:

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean:
 There, where your argosies¹ with portly sail,—
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
 Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—
 Do over-peer the petty traffickers;
 That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, sir, had I such ventures forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
 Prying in maps, for ports, and piers and roads:
 And e'ry object that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 5 But I should think of shallows, and of flats;
 And see my wealthy Andrew² dock'd in sand,
 Vailing³ her high top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 10 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 15 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd would make me sad?
 But, tell not me, I know Anthonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize. [it.
 20 *Anth.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place: nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year:
 Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

23 *Sala.* Why then you are in love?

Anth. Fie, fie!

¹ Ships so named from Ragusa. ² The name of the ship.
bat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission.

³ To rail, means to put off the

Sala. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: fare you well; [kinsman,
We leave you now with better company.

Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Sal. and Sala.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Anthonio,

We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Anthonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Anth. Hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
"And when I open my lips, let no dog bark!"
O, my Anthonio, I do know of these,

[That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure, [ears,
If they should speak, would almost damn those
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
I'll tell thee more of this another time: [fools".
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo;—Fare ye well, awhile;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner'. [time.
Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner—
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years
more, [tongue.

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this
gear. [mendable

Gra. Thanks, I'faith; for silence is only com-
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Lor.*]

Anth. Is that any thing now?
Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of no-
thing, more than any man in all Venice: His rea-
sons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels
of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them;
and when you have them, they are not worth the
search.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, Anthonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
I'll eke all unlock'd to your occasions. [shaft,

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,

¹ This alludes to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*. ² Our author's meaning is, that some people are thought wise whilst they keep silence; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them fools, and so incur the judgment denounced in the gospel. ³ The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner.

That which I owe is lost : but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first. [time,
Anth. You know me well : and herein spend but
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge my by me be done,
And am I prest' unto it : therefore speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues : sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchus' 25
And many Jasons come in quest of her. [strand,
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are
Nor have I money, nor commodity, [at sea ;
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is ; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Room in Portia's House in Belmont.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a- 45
weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your mis-
eries were in the same abundance as your good
fortunes are : And yet, for aught I see, they are as
sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve
with nothing : It is no mean happiness therefore,
to be seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner
by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches, and
poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good
divine, that follows his own instructions. I can
easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty to follow mine own
teaching. The brain may devise laws for the

'blood ; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree :
such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the
meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this rea-
soning is not in the fashion to chuse me a husband :

5—O me, the word chuse ! I may neither chuse
whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike ; so is
the will of a living daughter cur'd by the will of
a dead father :—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I
cannot chuse one, nor refuse none ?

10 *Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy
men, at their death, have good inspirations ;
therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in
these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead,
(whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you)

15 will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly,
but one who you shall rightly love. But what
warmth is there in your affection towards any of
these princely suitors that are already come ?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them ; and, as thou
20 nam'st them, I will describe them ; and, accord-
ing to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt ; indeed, for he doth no-
thing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a
great appropriation to his own good parts, that
he can shoe him himself : I am much afraid my
lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown ; as, who
30 should say, *An if you will not have me, chuse :* he
hears merry tales and smiles not : I fear he will
prove the weeping philosopher when he grows
old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his
youth. I had rather be married to a death's- 35
head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of
these. God defend me from these two !

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Mon-
sieur Le Bon ?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass 40
for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mock-
er ; But, he ! why, he hath a horse better than the
Neapolitan's ; a better bad habit of frowning than
the Count Palatine : he is every man in no man :
if a throstle sing, he falls strait a-capering ; he will
fence with his own shadow : if I should marry
him, I should marry twenty husbands : If he would
despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love
me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge,
50 the young baron of England ?

Por. You know I say nothing to him ; for he
understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither
Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come
into the court and swear, that I have a poor pen-
ny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's
picture ; But, alas ! who can converse with a
dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think,
he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in
France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavi-
60 our every-where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his
neighbour ?

¹ That is, *ready* to do it. ² Sometimes here means *formerly*. ³ i. e. a thoughtless, giddy, gay
youngster.

Por.

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuse it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determination: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit: unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sybilla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Monterrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from the fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

A publick Place in Venice.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand more over upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squander'd abroad:

But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd, you may. *[Be assur'd,*

Shy. I will be assur'd, I may; and, that I may I will bethink me: May I speak with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Shy. *[Aside.]* How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian: *[looks]*

But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails;

Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store; And, by the near guess of my memory,

I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me: But soft; How many months

Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior; *[To Anthonio.]*

Your worship was the last man in our mouths. *Anth.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking, nor by giving of excess, *[row,* Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

! This is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers.

I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot—three months, you told me
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—But
hear you;

Anth. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor: ay, he was the third,
Anth. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; not as you would
say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the earlings¹, which were streak'd, and
py'd,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind²,
He stuck them up before the fulsome³ ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not
Anth. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.
Anth. Mark you this, Bassanio.
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falshood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round
Three months from twelve, then let me see the
rate.
Anth. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances⁴:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For surffiance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine⁵.
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies;" You say so

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
"A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednes-
"day last;

"You spurn'd me such a day; another time
"You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
"I'll lend you thus much monies."

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal⁶ of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;
This is kind I offer.

Anth. 'Tis very kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Anth. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell⁷ in my necessity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of the bond. [are;

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;

And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;

¹ i. e. lambs just dropt. ² i. e. of nature. ³ Meaning, lascivious, obscene. ⁴ Use and usance were both words formerly employed for *usury*. ⁵ A *gaberdine* means a *course frock*. ⁶ That is, interest money bred from the principal. ⁷ To dwell, here seems to mean the same as to *continue*.

See to my house, left in the fearful guard¹
Of an unbritty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

[Exit.]

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind. 5

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Anth. Come on; in this there can be no disnay,
My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exeunt.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Belmont.

*Enter the Prince of Morocco, and three or four
followers accordingly; with Portia, Nerissa,
and her train. Flourish Cornets.*

Mor. **M**ISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd
sun,

To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath feared¹ the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand;
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Mise that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse,—if you chuse wrong,

Never to speak to lady afterward

15 In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my
chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

20 *Mor.* Good fortune then! [Cornets.]

To make me blest, or curs'd 't among men.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*A Street in Venice.**Enter Launcelot Gobbo.*

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me
to run from this Jew my master: The fiend is at
mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo,
"Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gob-
30 "bo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs,
"take the start, run away."—My conscience says,
—"No: take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed,
"honest Gobbo; or," as aforesaid, "honest Laun-
35 "celot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with
"thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend
bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!"
says the fiend, "for the heavens; rouse up a brave
"mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my con-
40 "science hanging about the neck of my heart,
"says very wisely to me,— "My honest friend
"Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or ra-
ther an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my fa-
ther did something smack, something grow to, he
45 had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says,—
"Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the
fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience.—
Conscience, say I, you counsel well. Fiend,
say I, you counsel well. To be rul'd by my
conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my mas-
ter, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil;
and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd
by the fiend, who, saving your presence, is the de-
50 vil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil in-
carnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience
is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to coun-
sel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the
more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my
heels are at your commandment, I will run.

60 *Enter old Gobbo, his father, with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you;
which is the way to master Jew's?

¹ *Fearful guard* means a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. ² i. e. hath.
made the valiant afraid.

Laun.

Laun. [*aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begot-
ten father! who, being more than sand-blind,
high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try con-
clusions' with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you
which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next
turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your
left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no
hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

G. b. By God's sories, 'twill be a hard way to
hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that
dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—
Mark me now, [*aside.*] now will I raise the wa-
ters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No, master, sir, but a poor man's son; his
father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor
man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we
talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I
beseech you; Talk you of young master Laun-
celot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an' please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot, talk not of mas-
ter Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman
(according to fates and destinies, and such odd say-
ings, the sisters three, and such branches of learn-
ing) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say,
in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very
staff of my age, my very prop,

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post,
a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young
gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy
(God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you
not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you
might fall of the knowing me: it is a wise father
that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will
tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing:
truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid
long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will
out.

Gob. Pray you, sir; stand up; I am sure, you
are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about
it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot,
your boy that was, your son that is, your child that
shall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that:
but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am
sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be
sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh
and blood. Lord worshipping might he be! what

a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair
on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse' has on
his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail
grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on
his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw
him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How dost
thou and thy master agree? I have brought him
a present: How agree you now?

Laun. Well, w ill; but for mine own part, as
I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not
rest 'till I have run some ground: My master's a
very Jew; give him a present! give him a halter:
I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every
finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad
you are come; give your present to one master
Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries;
if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has
any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the
man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve
the Jew any longer.

*Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and a follower
or two more.*

Bass. You may do so:—but let it be so hasted,
that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the
clock. See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries
to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to
my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's
man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would
say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve
the Jew, and have a desire as my father shall spe-
cify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's
reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the
Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my
father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto
you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would
bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to
myself, as your worship shall know by this honest
old man; and though I say it, though old man,
yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.
Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy
suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath prefer'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted be-

: That is, I will try experiments with him. : *Thill*, or *fill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon.
tween

tween my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he bath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery

[To his followers.]

More guarded¹ than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—
I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well, [look-
ing on his palm] if any man in Italy have a fairer
table², which doth offer to swear upon a book, I
shall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple
line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fif-
teen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine
maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and
then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in pe-
ril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed³;—
here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a wo-
man, she's a good wench for this geer.—Father,
come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twink-
ling of an eye.

[Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best esteem'd acquaintance; bid thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[Exit Leon.]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with
you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear thee,
Gratiano:

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:
But where thou art not known, why, there they shew
Something too liberal⁴—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty [viour,
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild beha-
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Lik one well studied in a sad ostent⁵

To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing. [Exit]

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Shylock's House.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! if a
Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I
am much deceiv'd: but adieu! these foolish drops
do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu!

[Exit.]

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,

To be asham'd to be my father's child!

But though I am a daughter to his blood,

I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,

If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;

Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sala. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook. [Hours

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two
To furnish us:—

Enter Launcelot with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this⁶,
it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the
Jew to sup to-night with my new master the
Christian.

Lor.

¹ That is, more ornamented.

² The chiromantic term for the lines of the hand.

³ A cant

phrase to signify the danger of marrying.

⁴ That is, too gross, licentious.

⁵ That is, grave ap-

pearance. ⁶ To break up was a term in carving.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her;—Speak it privately; go.—Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this mask to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Ex. Laun.*]

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sala. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano, At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so. [*Ex. Salar. and Salan.*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: she hath directed,

How I must take her from her father's house;

What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest;

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—

Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;

There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell

a-bleeding on Black-Monday last¹, at six o'clock

of the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street,

To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;

5 But stop myhouse's ears, I mean my casements;

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:

But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah:

10 Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit Laun.*]

15 *Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else. [*feeder.*]

Shy. The patch² is kind enough; but a huge

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

20 More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me:

Therefore I part with him; and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;

Perhaps, I will return immediately;

25 Do, as I bid you.

Shut the doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano and Salanio, in masquerade.

35 *Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo

Desir'd us to make stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,

40 For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly

To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast

45 With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the measure, that doth untread again

His tedious measures with the unbated fire

I hat he did pace them first? All things that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

50 How like a younker, or a prodigal,

I the skarfed bark puts from her native bay,

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!

How like a prodigal doth she return;

With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,

55 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this here—after. [*abode;*]

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long

60 Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

¹ *Black-Monday*, according to Stowe, means *Easter-Monday*, and was so called from Edward III. having lost a part of his army, then besieging Paris, by cold on that day, which was also remarkably dark and misty. ² i. e. the fool.

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew: Ho ! who's within?
Jessica above, in boy's cloaths.

Jes. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness
that thou art. [pains.]

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see:
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once:

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit from above.]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile¹, and no Jew.

Lor. Beahrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica, &c.]

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio?

Anth. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

SCENE VII.

Belmont.

*Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and
both their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice. [bears;—]

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription

'Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.'

The second, silver, which this promise carries;—

"Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—

5 "Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he
"hath."

How shall I know if I do chuse the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:

If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

10 *Mor.* Some god direct my judgment: Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

"Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he
"hath." [lead?]

15 Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for
This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then not give, nor hazard aught for lead.

20 What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

25 Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady;

30 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But, more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chuse here?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

35 'Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

40 Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,

45 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damna-
tion,

To think so base a thought; it were too gross

50 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,

Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?

O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

55 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon:

But here an angel in a golden bed

Lyes all within.—Deliver me the key;

Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may! [there,

60 *Por.* There, take it, prince, and if my form lye
Then I am yours.

[Unlocking the gold casket.]

¹ Our author here quibbles upon *Gentile*, which signifies *one that is well born*, as well as a *heathen*.

² i. e. engraved upon.

Mor. O hell: what have we here?
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll! I'd read the writing.
*All that glisters is not gold;
 Often have you heard that told:
 Many a man his life hath sold,
 But my outside to behold:
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.*
Mor. Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
 Then, farewell, heat; and welcome frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
 To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*]
Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,
 go:—
 Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Venice.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Sal. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
 With him is Gratiano gone along;
 And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Sala. The villain Jew without cries rais'd the duke;
 Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
 But there the duke was given to understand,
 That in a gondola were seen together
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
 Besides, Anthonio certifi'd the duke,
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Sala. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
 Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!
 Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats! stol'n from me by my daughter!
 And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones
 Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*
Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
 Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Sala. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,
 Or he shall pay for this.
Sal. Marry, well remember'd:
 I reason'd¹ with a Frenchman yesterday;
 Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
 The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
 I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me;
 And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.
Sala. You were best tell Anthonio what you hear:
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
 I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part.

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
 Of his return; he answer'd,—*Do not so,
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time;
 And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love:²
 Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
 As shall conveniently become you there:*
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
Sala. I think, he only loves the world for him.
 I pray thee, let us go, and find him out;
 And quicken his embraced heaviness
 With some delight or other.
Sal. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Belmont.

Enter Nerissa, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
 The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath, [*straight;*]
 And comes to his election presently.
Enter Arragon, his train; Portia, with hers.
Flourish of cornets.
Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
 If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,
 Straight shall our nuptial-rites be solemniz'd.
 But if you fail, without more speech, my Lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
 First, never to unfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life
 To woe a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
 If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
 Immediately to leave you, and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
 To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
 You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
 What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 What many men desire,—That many may be meant
 Of the fool multitude, that chuse by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
 Which prizes not the interior, but, like the martlet,
 Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
 Even in the force³ and road of casualty.
 I will not chuse what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too: For who shall go about

¹ That is, conversed.
 perhaps, your loving mind.

² To slubber is to do any thing carelessly, or imperfectly.
³ i. e. prepared me.

⁴ Meaning,
 i. e. the power.

To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour 5
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour? and how much 10
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here. [there.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find
Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
Who chuseth me, shall have as much as he deserves:
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices, 25
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times try'd that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss:
Some there be, that shadow's kiss:
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis',
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.*

*Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:*

So be gone, sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth¹.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth,
O these deliberate fools, when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

15 *Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate,

20 A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord:

From whom he bringeth sensible regrets²;

To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen

So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how costly summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

30 *Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,

Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see

Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[Exit Nerissa.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Sala. NOW, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd,
that Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd
on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they
call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal,
where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as
they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman
of her word.

Sala. I would she were as lying a gossip in that,
as ever knapt³ ginger, or made her neighbours
believe she wept for the death of a third husband:
But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or
crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good
Anthonio, the honest Anthonio,—O that I had a
title good enough to keep his name company!—

Sal. Come, the full stop.

45 *Sala.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is,
he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sala. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil
cross thy prayer; for here he comes in the like-
ness of a Jew.—

Enter Shylock.

50 How now, Shylock? what news among the mer-
chants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as
you, of my daughter's flight.

55 *Sal.* That's certain! I, for my part, knew the
taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the
bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of
them all to leave the dam.

60 *Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

¹ That is, I know.

² i. e. my misfortune.

³ i. e. salutations.

⁴ To knap is to break short.
Sala.

Sala. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and her's, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea, or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce shew his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart:—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; And what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serr. Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Sal. and Salun.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now; I never felt it 'till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hear'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring,

but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? Is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal:—Good news, good news: ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monies.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal, at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Belmont.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and Attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong, I lose your company; therefore forbear a while: There's something tells me (but it is not love) I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn; So will I never be: so you may miss me: But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours.— Mine own, I would say; but if mine then yours, And so all yours: O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,

Let fortune go to hell for it.—not I!
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize² the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live. ●

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very gum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice:

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in musick: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eyes shall be the stream,

And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win:

And what is musick then? then musick is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence³, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Musick within.*]

A Song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me where is fancy bred,

Or in the heart or in the head?

How begot, how nourish'd?

Reply. It is engender'd in the eyes,

With gazing fed; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies:

Let us all ring Janay's knell.

I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least them:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. [selves;
In law what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?

And these assume but yalour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,

And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,

Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped⁴ snaky golden locks,

Which make such wanton gambols with the wind;
Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

Thus ornament is but the guiled⁵ shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:

Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,

Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,

And here chuse I; Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,

And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love, be moderate, alay thy ecstasy,

In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,

For fear I surfeit! [*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Bass. What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit⁶? What demy-god

Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,

Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a barr

Should sunders such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—

How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,

And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

² The author of the REVISAL of *Shakespeare's* text assigns the following meaning to this difficult passage:—"If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath." To peize comes from peser, Fr. which signifies to retard. ³ Meaning, with no less dignity of mien. ⁴ i. e. curled. ⁵ i. e. the treacherous shore. ⁶ Counterfeit here means a likeness, a resemblance.

In underprizing it, so far this shadow [scroll]
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll!—Fair lady, by your leave;
[Kissing her.]

I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich; that to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschooled, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express, and not express: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

Bass. Withall my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:

10 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission¹
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:

15 For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa? [al.]

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd with—

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord. [marriage.]

25 Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a
thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
stake down.—

30 But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;

35 If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends, and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;

40 They are entirely welcome. [lord.]

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my

My purpose was not to have seen you here;

But meeting with Salerio by the way,

He did intreat me, past all saying nay,

45 To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends himself to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter.]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,

50 I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind!

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there

Will shew you his estate. [come.]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer you 'stranger; bid her wel-

55 Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?

I know he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece. [lost!]

Sale. Would you had won the fleece that he hath

60 Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same

That steals the colour of Bassanio's cheek: [paper,
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world

1 That is, blended.

2 Intermission here means pause, delay.

Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But it is true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond. [swear,
Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio. [ble?

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have
"all miscarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my
"estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit;
"and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should
"live, all debts are cleared between you and me,
"if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding,
"standing, use your pleasure: if your love do
"not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, 'till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Salanio. Antonio, and the Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—

Gaoler, look to him.

Anth. Hear me yet, good Shylock. [bond;
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'st me dog, before thou had'st a cause;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond,
To come abroad with him at this request.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me speak. [speak:

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To christian intercessors. Follow not;

I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [Exit Shylock.

Sal. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sala. I am sure, the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold. [law;

Anth. The duke cannot deny the course of
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd,

Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,

. i. e. so foolish.

. Meaning, melancholy fool.

That

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

B Belmont.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence;
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So save you well, till we shall meet again. [*You!*]

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well

pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,

In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario; [*thee*]
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed,
Unto the trajet, to the common ferry [*words,*]
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd;
I could not do' with all;—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device:
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Ex.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children; there-
fore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always
plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation
of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for,
truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one
hope in it that can do you any good; and that is
but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, in-
deed; so the sins of my mother shall be visited
upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both
by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,
your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:
well, you are gone both ways.

! For the sense of the word *do* in this place, see note 4, p. 77.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner. [machs.]

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stowed.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir; neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion; wilt

thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceit shall govern. [Exit Laun.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory

An army of good words: And I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet, The lord Bassanio live an upright life; For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth: And, if on earth he do not mean it, it Is reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia one, there must be something else Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; Then, howso'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exit.]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

The Senate-house in Venice.

Enter the Duke, the Senators; Anthonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, and others.

Duke. WHAT, is Anthonio here?

Anth. Ready, so please your grace. [swear]

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to an A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch Uncapable of pity, void and empty From any dram of mercy.

Anth. I have heard, Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawful means can carry me Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose My patience to his fury; and am arm'd

To suffer, with a quietness of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought, Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty: And, where' thou now exact'st the penalty, (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh) Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture, But, touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal;

1 *Entry* in this place means *hatred* or *malice* 2 *Where for whereas.*

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew. [pose;

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say¹, it is my humour; Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; For affections,
Masters of passion, sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes: Now for your an-
swer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why be, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen² bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty. [answers.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting
thee twice? [Jew:

Anth. I pray you, think you question³ with the
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat, in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
none? [wrong?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no

5 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
10 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
15 Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sala. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
20 New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man?
courage yet! [all,

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and

30 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
35 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dress'd like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Come you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your

grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt

there. [Jew,

Gra. Not on thy soal, but on thy soul, harsh

Thou wak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,

45 No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy⁴. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd,

50 Thou almost wak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,

55 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous. [bond,

Shy. 'Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my

60 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

¹ Say, i. e. if or suppose it is my humour.
pipe. ² To question is to converse.

³ Perhaps we should read a swelling or swollen bag-
⁴ i. e. hatred.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four
of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

"Your grace shall understand, that, at the re-
"ceipt of your letter, I am very sick: but at the in-
"stant that your messenger came, in loving visita-
"tion was with me a young doctor of Rome, his
"name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the
"cause in controversy between the Jew and An-
"thonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many
"books together: he is furnish'd with my opi-
"nion; which, bettered with his own learning,
"(the greatness whereof I cannot enough com-
"mend) comes with him, at my importunity, to
"fill up your grace's request in my stead. I be-
"seech you, let his lack of years be no impedi-
"ment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for
"I never knew so young a body with so old an
"head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance,
"whose trial shall better publish his commenda-
"tion."

Enter Portia, dress'd like a doctor of laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he
writes;

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand
forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn¹ you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger, do you not?

[*To Anth.*]

Anth. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice: Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render.
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there,
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: If that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth². And I beseech

Wrest once the law to your authority: [you

To do a great right, do a little wrong;

And curb this cruel devil of his will. [nice

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Ve-
Can alter a decree established;

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a
Daniel!—

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice the money offer'd
thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven;

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;

Take thrice the money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment; by my soul I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Anth. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is,

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

¹ i. e. oppose you.

² Meaning, that malice oppresses honesty.

Shy. Ay, his breast :
So says the bond :—Doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready. [charge,

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it : 'tis not in the bond. [say]

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to

Ant. But little ; I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein fortune shews herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use,

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off,

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;

Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself ;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :

I would lose all ; ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil to deliver you. [that,

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for

If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love ;

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Intreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands : I have a

daughter ;

Would, any of the stock of Barabbas

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !

[Aside.

We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is

thine ;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most right judge ! [breast ;

Por. And you must cut his flesh from off his

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come,

prepare.

Por. Tarry a little,—there is something else.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh ;

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew ;—O

Shy. Is that the law ? [learned judge !

Por. Thyself shalt see the act :

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge ! Mark, Jew ;—a learned

judge !

Shy. I take this offer then ;—pay the bond

And let the Christian go. [thrice,

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft ;

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft ! no haste ;—

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,

But just a pound of flesh :—if thou tak'st more,

Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much

As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale turn

But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip. [seizure.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy for-

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court ;

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !

I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew ;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts,

He seeks the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize on half his goods ; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament I say thou stand'st :

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant ; and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang

thyself :

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of

our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;

The

The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's
sake. [court,

Anth. So please my lord the duke, and all the
To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman,
That lately stole his daughter. [your,

Two things provided more,—That, for this fa-
He presently become a Christian:

The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here. [say?

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift. [hence,

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from
I am not well ; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two god-
fathers ; [more]

Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I dointreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon :
I must away this night to Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth. [not.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman ;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt Duke and his train.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Anth. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd ;
And therein do account myself well paid ;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again ;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further ;

Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield. [sake ;

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you :

Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more :
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle ;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this ;

And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on
the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation ;

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :

You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
wife ;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,

That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their
gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever,

For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !
[Exit with Nerissa.

Anth. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,

Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou can'st,

Unto Anthonio's house :—away, make haste.

Come, you and I will thither presently ;

And in the morning early will we both
Fly towards Belmont : Come, Anthonio. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him
this deed,

And let him sign it ; we'll away to-night,

And be a day before our husbands home :

This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en :

My lord Bassanio, upon more advice',
Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth intreat

Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be :

55 This ring I do accept most thankfully,

And so, I pray you, tell him ; Furthermore,

I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you :—

60 I'll see if I can get my husband's ring. [To Por.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

¹ i. e. a jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged.

² i. e. reflexion.

³ Meaning, your grace's pardon.

Por.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have
old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too.

Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will
tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, you will shew me to this
house? [*Exeunt.*]

5

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Belmont. A grove, or green place, before Por-
tia's House.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. THE moon shines bright:—In such a
night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Serv. A friend.

Lor. A friend: what friend? your name, I
pray you, friend?

Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Serv. None but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,

And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

15 *Laun.* Sola, sola, w o ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.

20 *Laun.* Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news; my
master will be here ere morning, sweet soul. [*Exit.*]

25 *Lor.* Let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house your mistress is at hand;

And bring your music forth into the air.—

30 [*Exit servant.*]

How sweet the morn-light sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick

Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

35 Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlay'd with patines¹ of bright gold;

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.

40 Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Come, ho, and wake Diana² with a hymn;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

45 And draw her home with musick.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet mu-
sick. [*Musick.*]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

50 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, [loud,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing

Which is the hot condition of their blood;

If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,

Or any air of musick touch their ears,

55 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of musick: Therefore, the

poet

[floods:]

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and

60 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But musick for the time doth change his nature:

The man that hat's no musick in himself,

¹ Our author evidently here alludes to the stars. Patine is the plate made use of for the bread in the administration of the Eucharist, and sometimes made of gold. ² Meaning the moon, who is afterwards represented as sleeping.

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

Enter Portia, and Nerissa at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. [candle.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick! hark! [*Musick.*

Ner. It is your musick, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—

Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Musick ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia. [cuckow,

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.

Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,

To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,

Give order to my servants, that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence:—

Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket¹ sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not. [sick.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,

Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their
followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;

But, God sort all!—You are welcome home, my
lord. [my friend.—

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to
This is the man, this is Anthonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound. [him,

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me; whose poesy was

For all the world, like cutler's poetry²

Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your hour of death;

And that it should lie with you in your grave:

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective³, and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know, [it.

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed⁴ boy,

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;

I could not for my heart deny it him. [you,

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;

35 A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear

Never to part with it; and here he stands:

I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,

40 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;

An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
45 And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed,

Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:

50 And neither man nor master would take aught

But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me?

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see, my finger

Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth,

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed

Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,

Till I again see mine.

¹ Meaning a flourish on a trumpet. ² Knives were formerly inscribed by means of *aqua fortis* with short sentences. ³ Meaning, respectful. ⁴ Meaning, perhaps, a stunted or shrub-like boy.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How do you leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then:
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
5 Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

[*To Portia,*
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

10 *Por.* Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor.

15 *Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
20 In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highway
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
25 Here is a letter, read it at your leisure,

It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;

Nerissa there, her clerk; Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,

30 And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Anthonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;

There you shall find, three of your argosies
35 Are richly come to harbour suddenly:

You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

40 *Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-
45 fellow;

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and
living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
50 Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a
fee.—

55 There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

60 *Por.* It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfy'd

2 Double is here put for full duplicity.

2 That is, his advantage.

Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:

5 | But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE.
FREDERICK, *Brother to the Duke, and Usurper.*
AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke, in*
JAQUES, } *his banishment.*
LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon Frederick.*
OLIVER, *eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys.*
JAQUES, } *younger brothers to Oliver.*
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, *an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
CORIN, } *Shepherds.*
SYLVIVS, }

WILLIAM, *in love with Audrey.*
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a vicar.*
CHARLES, *wrestler to the usurping Duke Frederick.*
DENNIS, *servant to Oliver.*
ROSALIND, *daughter to the Duke.*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench.*
A person representing Hymen.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes ; with pages, foresters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house ; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Oliver's Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. AS I remember, Adam, it was upon
this fashion bequeathed me:—By
will, but a poor thousand crowns ; and, as thou
say'st, charg'd my brother on his blessing, to
breed me well : and there begins my sadness. My
brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report
speaks goldenly of his profit : for my part, he
keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more
properly, stays¹ me here at home, unkept ; For
call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth,
that differs not from the stalling an ox ? His
horses are bred better ; for, besides that they are fair
with their feeding, they are taught their manage,
and to that end riders dearly hired : but I, his
brother, gain nothing under him but growth ; for
the which his animals on his dunghills are as much
bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so
plentifully gives me, the something that nature
gave me, his countenance seems to take from me :
he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place

of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines
my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam,
that grieves me ; and the spirit of my father,
which I think is within me, begins to mutiny
against this servitude : I will no longer endure
it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to
avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how
he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir ! what make you here ?

Orla. Nothing : I am not taught to make any
thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir ?

Orla. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that
which God made, a poor unworthy brother of
yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be
nought awhile².

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks
with them ? What prodigal portion have I spent,
that I should come to such penury ?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir ?

¹ Dr. Warburton thinks we should read *styes*, i. e. keeps me like a brute.
be content to be a cypher, or of no consequence for the present.

² Probably meaning,

Orla.

Orla. O, sir, very well : here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother ; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me : The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born ; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us ; I have as much of my father in me as you ; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy !

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain ?¹

Orla. I am no villain : I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Boys ; he was my father ; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains : Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so ; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient ; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please ; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education : you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities : the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do ? beg, when that is spent ? Well, sir, get you in : I will not long be troubled with you : you shall have some part of your will ; I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward ? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exit Orlando and Adam.*]

Oli. Is it even so ? begin you to grow upon me ? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thanks and crowns neither. Holla, Dennis !

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship ?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me ?

Den. So please, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in.—[*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way ; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles !—what's the new news at the new court ?

Cha. There's no pews at the court, sir, but the old news : that is, the old duke is banish'd by his younger brother, the new duke ; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose land and revenues enrich the new duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old duke's daughter, be banished with her father ?

Cha. O, no ; for the new duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live ?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England : they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day ; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke ?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir, and I come to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall : To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender ; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must for mine own honour, if he come in : therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal ; that either you might stay him from his intentment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into ; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it ; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France ; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother ; therefore use thy discretion : I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger ; and thou wert best look to't : for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison ; entrap thee by some treacherous device ; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other : for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous, this day living. I speak it but brotherly of him ; but

¹ Villain here means, a wicked or bloody man. of low extraction.

² But in this place Orlando uses it for a fellow should

should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship!

[*Exit.*]

Oli. Farewel, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learn'd; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

An open walk before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier: Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone, a clown.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—'Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is it that thou mean'st?

Clo. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation, one of these days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenc'd, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Q

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel¹.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me², ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills³ on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*,—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clo. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and attendants.

Duke. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him,

but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one shame'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come, your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg! [*They wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout.*]

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*]

Orla. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

¹ A proverbial expression implying a glaring falsehood. ² Amaze here signifies to confuse, so as to put him out of the intended narrative. ³ i. e. bills accepting of the challenge given by Charles, the Duke's wrestler.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would thou had'st been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy. Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this Hadst thou descended from another house. [deed, 10 But fare thee well: thou art a gallant youth; I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke, with his train.*]

Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that To be adopted heir to Frederick. [calling,

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him, and encourage him: My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd: If you do keep your promises in love, But justly as you have exceeded all promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune; That could give more, but that her hand lacks Shall we go, coz? [means.

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts [up,

Are all thrown down; and that which here stands Is but a quintaine¹, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown; Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you To leave this place: Albeit you have deserved High commendation, true applause, and love; Yet such is now the duke's condition², That he misconstrues all that you have done. The duke is humourous; what he is indeed, More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke That here was at the wrestling? [manners;

Le Beau. Neither is daughter, if we judge by But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke, And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep his daughter company; whose loves Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;

Grounded upon no other argument, But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake:

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!

Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

[*Exit.*]

Orla. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well. Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—

But, heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father: Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry, hem, and have him:

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible on such a sudden you should fall in to so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I

¹ The *quintaine* was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the *quintaine* remained. ² i. e. character, disposition.

should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly: yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke, with lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger. [haste]

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, cousin.

Within these ten days, if that thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me: If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with my own desires; If that I do not dream, or be not frantick, (As I do trust I am not) then, dear uncle, Never, so much as in a thought unborn, Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors; If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself:— Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor: Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends. [tor]

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough. [dom]

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his duke: So was I, when your highness banish'd him: Treason is not inherited, my lord; Or, if we did derive it from our friends, What's that to me? my father was no traitor: Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much, To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak. [sake]

Duke. Ay, Celia; we but stay'd her for your Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Col. I did not then entreat to have her stay, It was your pleasure, and your own remorse; I was too young that time to value her, But now I know her: if she be a traitor, Why, so am I: we still have slept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together; And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans, Still we were coupled and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience, Speak to the people; and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name; And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have past upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my I cannot live out of her company. [liege]

Duke. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;

5 If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour, And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go? Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am. *Ros.* I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me his daughter?

13 *Ros.* That he hath not. [love]

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl? No; let my father seek another heir.

20 Therefore devise with me, how we may fly, Whither to go, and what to bear with us: And do not seek to take your change upon you, To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrow's pale, 25 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

30 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. *Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire, And with a kind of umber smirch my face:

The like do you; so shall we pass along, And never stir assailants.

35 *Ros.* Were it not better, Because that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-ax² upon my thigh, A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart)

40 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will! We'll have a swashing¹ and a martial outside; As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblances. *Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

43 *Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than *Jove's* own And therefore look you call me *Ganymed*.

But what will you be call'd? *Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state;

50 No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*. *Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel? *Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

55 Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away, And get our jewels and our wealth together: Devise the fittest time, and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight: Now go we in content;

60 To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Dear* has the double meaning in Shakspeare of *beloved*, as well as of *hurtful*, *hated*, *hateful*; when applied in the latter sense, however, it ought to be spelt *dere*. ² i. e. a broad-sword. ³ i. e. a noisy, bullying outside.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*The Forest of Arden.**Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords like Foresters.**Duke Sen.* NOW, my co-mates, and brothers
in exile,Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woodsMore free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,—
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing. [grace,
Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.*Duke Sen.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd.*1 Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root preeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.*Duke Sen.* But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?*1 Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First for his weeping in the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
"As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
"To that which had too much." Then, being
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends; [alone,
"Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
"The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
"Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
"Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.*Duke Sen.* And did you leave him in this con-
templation? [ing*2 Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and comment-
Upon the sobbing deer.*Duke Sen.* Show me the place;
I love to cope ' him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.*2 Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*The Palace.**Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.**Duke.* Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and suffrance in this.*1 Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untresured of their mistress.*2 Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom
so oftYour grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard*45* Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company. [ther;*50 Duke.* Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hi-
If he be absent, bring his brother to me.
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

¹ This alludes to an opinion then prevalent, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but never found. ² Meaning, with arrows. ³ That is, encounter him. ⁴ i. e. scurvy, mangy. ⁵ To quail is to faint.

S C E N E III.

*Oliver's House.**Enter Orlando and Adam.**Orla.* Who's there? [The master,

Adam. What! my young master!—Oh, my gentleman, my sweet master, O you memory! Of old sir Rowland! why, what makes you here? Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? Why would you be so fond to overcome The bony priser of the humourous duke? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Know you not, master, to some kind of men, Their graces serve them but as enemies? No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master, Are sanctified and holy traitors to you. Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely Evenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth, Come not within these doors; within this roof The enemy of all your graces lives: Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son— Yet not the son;—I will not call him son— Of him I was about to call his father) Hath heard your praises; and this night he means To burn the lodgings where you used to lie, And you within it: if he fail of that, He will have other means to cut you off: I overheard him, and his practices. This is no place², this house is but a butchery; Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.*Orla.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce A thievish living on the common road? This I must do, or know not what to do; Yet this I will not do, do how I can; I rather will subject me to the malice Of a diverted³ blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns, The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father, Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse, When service should in my old limbs lie lame, And unregarded age in corners thrown; Take that: and he that doth the ravens feed, Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; All this I give you: let me be your servant; Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty; For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood; Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo The means of weakness and debility; Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man In all your business and necessities. [appears

Orla. Oh, good old man! how well in thee The constant service of the antique world, When service sweat for duty, not for need! Thou art not for the fashion of these times, Where none will sweat but for promotion; And having that, do choke their service up Even with the having⁴: it is not so with thee. But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree, That cannot so much as a blossom yield, In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry: But come thy ways, we'll go along together; And ere we have thy youthful wages spent, We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee, To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.— From seventeen years till now almost fourscore Here lived I, but now live here no more. At seventeen years many their fortunes seek; But at fourscore, it is too late a week: Thy fortune cannot recompense me better, Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exit,

S C E N E IV.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in boy's cloaths for Ganimed; Celia drest like a shepherdess for Aliena; and Touchstone the Clown.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits! *Clo.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to di-grace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to shew itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross⁵, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Clo. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers mu the content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter Corin and Silvius.**Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knewest how I do love her! *Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover, As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy love were ever like to mine, (As sure I think did never man love so)

¹ Memory is here put for memorial. ² Place here means a mansion or residence. ³ That is, blood turned out of the course of nature. ⁴ Having here means possession. ⁵ A cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross.

How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit Silvius.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Clo. And I mine: I remember, when I was in
love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and b'd him
take that for coming o' nights to Jane Smile: and
I remember the kissing of her battlet¹, and the
cow's dugs that her pretty chopp'd hands had
milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod
instead of her; and from whom I took two cods²,
and, giving her them again, said with weeping
tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true
lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal
in nature, so is all nature in love mortal³ in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of mine own
wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion is much
upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something stale
with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And fairs for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale; and at our sheep-cote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and
pasture?

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but
erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:

Go with me; if you like, upon report.

The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be,

And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur
Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can
suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks
eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know I cannot please
you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do de-
sire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza;
Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
me nothing: Will you sing? [*self.*]

Ami. More at your request than to please my-

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll
thank you: but that they call compliment, is like
the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man
thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a
penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.
Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your
tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the
while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he
hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid
him. He is too disputable for my company: I
think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven

¹ An instrument with which washer-women beat their coarse clothes.

still in use in Staffordshire for *peas* as they are brought to market.

In some counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is still used as a particle of application: as
mortal tall, *mortal little*.

² *Peascods* is a term
That is, *abundant* in folly.

thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

S O N G.

*Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,*

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn wil to please,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me! ;*

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that duc ad me?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt¹.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. *[Exeunt severally.]*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VII.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior and Lords. [A table set out.]

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone. Here was he merry, hearing of a song. *[Hence;]*

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars², grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke Sen. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

5 That your poor friends must woo your company? What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, A motley³ fool,—a miserable varlet!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

10 Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool. *[He, "Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth "Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:"]*

15 And then he drew a dial from his poke;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, "It is ten a-clock:

"Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world

"'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine; *[wags:]*

20 "And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;

"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,

"And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,

"And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

25 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

30 *Duke Sen.* What fool is this? *[Courtier;]*

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a

And says, if ladies be but young, and fair, They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder bisket

35 After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

40 *Jaq.* It is my only suit;

Provided, that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them,

That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

45 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;

And they that are most galled with my folly, *[so]*

They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they

The why is plain as way to parish-church:

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,

50 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave

55 To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine. *[do.]*

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

60 *Duke Sen.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

¹ That is, bring him to me; alluding to the burthen of Amiens' song: *Come hither, come hither, come hither.* ² A proverbial expression for high-born persons. ³ i. e. made up of discords. ⁴ i. e. a parti-coloured fool, alluding to his coat. ⁵ i. e. petition.

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech? [wherein
There then; How then? What then? Let me see
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt not, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
Or else a rude despiser of good manners, [distress;
That in civility thou seem'st so empty? [point

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture! But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not

Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gen-
tleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to
our table. [you;

Orla. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have seen better days; 60
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command' what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministr'd.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be erst suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till your return.

Orla. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good
comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
This wide and universal theatre [happy:
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining-morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad.

Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation [tice;

Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the jus-
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,

With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: Set down your venerable
And let him feed. [burden,

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. [you

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens sings.

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

¹ Nurture means education.

² i. e. at your own command.

³ i. e. trite, common instances,

according to Mr. Stevens.

*Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere-jol-
Then, heigh ho, the holly! [Ly.
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp¹,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As frind remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good sir Row-
land's son,—
As you have whispered faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his elgies witness
5 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke, [tune,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your for-
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is:—
10 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Palace.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. NOT see him since? Sir, sir, that
cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in
this:

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou.—Well, push him
out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands²:
Do this expedient³, and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The Forest.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love: [vey

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, sur
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

20 Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive⁴ she. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
master Touchstone?

Clo. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is
a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's
life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I
like it very well; but in respect that it is private,
30 it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the
fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not
in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life,
look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is
no more plenty in it, it goes much against my sto-
mach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one
sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that
wants money, means, and content, is without three
good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet,
and fire to burn;—That good pasture makes fat
40 sheep: and that a great cause of the night, is the
lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit
by nature nor art, may complain of good breed-
ing, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast
ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

50 *Clo.* Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roast-
ed egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou
never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st
good manners, then thy manners must be wick-
55 ed; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation:
Thou art in a parlous⁵ state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are
good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the

¹ i. e. turn or change them from their natural state. ² To make an extent of lands, is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ (*extendi facias*) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. ³ i. e. expeditiously. ⁴ Unexpressible. ⁵ Perilous.

country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greasy.

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tar'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Most shallow man! Thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh:—indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my pew mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind with a paper.

Ros. "From the east to western Ind,

"No jewel is like Rosalind.

"Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

"Through all the world bears Rosalind.

"All the pictures, fairest limn'd,

"Are but black to Rosalind.

"Let no face be kept in mind,

"But the fair¹ of Rosalind.

Clo. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together;

dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taste:

"If a hart do lack a hind,

"Let him seek out Rosalind,

"If the cat will after kind,

"So, be sure, will Rosalind.

"Winter-garments must be lin'd,

"So must slender Rosalind.

"They that reap, must sheaf and bind;

"Then to cart with Rosalind.

"Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

"Such a nut is Rosalind.

"He that sweetest rose will find,

"Must find love's prick, and Rosalind."

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit of the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. "Why should this desert silent be?

"For it is unpeopled? No;

"Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

"That shall civil² saying show.

"Some, how brief the life of man

"Runs his erring pilgrimage;

"That the stretching of a span

"Buckles in his sum of age.

"Some, of violated vows

"Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

"But upon the fairest boughs,

"Or at every sentence's end,

"Will I Rosalinda write;

"Teaching all that read, to know

"This quintessence of every sprite

"Heaven would in little show.

"Therefore heaven nature charg'd

"That one body should be fill'd

"With all graces wide enlarg'd:

"Nature presently distill'd

"Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

"Cleopatra's majesty:

"Atalanta's better part³;

"Sad⁴ Lucretia's modesty.

¹ Dr. Warburton says, *To make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for, to make to understand; while Mr. Steevens thinks, that it alludes to the common expression, of *cutting such a one for the simples*. ² *Fair* means *beauty, complexion*. ³ *Civil* is here used in the same sense as when we say *civil life*, in opposition to the state of nature. ⁴ The commentators are much divided in their opinions on our author's meaning in this line. Dr. Johnson is of opinion, that Shak-

speare seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. Mr. Tollet thinks, the poet may perhaps mean her beauty, and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness; or that it may allude probably to her being a maiden; while Mr. Farmer supposes *Atalanta's better part* is her wit, i. e. *the swiftness of her mind*. ⁴ i. e. *grave or sober*.

"Thus

"Thus Rosalind of many parts
 "By heavenly synod was devis'd;
 "Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 "To have the touches' dearest priz'd.
 "Heaven would that she these gifts should
 "have,
 "And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back-friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, led us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Clo.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse; and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhined since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat¹, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I prythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion²! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea off discovery³. I prythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's⁴ mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holloa! to thy tongue, I prythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. Oh ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; Sink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire.*]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society. [We can.]

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as

¹ i. e. *features*. ² Rosalind here alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and says, that in his time she was an Irish rat, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes is mentioned by Donne in his *Satires*. ³ Warburton conjectures the meaning to be, *hold good my complexion*; i. e. let me not blush. ⁴ That is, a discovery as far off as the South-sea. Garagantua is the giant of Rabelais, and said to have swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and connd' them out of rings?

Orla. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloth¹, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me; and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery?

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love. [Exit.]

Orla. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur Melancholy. [Celia and Ros. come forward.]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a-clock?

Orla. You should ask me, what time o'clock; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of 60 seven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land² man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you, he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orla. What are his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable³ spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having a beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose

¹ Alluding to the fashion, in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences issuing from the mouths of the figures in them. ² Inland is here used to mean a civilized person, in opposition to a rustick. ³ i. e. a spirit not inquisitive.

should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied¹, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements: as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him: that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living² humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind; and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter Clown and Audrey, Jaques watching them.

Clo. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [aside.] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room³: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [aside.] A material fool⁴!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [aside.] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right;

¹ These seem to have been the marks by which the votaries of love were usually characterised in the time of Shakspeare. ² Meaning, perhaps, a *lasting*, *permanent* humour of madness. ³ Nothing (Warburton says) was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase of the *quarter of hour of Rabelais*; who said, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. ⁴ i. e. fool with *mutter* in him; a fool stocked with ideas. ⁵ i. e. *what then?*

many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone!—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir! Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jag. [discovering himself.] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you¹ for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir: Nay; pray, be covered.

Jag. Will you be married, motley?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow², sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jag. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jag. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee³.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's⁴: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. P'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood⁵ kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet⁶, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question⁷ with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart⁸ the

¹ He who has taken his first degree in the university, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. ² i. e. God *yield* you, God reward you. ³ i. e. his *yoke*. ⁴ Part of an old ballad. ⁵ Dr. Johnson thinks these are two quotations put in opposition to each other, and for *wind* proposes to read *wend*, the old word for *go*; though it must be observed, that *wind away* and *wind off* are still used in some counties. ⁶ See note 5, p. 50. ⁷ Dr. Warburton says, that Shakspeare here means an *unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of *Venus*; those of summer the votaries of *Ceres*; those of autumn, of *Pomona*; so those of the *sisterhood of a winter* were the votaries of *Diana*; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. Q. Does not a nun of winter's sisterhood convey the same meaning as a nun of Windsor's sisterhood? ⁸ Meaning perhaps an *empty goblet*. ⁹ i. e. conversation. ¹⁰ Warburton explains this passage as follows: An *unexperienced lover* is here compared to a *puny tiller*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across,

the heart of his lover ; as a piny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble ' goose : but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides :—Who comes here ?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love ; Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove ; The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :— Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe :

Say, that you love me not ; but say not so In bitterness : The common executioner, [hard, Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon : Will you sterner be Than he that dies and lives¹ by bloody drops ?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner : I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye : 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes,—that are the trait'st, and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies,— Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers ! Now do I frown on thee with all my heart ; And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :

Now counterfeit to swoon ; why, now fall down : Or, if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame, Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers. Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee : Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it : lean but upon a rush, The cicatrice and capable impressure [*eyes* 50 Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ; Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,

5 If ever (as that ever may be near) You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy² ; Then shall you know the wounds invisible That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, 'till that time,

10 Come not thou near me : and when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ; As, 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you ?—Who might be your mother,

15 That you insult, exult, and all at once³, Over the wretched ? What though you have beauty, (As by my faith, I see no more in you Than without candle may go dark to bed) Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?

20 Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?

I see no more in you, than in the ordinary

Of nature's sale-work⁴ :—Od's, my little life !

I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too :—

No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;

'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair, Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.—

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain ?

30 You are a thousand times a properer man, Than she a woman : 'Tis such fools as you, That make the world full of ill-favour'd children : 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ; And out of you she sees herself more proper,

35 Than any of her lineaments can show her.—

But, mistress, know yourself ; down on your knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—

Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets :

40 Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer ;

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer⁵.

So, take her to thee, shepherd ;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year to-
gether ;

45 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. [*aside.*] He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger :—If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with better words.—Why

look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career ; and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable.

¹ Sir T. Hanmer changed this to a *nose-quill'd* goose, but no one appears to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted ; and it gives the image wanted. ² To die and live by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in it to the end. The meaning therefore of the passage may be, *who is all his life conversant with bloody drops*. ³ *Fancy* is here used for *love*. ⁴ i. e. *all in a breath*. ⁵ i. e. those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. ⁶ The meaning is, *The ill-favour'd seem most ill-favoured, when, though ill-favoured, they are scoffers*.

Ros.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me;
For I am faster than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister: Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ros. Cel. and Corin.*]
Phc. Dear shepherd, now I find thy saw of

might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe!

Phc. Hah! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phc. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd. [*bourly?*]

Phc. Thou hast my love: Is not that neigh-

Sil. I would have you.

Phc. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee:

And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure: and I'll employ thee too:

But do not look for further recompence,

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phc. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
ere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old Carlot once was master of.

Phc. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—

But what care I for words? yet words do well,

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth;—Not very pretty:—

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
him:

He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him—

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip;

A little riper, and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the dif-
ference

Between the constant red, and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him: but, for my part,

I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him:

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,

And, now I am remembered, scorn'd at me:

I marvel, why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phc. I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart:

I will be bitter with him, and passing short;

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

The Forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prythee, pretty youth, let me be better
acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either, are
abominable fellows; and betray themselves to
every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, 60
which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is
fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud;

nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the
lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which
is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but
it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded
of many simples, extracted from many objects, and,
indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels,
in which my often rumination wraps me in a most
humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! by my faith, you have great
reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own
lands, to see other men's: then, to have seen
much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes
and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I

i. e. deceived,

R

had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.]

Ros. Farewel, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits: disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola!—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while?—You a lover?—an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer¹ than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me: for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orla. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers² of that age found it was,—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us,—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,”—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—“I take thee Rosalind, for wife.”

Orla. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possess'd her?

Orla. For ever, and a day.

¹ That is, *been at* Venice, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was *then*, what *Paris is now*—the seat of all licentiousness. ² i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. ³ Haunmer and Edwards read Coroner's, which I approve. S. A.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.—I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape: more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orla. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the case-ment; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion¹, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock the clock is your hour?

Orla. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[Exit Orlando.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose

pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love: But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough.

Musick, Song.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home:*

Take thou no scorn } The rest
To wear the horn, the lusty horn; } shall bear
It was a crest ere thou wast born. } this bar-

1. *Thy father's father wore it;*

2. *And thy father bore it:*

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here's much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter.]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess, By the stern brow, and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,

I am but as a guiltless messenger. [this letter,

Ros. [reading.] Patience herself would startle at And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:

[She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;

She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me Were man as rare as phoenix: 'Od's my will!

¹ i. e. bar the doors. ² That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.

Her love is not the hate that I do hunt :
Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-coloured hand ; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
She has a huswife's hand : but that's no matter :
I say she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,
A stile for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect [letter ?]
Than in their countenance :—Will you hear the

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me : Mark how the tyrant
writes.

[*Reads.*] " Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?"—
Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. [*Reads.*] " Why, thy godhead laid apart,
" War'st thou with a woman's heart ?"

Did you ever hear such railing ?—

" Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do 'no vengeance' to me."—

Meaning me a beast.—

" If the scorn of your bright eyne
" Have power to raise such love in mine,
" Alack, in me what strange effect
" Would they work in mild aspect ?
" Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
" How then might your prayers move ?
" He, that brings this love to thee,
" Little knows this love in me :
" And by him seal up thy mind ;
" Whether that thy youth and kind *
" Will the faithful offer take
" Of me, and all that I can make ;
" Or else by him my-love deny,
" And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ros. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no
pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman ?—What, to
make thee an instrument, and play false strains
upon thee ! not to be endured !—Well, go your
way to her, (for I see love hath made thee a tame
snake) and say this to her :—" That if she love
" me, I charge her to love thee : if she will not, I
" will never have her, unless thou intreat for her."
If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for
here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*]

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones : Pray you, if you
Where in the purlieus of this forest, stands [know
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place :
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description ;
Such garments, and such years : " The boy is fair,
" Of female favour, and bestows himself

Cel. Like a ripe sister : but the woman low,
" And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both ;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin¹ ; Are you he ?

Ros. I am : What must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it. [you,

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
He left a promise to return again

Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself !
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,

Cel. A wretched ragged man, o'er grown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother,

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando :—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so :
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,

¹ i. e. mischief. * Kind (as has been more than once observed) is the old word for nature. ¹ i. e. handkerchief.

Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling'
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd? [him?]

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill 5

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion—
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place;—

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;

Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,

And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymed? sweet Gany-
med?

[*Rosalind faints.* 30]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymed!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
you lack a man's heart.

10 *Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell
your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh
ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great
15 testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and coun-
terfeit to be a man.

20 *Ros.* So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been
a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray, you,
draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back

25 How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you
go?

[*Exit.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Forest.

Enter Clown, and Audrey.

Clo. WE shall find a time, Audrey; pa-
tience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all
the old gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most
vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here
in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest
in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown:
By my troth, we that have good wits, have much
to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot
hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

40 *Clo.* Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head,
cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How
old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

45 *Clo.* A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Clo. A fair name: Wast born i'the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

50 *Clo.* So so; 'Tis good, very good, very excel-
lent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art
thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

55 *Clo.* Why thou say'st well. I do now remember
a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the
"wise man knows himself to be a fool." The
heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a
grape, would open his lips when he put it into his
mouth¹; meaning thereby, that grapes were made
60 to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

¹ To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. ² This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded in the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, as appears from its being introduced as one of their *wise sayings*.

Will.

Will. I do, sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; To have is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Clo. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman,—which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I will kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Clo. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend.

[*Exit.* 25]

[*Exeunt.* 30]

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shewed me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of—I came, saw, and overcame: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her: I know into what straight of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you on your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentle: To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study,

To seem despatchful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

! This alludes to the way of calling for clubs at the breaking out of an affray.

Phe.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of sighs and tears;—

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—

And so am I for Phebe,

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance;—

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymed.

Orla. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [To Ros.]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [To Phe.]

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon,—I will help you, if I can: [To Silvius.]—I would love you, if I could. [To Phebe.]—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [To Phebe] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [To Orlando] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [To Silvius] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love Rosalind, meet; [To Orlando.]—As you love Phebe, meet; [To Silvius.]—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clow. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world'. Here come two of the bawniest duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Clow. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

S O N G.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass*

*In the spring-time, the pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.*

*The carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
How that life was but a power,
In the spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, &c.*

Clow. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clow. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the Can do all that he hath promised? [boy]

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [To the Duke,]
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [To Orlando.]

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me if I be willing? [To Phebe.]

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [To Silvius.]

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

'To go to the world', as has been before observed, (note', p. 128) is to be married.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;—

You, yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me ;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd :—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter :
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born ;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

[*Enter Clown and Audrey.*]

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark ! Here comes
a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues
are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome : This
is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so
often met in the forest, he hath been a courtier,
he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to
my purgation. I have trod a measure ; I have
flatter'd a lady ; I have been politick with my
friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone
three taylors ; I have had four quarrels, and like
to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was this ta'en up ?

Clo. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was
upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause ?—Good my lord, like
this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'lld you, sir ! I desire you of the

like¹. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the
country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear ;
according as marriage binds, and blood breaks :—
A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but
mine own ; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take
that that no man else will : Rich honesty dwells
like a miser, sir, in a poor house ; as your pearl,
in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and
sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such
dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause ; how did you
find the quarrel on the seventh cause ?

Clo. Upon a lye seven times removed ;—Bear
your body more seeming, Audrey :—as thus, sir,
I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard ;
he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut
well, he was in the mind it was : This is call'd the

Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was
not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to
please himself : This is call'd the *Quip modest.* If
again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judge-
ment : This is called the *Reply churlish.* If again,

it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not
true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant.* If again,
it was not well cut, he would say, I lye. This
is call'd the *Countercheck quarrelsome* ; and so to
the *Lye circumstantial*, and the *Lye direct.*

Jaq. And how oft did he say his beard was not
well cut ?

Clo. I durst go no further than the *Lye circum-*
stantial, nor he durst not give me the *Lye direct* ;
and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the de-
grees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ;
as you have books for good manners² : I will
name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort cour-*
teous ; the second, the *Quip modest* ; the third, the
Reply churlish ; the fourth, the *Reproof valiant* ;
the fifth, the *Countercheck quarrelsome* ; the

¹ See note 2. p. 239. ² i. e. I wish you the same. ³ The unhappy *rage of duelling* which has lately
been so prevalent and *fashionable* in this country, will, we trust, be a sufficient apology for our transcribing
the following note on this passage by Dr. Warburton. "The poet has in this scene rallied the mode of
formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address : nor could he have treated it,
with a happier attempt, than by making his clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it.
The particular book here alluded to, is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled,
Of honour and honourable quarrels, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he
entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the*
giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue ; and
many other inconveniencies for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the right understanding of
words, which here is set down. The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason*
is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of the
lies. II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of the lye certain, or direct.* IV. *Of conditional*
lies, or the lye circumstantial. V. *Of the lye in general.* VI. *Of the lye in particular.* VII. *Of*
foolish lies. VIII. *A conclusion touching the wrestling or returning back of the lye, or the counter-*
check quarrelsome. In the chapter of *conditional lies*, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, "*Condi-*
tional lies be such as are given conditionally, thus—if thou hast said so or so, then thou liest. Of
these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention, whereof no sure conclusion can
arise." By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* be-
tween. Which is the reason of Shakespeare making the clown say, *I knew when seven justices could*
not make up a quarrel : but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if, as if
you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace-maker ;
much virtue in if."

sixth, the Lye with circumstance; the seventh, the Lye direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*.—I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse! and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

Good duke, receive thy daughter.

Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither;

*That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To the Duke.*

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*

Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter. [*Rosalind.*

Orla. If there be truth in sight, you are my

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To the Duke.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To Orlando.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[*To Phebe.*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion:

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part;

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To Oliver and Celia.*

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

[*To Phebe.*

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

[*To the Clown and Audrey.*

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves With questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

S O N G.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, how thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two.—

I am the second son of old sir Rowland, That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword:

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

Where, meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprize, and from the world;

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again

That were with him exil'd: This to be true,

I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding:

To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends

That here were well begun, and well begot:

And after, every of this happy number,

That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustic revelry:— [all,

Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

You to your former honour I bequeath;

[*To the Duke.*

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:

You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—

[*To Orlando.*

You to your land, and love, and great allies:

[*To Oliver.*

You to a long and well-deserv'd bed:—

[*To Silvius.*

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

[*To the Clown.*

Is but for two months victualled:—So to your pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jag. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*¹, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can in-

sinuate with you in the behalf of a good play!—I am not furnish'd² like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you: and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman³, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹ It is even now the custom in some of the midland counties, (particularly Staffordshire) to hang a bush at the door of an ale-house, or, as it is there called, *mug-house*, ² i. e. dressed. ³ In our author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

A Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker.

Hostess.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BAPTISTA, Father to Katharina and Bianca, very rich.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.

GREMIO, } Pretenders to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } Servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, Servant to Petruchio.

PEDANT, an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

KATHARINA, the Shrew.

BIANCA, her Sister.

Widow.

Taylor, Haberdasher ; with Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua ; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll pheeze¹ you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue !

Sly. Y'are a baggage ; the Slies are no² rogues :

Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucus pallabris*³ : let the world slide⁴ : *Sessa* !

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst⁵ !

Sly. No, not a denier : Go by, Jeronimy ;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee⁶.

Host.

¹ i. e. I'll harass or plague you ; or perhaps I'll pheeze you, may have a meaning similar to the vulgar phrase of *I'll comb your head*. ² Meaning, no vagrants, but gentlemen. ³ Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words : as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet.—Mr. Steevens says, this is a burlesque on *Hieronymo*, which Theobald speaks of in a following note. ⁴ A proverbial expression. ⁵ i. e. broke. ⁶ Mr. Theobald's comment on this speech is thus : "The passage has particular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of stage history, to make it understood. There is a fustian old play, called *Hieronymo* ; or *The Spanish Tragedy* : which, I find, was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakspeare's time : and a passage that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorously alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himself injured, applies to the king for justice ; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience. Hiero, *Justice, oh ! justice to Hieronimo*. Lor. *Back—see'st thou not the king*

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough! [Exit.]

Sly. Third, fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

Windhorns. Enter a Lord from hunting with a train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach * Merriman,—the poor cur is limboſt *,—
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord:
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord: Were he not
warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!—

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chuse.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers:

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will't please your lordship, cool your

hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is,—say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

15 This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our
As he shall think, by our true diligence, [part,

20 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[Some bear out Sly. Sound trumpets.]
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds;—

25 Belike some noble gentleman, that means,
[Exit Servants.]

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—
Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—
Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

15 Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our
duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I re-
member,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

25 Sinklo. I think 'twas Soto that your honour
means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou did'st it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;

The rather for I have some sport in hand,
30 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

* *king is busy?* Hiero. *Oh, is he so?* King. *Who is he that interrupts our business?* Hiero.
"Not I:—*Hieronymo, beware;* go by, go by. So Sly here, not caring to be dunn'd by the Hos-
"tess, cries to her in effect, *Don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me, go by.*" The *thirdbo-*
"rough of ancient times was an officer similar to the present constable." Mr. Edwards explains
Brach to signify a hound in general; while Mr. Steevens thinks it to have been a particular sort of
hound: and Mr. Tollet observes, that *brache* originally meant a *bitch*; and adds, from *Ulitius*, that
"bitches having a superior sagacity of nose; hence, perhaps, any hound with eminent quickness of
"scent, whether dog or bitch, was called *brache*, for the term *brache* is sometimes applied to males.
"Our ancestors hunted much with the large southern hounds, and had in every pack a couple of dogs
"peculiarly good and cunning to find game or recover the scent. To this custom Shakspeare seems
"to allude, by naming *two braches*, which, in my opinion, are beagles; and this discriminates *brache*
"from the *lyn*, a blood-hound mentioned together with it, in the tragedy of *King Lear*." *Imboſt*
is a term in hunting. When a dog is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground) he
will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd*; from the French word *bosse*, signify-
ing a tumour. * Meaning, with *moderation*.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient. [selves,
Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain our-
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Exit one with the Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady: [ber,
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's cham-
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting
And with declining head into his bosom,—[kisses,
Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—[Ex. Ser.
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband; [ter,
And how my men will stay themselves from laugh-
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exit Lord.]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Lord's House.

Enter Sly, with Attendants, some with apparel,
basin and ewer, and other appurtenances.
Re-enter Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Man. Will't please your lordship drink a cup
of sack?

2 Man. Will't please your honour taste of these
conserves?

3 Man. What raiment will your honour wear
to-day?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly:—call not me—ho-
nour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my
life; and if you give me any conserves, give me
conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll
wear; for I have no more doublets than backs,
no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes
than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes,
or such shoes as my toes look through the over-
leather.

10 Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your
honour!

Oh, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

15 Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am
not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-
heath: by birth a pedlar, by education a card-
maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by
present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket,
the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not:
20 if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score
for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave
in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught':
Here's—

25 1 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your lady
mourn. [droop.

2 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your servants

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun
your house,

30 As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,

35 Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,

[Musick.]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

40 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

45 Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

50 1 Man. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds
are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetlier than the roe.

2 Man. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

55 And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

60 As lively painted as the deed was done. [wood;

3 Man. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds.

! Perhaps we ought to read, *distraught*, i. e. *distracted*.

And

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful,
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 Man. And, 'till the tears, that she hath shed
for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Man. Will't please your mightiness to wash
your hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wit restor'd! [are!
Oh! that once more you knew but what you
These fifteen years you have been in a dream!
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly
nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Man. Oh, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet¹,
Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd
quarts:

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Man. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece²,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good
All. Amen. [amends!

Sly. I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble lord? [enough.

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer
Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with
her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—
husband? [man.

5 My men shall call me—lord, I am your good—
Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

10 Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam? [ladies.

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd
and slept

15 Above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and
her alone.—

20 Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me intreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

25 In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so
long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams
*30 again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the
flesh and the blood.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your
amendment,

35 Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet; [blood,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your
And melancholy is the nurse of phrenzy,

Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
40 And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry I will; let them play it: Is not a
common³ a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling
trick? [stuff!

45 Lady. No, my good lord, it is more pleasing

Sly. What, houehold stuff?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see it: Come, madam wife,
sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall
50 ne'er be younger.

¹ Meaning, the Court leet, or courts of the manor. ² Greece seems here to be no more than a quibble or pun (of which our author was remarkably fond) upon *grease*; when the expression will only imply that John Naps was a fat Man. ³ Commonly is here probably put for comedy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A Street in Padua.**Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.**Luc.* **T**RANIO, since—for the great desire I had

To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

Vincentio his son¹, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply², that treats of happiness
By virtue³ specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me pardonato⁴, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks⁵,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd;
Talk logick with acquaintance⁶ that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music, and poesy, use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some shew to welcome us to town.
Enter Baptista, with Katharina and Bianca. Gre-
mio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,

For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will

10 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! How mean you that? no
mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. P'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;

15 I-wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!20 *Gre.* And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
toward;

That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see

25 Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said—Bianca, get you in:

30 And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best

Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

35 Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
speak. [*Aside.*]

40 *Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I that our good will affects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

45 *Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit Bianca.*]

And, for I know she taketh most delight

In music, instruments, and poetry,

50 Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—

Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,

Prefer them hither; for to cunning men⁷

I will be very kind and liberal

55 To mine own children in good bringing-up;

¹ Perhaps we ought to read, *ingenuous*.² i. e. Vincentio's son.³ i. e. will I apply to.⁴ The correct Italian words are, "*Mi perdonate*."⁵ Meaning his rules.⁶ i. e. knowledge.⁷ *Peat*, or⁸ *pet*, is a word of endearment, from *petit*, little.⁹ i. e. so singular.¹⁰ *Cunning* here retains its original signification of *knowing, learned*; in which sense it is used in the translation of the Bible.

And

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *[Exit.]*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! *[Exit.]*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.]

Manent Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh, Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely; But see! while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness; And now in plainness do confess to thee,—

That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated from the heart;

If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo. *[Tents;]*

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this counsel will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor¹ had.

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;

Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—

Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, 'till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,

Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

But art thou not advis'd, he took some care

To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:

That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; For whos shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;

*Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?*

Luc. Basta²; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;

Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

Keep house, and port³, and servants, as I should;

¹ A proverbial expression. *Dole* originally meant, the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. ² That is, taken you in his toils, his nets; alluding to the *captus est, habet*, of Lully.

³ Europa, to possess whom Jupiter is fabled to have transformed himself into a bull. ⁴ An Italian and Spanish word, signifying enough. ⁵ Port means figure, shew, appearance.

I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak;
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am try'd to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be servicable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid [eye.
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
Enter Biondello. [been?

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you
Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now,
where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your cloaths?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow, Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am descri'd:

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. Ay, sir, ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were so too!
Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next
wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kinds of
companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute:—
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask
me why,—

Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*

1 *Man.* "My lord, you nod; you do not mind
the play." [surely;

Sly. "Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter,
"Comes there any more of it?"

Page. "My lord, 'tis but begun." [dam lady:
Sly. " 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, ma-
"Would it were done!"

SCENE II.

Before Hortensio's House in Padua.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

5 *Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

10 *Gru.* Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebus'd¹ your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly. [sir,
Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I,
That I should knock you here, sir?

15 *Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should
knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

25 *Pet.* Now knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—
How do you all at Verona? [fray?

30 *Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

35 *Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges' in
Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to
leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me
knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was
it fit for a servant to use his master so; being,
perhaps, (for aught I see) two-and-thirty,—a pip
out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

45 *Pet.* A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—[*here,*
Spake you not these words plain,—Sirrah, knock me
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

50 *Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge;
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through
the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few',

S

Signior

¹ Perhaps we should read *abused*. ² Meaning, probably, what he *alleges*. ³ That is, in a few words.

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :—

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world. [thee,

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her. [we,

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love',
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry
him to a puppet, or an anglet'-baby: or an old
trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have
as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses; why,
nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stept thus far
I will continue that I broach'd in jest. [in,
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wive
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous:
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's
effect:—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue; [her;

Pet. I know her father, though I know not
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the hu-
mour lasts. O my word, an she knew him as
well as I do, she would think scolding would do
little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him
half a score knaves, or so; why, that's nothing; and

he begins once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks'. I'll
tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little,
he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure
her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see
withal than a cat: You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep' my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd)

That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en:—
That none should have access unto Bianca,
'Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,

To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen' in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd, with
books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the
old folks, how the young folks lay their heads to-
gether! Master, master, look about you: Who
goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:

You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality, [too,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,

To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words.

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah. [Gremio!]

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.

Trow you

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

¹ This alludes to the story of a knight named *Florent*, who bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended.

² The tag of a point.
³ Probably meaning his *rogue-tricks*. i. e. custody. i. e. well *versed* in musick. i. e. at all events.

On this young man ; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry,
And other books—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well ; and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician, to instruct our mistress ;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me. [prove.]

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love :
Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. [man ?]

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What country—

Pet. Born in Verona, old Anthonio's son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange :

But, if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.
[Aside.]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard [clang :]
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets ?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?

Tush, tush ! fear boys with bugs !

Gru. For he fears none. [Aside.]

Gre. Hortensio, hark !
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er. [her.]

Gre. And so we will ; provided, that he win

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.
[Aside.]

To them *Tranio* bravely apparel'd, & *Biondello*.
Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may behold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola ?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters ? is't
he you mean ?

Tra. Even he. *Biondello* !
Gre. Hark you, sir ; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir ; What have you
to do ? [pray.]

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I

Tra. I love no chider, sir : *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*. [Aside.]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go ; [no ?]

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No ; if, without more words, you will
get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you ?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown ;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair *Leda*'s daughter had a thousand wooers ;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have :

And so she shall : *Lucentio* shall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to spend alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know he'll prove a
jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptista*'s daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do, that he hath two :

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules* ;
And let it be more than *Alcides*' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth :—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors ;
And will not promise her to any man,

Until the eldest sister first be wed :

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest ;

An if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate. [ceive :]

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do cou-
And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let's begone,
Hor. The motion's good, indeed, and be it so :—
Petruchio, I shall be your *benvenuto*. [Exeunt.]

1 That is, bug-bears.

2 Contrive in this place means to spend, to wear out.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*Baptista's House in Padua.**Enter Katharina and Bianca.*

Bianca. **G**OOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou ly'st; Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. Oh then, belike, you fancy riches more:

You will have Gremio to keep you fair,

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,

You have but jested with me all this while:

I prythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]*Enter Baptista.*

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding! of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong

When did she cross thee with a bitter word? [thee?]

Kath. Hersilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*]

Bap. What, in my sight?—*Bianca,* get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,

'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit Kath.]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean

man; Petruchio with Hortensio, like a musician;

Tranio, and Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God
save you, gentlemen! [daughter]

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a

Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me
leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability, and bashful modesty,

Her wond'rous qualities and mild behaviour,—

Am bold to shew myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

10 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*]

I do present you with a man of mine,

Cunning in music and the mathematicks,

To instruct her fully in those sciences.

15 Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;

His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he for your
good sake:

20 But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,

She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;

Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.

25 Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Anthonio's son,

A man well known throughout all Italy. [sake.]

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

30 Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:

Baccare²! you are marvellous forward,

Pet. Oh, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse
your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of

it. To express the like kindness myself, that have

been more kindly beholding to you than any, free

leave give to this young scholar, that hath been

40 long studying at Rheims; [*presenting Lucentio.*]

as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages,

as the other in musick and mathematicks; his name

is Cambio; pray, accept his service,

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: wel-

45 come, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, methinks,

you walk like a stranger; [*to Tranio.*] May I be

so bold to knowthe cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own:

That, being a stranger in this city here,

Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,

Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

In the preferment of the elder sister:

This liberty is all that I request,—

55 That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughters,

¹ *Hilding*, or *kinderling*, means a low wretch.² An old proverbial word.

I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books;
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report

I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—

Take you the lute, and you the set of books,

[*To Hortensio and Lucentio.*]

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead [both,
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant with Hortensio and Lucentio.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases what-soever:

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well ob-
That is,—her love; for that is all in all. [tained,

Pet. Why that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that meets their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. [speed!

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou
look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good mu-
sician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. [lute?

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets¹,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

"Frets call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume
with them;"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:

While she did call me rascal tidler, [terms,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:

Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discom-
fited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—

Signior Petruccio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[*Ex. Baptista with Grem. Horten. and Tranio.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly washed with dew:

Say she be mute and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week:

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day [ried:—

When I shall ask the banns, and when be mar-

30 But here she comes; and now, Petruccio, speak.

Enter Katharine.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something
hard of hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,

40 For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,

I take this of me, Kate of my consolation;

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of and thy beauties sounded,

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)

45 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd
you hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee:

For knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buzz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard. [thee?

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

¹ A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of a string.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; if faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear in his tail. [his sting?]

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Your's, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay Good Kate; I am a gentleman. [come again]

Kath. That I'll try. [She strikes him.]

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no anas.

Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kate. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven. [so sour.]

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look

Kath. There is, here is. [not sour.]

Pet. Then shew it me,

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one. [you.]

Pet. Now, by St. George, I am too young for

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not. [not so.]

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you 'scape

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and

And now I find report a very liar; [sullen,

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look as-

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will: [kance,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp?

Ohslanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,

Is strait, and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st com-

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove, [mand.

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy And therefore, setting all this chat aside, [bed: Ihus, in plain terms:—Your father hath consented That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

5 And will you, nilly you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well)

Thou must be married to no man but me;

10 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable, as other household Kates.

Here comes your father; never make denial,

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

15 *Re-enter Baptista, Gremio and Tranio.*

Bap. Now, signior Petruccio: how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

20 *Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps? [you,

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now I promise

You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatick;

25 A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;

If she be curst, it is for policy:

30 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;

She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel;

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity: [ther

And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well toge-

35 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruccio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first. [our part!

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good-night

40 *Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I chuse her for myself;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

45 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: Oh, the kindest Kate!—

She hung about my neck! and kiss on kiss

She vy'd 'so fast, protesting oath to oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

50 Oh, you are novices! 'tis a world to see

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock 'wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice,

55 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine. [hands;

Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your God send you joy, Petruccio! 'tis a match.

60 *Gre. Tra.* Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

¹ A craven is a degenerate cock. ² Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "ply'd so fast." ³ Meaning, 'Tis wonderful to see. ⁴ i. e. a timorous, dastardly creature.

I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Ere. Petruccio and Katharine severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound
this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her? [*city*]

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;

Basons and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;

In cypress chests my arras counterpoints¹,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong

To house or house-keeping; then at my farin,

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess;

And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That only, came well in—Sir, list to me;

I am my father's heir, and only son:

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—

5 What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:

That she shall have; besides an argosy,

That now is lying in Marselles' road:—

10 What, have I choak'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses²,

And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,

And twice as much, whatever thou offer'st next.

15 *Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have;

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
world,

20 By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied³.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;

And, let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own; else, you must pardon me:

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

25 *Tra.* That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next, you know,

My daughter Katharine is to be marry'd:

30 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to signior Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Erit.*]

35 *Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee
not;

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and, in his waining age,

Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

40 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Erit.*]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten⁴.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

45 Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Erit.*]

50

A C T I I I.

S C E N E I.

Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. FIDLER, forbear; you grow too forward,
sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

55

Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony:

Then give me leave to have prerogative;

60 And when in musick we have spent at hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

¹ i. e. counterpanes. ² Gallias was a vessel with both sails and oars, partaking of the nature of a ship and a galley. ³ i. e. out-bid: *vye* and *revye* were terms used at the game of *gleek*, now superseded by the modern word *brag*. ⁴ That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors; so that this became a proverbial expression.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no breeching scholar¹ in the schools;

I'll not by ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;

His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?

[*Hortensio retires.*]

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instru-

Bian. Where left we last?

[*ment.*]

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Somois*,

I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of

Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your

love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes

a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*,

bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might be-

guile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*]

Bian. Let's hear:—O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac*

ibat Simois, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tel-*

lus, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take

heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—

celsa senis, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right;

'Tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather. [you,

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave

My lesson, make no musick in three parts. [awhile;

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

I than hath been taught by any of my trade:

5 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. [accord,

Bian. [reading.] Gamut I am, the ground of all

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

10 B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, shew pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

15 Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mistress, your father prays you leave your

books,

20 And help to dress your sister's chamber up;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be

gone. [Exit.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to

stay. [Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;

Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,

30 Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharine,
Lucentio, Bianca, and attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be marry'd,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:

40 What will be said? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth,

45 be forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen²;

Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure².

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:

And, to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns.

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

55 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And say,—*Lo there is mad Petruchio's wife,*

If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

60 Whatever fortune stays him from his world:

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

¹ That is, no school-boy liable to be whipped.

² i. e. caprice.

Kath.

Kath. Would, Katharine had never seen him though! [*Exit weeping.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep; For such an injury would vex a saint, Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that had been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points: His horse hip'd with an old moth-y saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions¹, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fires², stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotteu; near legg'd³ before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather; which bring restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girt six times pierc'd, and a woman's crupper of velure⁴, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, sir, his lacquey, for all the world comparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock⁵ on one leg, and a kersey boot hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies*⁶ prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who, that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jany, I hold you a penny. A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well,

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you And wherefore gaze this goodly company, [frown:] As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy? [*day:*]

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding—First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. Eye! doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. 'Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear; Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress⁷; Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;

Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;

To me she's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:

Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exe. Pet. Gru. and Bion.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

¹ That is, the *farcy*. ² A distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. ³ Meaning, that he *cuts*, or *interferes*. ⁴ i.e. velvet. ⁵ i.e. stocking. ⁶ This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. In Shakspeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggerel compositions; and he seems to have bore them a very particular-grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with excellent humour. In *Much ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick say, *Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen*; as the bluntness of it would make the execution extremely painful. ⁷ i.e. to deviate from my promise.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.
[Exit.]

Tra. But, sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow school-master
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gog's wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up, [cuff,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him. [and swore,
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:

A health, quoth he; as if he had been aboard,
Carousing to his mates after a storm:
Quaff'd off the muscadell, and threw the sops
All in the sexton's face; having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before: [plays.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Music
Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Bianca, Hortensio,
and Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
I know, you think to dine with me to-day, [pains:
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses. [the horses?]

Gre. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself.—

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly. [gry.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not an—

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I see, a woman may be made a fool

If she had not a spirit to resist. [mand:—

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring my action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,

¹ The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. ² Meaning, that they had eaten more oats than they were worth.

Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:— [Kate;
Fear not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exe. Petruchio and Katharine.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

5 For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen,
let's go. [*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Petruchio's Country-house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. FYE, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

20 *Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready: And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

45 *Gru.* Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a sensible tale: and this curf was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

55 *Gru.* What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale;—But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how the horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was

¹ That is, made dirty. ² A proverbial expression. ³ i. e. with a skull three inches thick; a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks. ⁴ The meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. ⁵ This is a fragment of some old ballad. ⁶ i. e. are the drinking-vessels clean, and the maid-servants dressed?

be-moil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit¹: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharine.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here sir! here sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd² i' the heel: There was no link³ to colour Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing: There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Exeunt Servants.]

Where is the life that late I led— *[Singing.]*
Where are those,—Sit down, Kate, and welcome, Soud, soud, soud, soud⁴;

Re-enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When? *It was the triar of orders grey,* *[Sings.]*

As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry: Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what ho!—

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence, And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:— You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate: or else shall I?

What's this? mutton?

1 Ser. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. 1.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it.

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt.]

¹ i. e. be-draggled, be-mired. ² Meaning, that their garters should be fellows; indifferent, or not different, one from the other. ³ A link, is a torch of pitch. ⁴ That is, sweet, sweet. ⁵ This is a fragment of some ancient ballad.

Enter

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, did'st ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her: [soul,
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. *[Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politically begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My faultcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, 'till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,¹
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her, as we watch those kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverent care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
humour.—

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to shew. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio? *[Bianca*
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand by.]

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve
me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
my heart. *[They retire backward.]*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me,
I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despicable love! unconstant woman-
kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more; I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,

5 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion:

Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca:

10 And since mine eyes are witness to her lightness,

I will with you,—if you be so contented,—

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever. *[Lucentio,*

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—

15 Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—

Never to marry her, though she would intreat:

20 Fye on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. 'Would all the world but he, had quite
forsworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,

I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,

25 Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard;

And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,

30 In resolution as I swore before. *[Exit Hortensio.]*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;

And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

35 *[Lucentio and Bianca come forward.]*

Bian. Tranio, you jest; but have you both for-

Tra. Mistress, we have. *[sworn me?]*

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

40 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

45 *Bian.* The taming school! what, is there such
a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;

That teaches tricks eleven and twenty long,—

To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

50 *Enter Biondello, running.*

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long

That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied

An ancient angel² coming down the hill,

Will serve the turn.

55 *Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante³, or a pedant,

I know not what; but formal in apparel,

In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

60 *Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;

¹ A haggard is a wild hawk; to man a hawk is to tame her. ² Meaning, perhaps, an ancient messenger, which is the primitive signification of angel. ³ I. e. a merchant.

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*
Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life? [hard]

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, knew you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one. [*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir; so shall you stay
'Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
'To pass assurance' of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Katharine and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
What, did he marry me to famish me? [appears:
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I prythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot? [it.

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prythee, let me have

Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatick a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholericke.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard
rest. [*mustard,*

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all
amort'?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be. [*me.*

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof:—

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fy! you are to blame:
Come, mistress-Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

¹ That is, to make a conveyance or deed.
² Meaning, has ended in nothing.

³ A gallicism, meaning dejected, depressed, spiritless.

With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and things¹;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.—

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

[Aside.]

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to
speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin², a bauble, a silken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And if I will have, or I will have none. *[us see't.]*

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, taylor, let
Omercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:— *[this:]*

Why, what o' devil's name, taylor, call'st thou
this? *[Aside.]*

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
gown.

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be rememb' red,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown, [able:
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me. *[thee.]*

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tay. She says, your worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance!
Thou lyes, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant:
Or I shall so be-mete³ thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. 'Thou hast fac'd many things'.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd⁴ many
men; brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor
brav'd. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out
the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:
ergo, thou liest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to
testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-body'd gown,
sew me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death
with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. *With a small compass'd cape⁵.*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. *With a trunk sleeve:—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I
commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sew'd
up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though
thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in
place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,
give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me. *[noods.]*

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my
mistress' gown for thy master's use.

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, sir, the conceit is deeper than you
think for:

Take up my mistress' gown unto his master's use!
Oh, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the taylor
paid: *[Aside.]*

Go take it hence: be gone, and say no more:

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-mor-
row: Take no unkindness of his hasty words: *[row:]*

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Taylor.]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your
father's.

¹ Meaning, trifles too insignificant to deserve enumeration. ² This was the old culinary term for the raised crust of a custard. ³ i. e. *be-measure*. ⁴ i. e. turned up many garments with facings, &c. ⁵ i. e. made many men *fine*, *bravery* being formerly used to signify elegance of dress. ⁶ i. e. a round cape.

Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
 Oh, no, good Kate : neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture, and mean array.
 If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :
 And therefore, frolic ; we will hence forthwith,
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
 Let's see ; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;
 And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse ;
 I look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone :
 I will not go to-day : and ere I do,
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exc. Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensio.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceiv'd,
 Signior Baptista may remember me,
 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
 Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own in any case,
 With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your
 'Twere good, he were school'd, [boy:]

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
 Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;
 Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was in Venice;
 And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
 Here comes Baptista;—set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
 Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
 To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
 Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
 Of love between your daughter and himself:
 And,—for the good report I hear of you;
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
 And she to him,—to stay him not too long,

I am content in a good father's care,
 To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
 No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement
 Me shall you find ready and willing

5 With one consent to have her so bestow'd:

For curious! I cannot be with you,
 Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:—
 Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.

10 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here

Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections:

And, therefore, if you say no more than this,—

15 That like a father you will deal with him,

And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,—

The match is made, and all is done:

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you
 know best,

20 We be ally'd; and such assurance ta'en,

As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you
 know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;

25 Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;

And happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. 'Then, at my lodging, an it like you, sir:

There doth my father lie; and there, this night,

We'll pass the business privately and well:

30 Send for your daughter by your servant here,

My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,

You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, lie you home,

35 And bid Bianca make her ready straight:

And, if you will, tell what hath happened;—

Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,

And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.

40 [Exit.]

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:

Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

45 [Exit.]

Bap. I follow you.

[*Lucentio returns.*]

Bion. Cambio,—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello? [you?]

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

50 *Bion.* 'Faith, nothing; But he hath left me here

behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his

signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

55 *Bion.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with

the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to

the supper.

Luc. And then?—

60 *Bion.* 'The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at

your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about

a counterfeit assurance: take your assurance of her

65 *sum privilegio ad imprimendum solum: to the church*

! Meaning, *scrupulous*. * i. e. *accidentally*, in which sense *happily* was used in Shakspeare's time.

take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say.
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. *[Exit.]*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

A green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's my-
It shall be moon or star, or what I list, *[self,*

Or ere I journey to your father's house:—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kat. Forward, I pray, since we are come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed
But sun it is not, when you say it is not; *[sun:]*

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—

[To Vincentio.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,—

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlerwoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—

5 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh,
and sweet,

10 Whither away; or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow! *[Not mad:]*

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art

15 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green:

20 Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father:

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-sire; and, withal,
make known

Which way thou travellest; if along with us,

25 We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, *[me:]*

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd

My name is called—*Vincentio*; my dwelling,—

And bound I am to Padua; there to visit *[Pisa:]*

30 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,

35 I may entitle thee—my loving father;

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath marry'd:—wonder not,

Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

40 Beside, so qualified as may besem

The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*:

And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

45 *Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your plea-

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest *[sure,*

Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;

50 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharine, and Vincentio.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.

Have to my widow: and if she be froward,

Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be unto-

ward. *[Exit.]*

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Before Lucentio's House.

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio
walking on one side.*

Bion. SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the
priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance

to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your
back; and then come back to my master as soon
as I can. *[Exeunt.]*

Grc. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Pet. Kath. Vincentio, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* house,
My

My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you
I think, I shall command your welcome here, [go;
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock
louder. [*Pedant looks out of the window.*]

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat
down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir? [withal.

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound
or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself;
he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved
in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—To leave frivolous
circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio,
that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come to Padua,
and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir: so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is
flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, a
means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together;
God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here?
mine old master Vincentio? now we are undone,
and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing Bion.*

Bion. I hope, I may chuse, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have
you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget
you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, did'st thou
never see thy master's father Vincentio?

Bion. What, my worshipful old master? yes,
marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will
murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

Pet. Prythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see
the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter below, the Pedant with servants, Baptista, and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my
servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—
Oh, immortal gods! Oh, fine villain! a silken
doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a
copatain! hat!—Oh, I am undone! I am undone!
While I play the good husband at home, my son
and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman
by your habit, but your words shew you a mad-
man: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear
pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am
able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father?—Oh villain! he is a sail-
maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray,
what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I
have brought him up ever since he was three
years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio;
and he is mine only son, and heir to the
lands of me signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio!—oh, he hath murdered his
master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the
duke's name:—Oh my son, my son!—tell me,
thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: carry this mad knave
to the jail:—father Baptista, I charge you, see,
that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say he shall
go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be
coney-catched¹ in this business; I dare swear,
this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not
Lucentio?

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—
Oh monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Oh, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is;
deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant.*

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eye.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive
us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bion. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—

¹ i.e. a hat with a very high conical crown. ² i.e. tricked, cheated.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him sweet father for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista: we will content you, go to:

But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. *[Exit.]*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. *[Exit.]*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. *[Exeunt.]*

Gre. My cake is dough: but I'll in among the rest;

Out of hope of all—but my share of the feast. *[Exit.]*

Petruchio and Katharine, advancing.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of

Pet. First kiss me Kate, and we will. *[This ado.]*

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid: but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Lucentio's Apartments.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Katharine, Gremio, Hortensio, and Widow. The serving-men with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes And time it is, when raging war is done, agree: To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.—

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—

Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharine,—

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;

For now we sit and chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true. *[Dow.]*

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss I mean Hortensio is afraid of you. *[My sense.]*

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns

Pet. Roundly replied. *[Round.]*

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him. *[That?]*

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: kiss him for that, good widow. *[Round:]*

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad. *[drinks to Hortensio.]*

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again. *[begin.]*

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—

You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca, Katharine, and Widow.]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,

This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not; Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.

Tra. Oh, sir Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A goodswit's simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you there?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assu-

Let's each one send unto his wife; *[Rance,*

And he, whose wife is most obedient I'll come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content;—What's the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. *[Exit.]*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

¹ A well known proverbial expression. *carcum, a gibe.*

² Meaning, a good quick-witted simile.

³ A gird is a

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and intreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*]

Pet. Oh, oh! intreat her!

Nay, then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be intreated.

Enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse, and worse; she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharine.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharine!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you sent for?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Bands.*]

[*Exit Katharine.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peaceit bodes, and love, and quiet
And awful rule, and right supremacy; [*life,*
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharine, with Bianca and Widow.
See where she comes; and brings your froward
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
[*wives*
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Oif with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, [*time.*
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will
have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye! fye! unknot that threat'ning unkind
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair
And in no sense is meet or amiable. [*buds;*

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign: one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:

And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am asham'd, that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft condition, and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:

But now, I see our lances are but straws; [*pare,*

Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot; [*are.*

And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease. [*me, Kate.*

Pet. Why there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Fin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are

toward. [*froward.*]

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exit Petruchio and Katharine.*]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a

curst shrew,

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be

tam'd so. [*Exit omnes.*]

¹ Meaning, lower your pride.
white.

² A phrase borrowed from archery, the mark being commonly
ALL'S

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
 BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
 LAFEU, an old Lord.
 PAROLLES, a parasitical Follower of Bertram;
 a Coward, but vain, and a great Pre-
 tender to Valour.
 Several young French Lords, that serve with
 Bertram in the Florentine War.
Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.
 SCENE lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Countess of Rousillon's House in France.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. I N delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that had! how sad a passage¹ 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could have been set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too²; in her they are the better for their simpleness³; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No

¹ The heirs of great fortune were anciently the king's wards. ² Passage means any thing that passes, and is here applied in the same sense as when we say the passage of a book. ³ Dr. Johnson thus comments upon this passage: "Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence." ⁴ i. e. her excellences are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design.

more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal!

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that? [thy father]

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed

In manners as in shape! Thy blood, and virtue,

Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness

Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy

Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend

Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,

But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell. My lord,

'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord,

Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best,

That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit Countess.]

Ber. [To Helena.] The best wishes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [Ex. Bertram and Lafew.]

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father; [more,

And these great tears² grace his remembrance

Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination

Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.

I am undone; there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. It were all one,

That I should love a bright particular star,

And think to wed it, he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The hind, that would be mated by the lion,

Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our heart's table; heart, too capable

Of every line and¹ trick of his sweet favour,

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy

Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles. [sake;

One that goes with him: I love him for his

And yet I know him a notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;

Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,

That they take place, when virtue's steely bones

Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see

Cold⁴ wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen,

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some⁵ stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak; unfold to us

some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military

policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss

of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins.

Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times

found: by being ever kept, is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most

infalible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offensiveness against nature.

Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which

is the most inhibited⁶ sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chuse but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do so, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying: the longer kept, the less worth: off

with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which

wear not now: Your date is better in your pye

¹ That is, "if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess." ² i. e. the tears of the king and countess. ³ i. e. some peculiar feature of his face. ⁴ Cold is here put for naked, and thus contrasted with *superfluous* or over-clothed. ⁵ Meaning, some colour of soldier. ⁶ *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble bee*. ⁷ i. e. forbidden sin.

and your porridge, than in your cheek! And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears: it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious Christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips! Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, I faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think; which ne—
Returns us thanks. [ver]

Enter Page. [you.]

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for—

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remem—
ber thee, I will think of thee at court. [Exit Page.]

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under
a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that
you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so? [right.]

Hel. You go so much backward, when you

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes
the safety: But the composition, that your va—
lour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good
wing', and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer
thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the
which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee,
so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and
understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else

thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ig—
norance makes thee away; farewell. When thou
hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none,
remember thy friends: get thee a good husband,
and use him as he uses thee; so farewell. [Exit.]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
10 What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
15 That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Court of France.

23 *Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France,
with Letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys' are by
the ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
30 A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir. [ceive it]

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here re—

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us

35 For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
40 For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is deny'd before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
45 To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

50 *Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good
Young Bertram. [lord,]

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,

¹ Shakspeare here quibbles on the word *date*, which means both *age* and a kind of candied fruit.
² Dr. Warburton is of opinion, that the eight lines following *friend*, is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player, who finding a *thousand* loves spoken of, and only three reckoned up, namely, a *mother's*, a *mistress's*, and a *friend's*, would help out the number by the intermediate nonsense. The meaning of *Helen*, however, in this passage may be, that she shall prove every thing to *Bertram*. ³ A metaphor taken from falconry; and meaning, a *virtue that will fly high*. ⁴ Dr. Johnson explains these lines thus: "*Nature brings like qualities and dispositions to meet through any distance that fortune may have set between them; she joins them, and makes them kiss like things born together.*" ⁵ The *Senoys* were the people of a small republick, of which the capital was *Sienna* and with whom the Florentines were at constant variance.

Hathwell compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour!
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness: if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled¹: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times:
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them
But goes backward. [now,

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof² lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech³.

King. Would, I were with him! He would al-
ways say,

(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear)—*Let me not live,*—

Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and hel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
*After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions*—This he wished:

I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't—How long is't,
count,

Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Flourish. Excunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Count's Palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown⁴.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this
gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your
content⁵, I wish might be found in the calendar
of my past endeavours; for then we wound our
modesty, and make foul the clearness of our de-
servings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you
gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of
you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that
I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to com-
mit them, and have ability enough to make such
knaveries yours⁶.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I
am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am
poor, though many of the rich are damn'd: But,
if I may have your Ladyship's good-will to go to
the world⁷, Isbel the woman and I will do as we
may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service
is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have
the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body;
for, they say, bearns are blessings. [ry.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt mar-
Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I
am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs
go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,
such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature,
as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed,
I do marry, that I may repent.

¹ That is, cover petty faults with great merit. ² i. e. he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. ³ i. e. by condescending to stoop to his inferiors, he exalted them and made them proud; and, in the gracious receiving their poor praise, he humbled even his humility. ⁴ *Approof is approbation.* ⁵ Mr. Tollet explains this passage thus: "His epitaph or inscription on his tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal speech." ⁶ A Clown in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a licensed jester, or domestick fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. ⁷ i. e. to equal your desires. ⁸ i. e. You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither, as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability. ⁹ i. e. to be married. See note ¹, p. 128.

Count.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.
Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shal low, madam, in great friends: for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of. He that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their beads are both one, they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet¹, I, madam: and I speak the truth the next² way.

*For I the ballad will repeat,
 Which men full true shall find;
 Your marriage comes by destiny,
 Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her: Helen I mean. [*Singing.*]

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
 Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

*Fond³ done, done fond,
 Was this king Priam's joy.
 With that she sighed as she stood,
 With that she sighed as she stood,
 And gave this sentence then;
 Among nine bad if one be good,
 Among nine bad if one be good,
 There's yet one good in ten.*

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—'Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Erit.*]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, 'he lov'd your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Erit Steward.*]

Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn doth to our rose of youth rightly belong; Our blood to us, this to our blood is born; It is the shew and seal of nature's truth, Where love's strong passion is impress in youth: By our remembrances⁴ of days foregone, [none. Such were our taults, O! then we thought them] Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother; Why not a mother? When I said, a mother, Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother, That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen, Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds A native slip to us from foreign seeds:

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, Yet I express to you a mother's care:—God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood, I say, I am thy mother? What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet, The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? Why?—that you are my daughter?

¹ To ear is to plough. ² It is a superstition, which hath run through all ages and people, that natural fools have something in them of divinity; on which account they were esteemed sacred. ³ i. e. the nearest way. ⁴ Fond here means foolishly done. ⁵ i. e. according to our recollection.

Hel.

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

[were]

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mo-
I care no more for¹ than I do for heaven, [thers,
So I were not his sister: Can't no other
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daugh-
ter-in-law; [mother,

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head². Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, dis-
The state of your affection; for your passions [close
Have to the full approach'd.

Hel. Then I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heav'n and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:

Be not offended; for it hurts not him,

That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit;

Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;

Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet, in this captious³ and intemperate sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,

[Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For loving where you do: but, if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and love; O then, give pity

To her, whose state is such, that cannot chuse

But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;

That seeks not to find that, her search implies,

But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak

To go to Paris? [truly,

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear,

You know, my father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,

And manifest experience, had collected

For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me

In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were

More than they were in note⁴: amongst the rest,

There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,

To cure the desperate languishings, whereof

The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive

For Paris, was it? speak. [this;

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,

Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,

Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,

If you should tender your supposed aid,

He would receive it? He and his physicians

Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,

They that they cannot help: How shall they cre-

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools, [dit

Embowell'd of their doctrine⁵, have left off

The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints, [est

More than my father's skill, which was the great-

Of his profession, that his good receipt

Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified [honour

By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture

The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,

By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly. [and love,

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,

Means and attendants, and my loving greetings

To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:

Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,

What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[Exit.

¹ I care no more for, is, I care as much for—I wish it equally. ² i. e. the source of your grief.

³ Dr. Johnson suspects we should read *curious*, i. e. rotten. ⁴ Meaning, prescriptions in which greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation. ⁵ i. e. exhausted of their skill.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The Court of France.

Enter the King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles.

Flourish Cornets.

King. FAREWEL, young lords, these warlike principles

Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell:—

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all, The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received, And is enough for both.

2 Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir, After well-enter'd soldiers, to return And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart Will not confess, he owes the malady That does my life besiege. Farewel, young lords; Whether I live or die, be you the sons Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy (Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall Of the last monarchy) see, that you come Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek, That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them: They say, our French lack language to deny, If they demand: beware of being captives, Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[The King retires to a couch.]

1 Lord. Oh my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault! the spark——

2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn, But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the th. ft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewel, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:— You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one

captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king——

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receive'd star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Lafeu. [Lafeu kneels.]

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man

Stands, that has bought his pardon. I would, you Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across'—but my good lord, Will you be cur'd of your infirmity? 'Tis thus;

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will, My noble grapes, an if my royal fox Could reach them: I have seen a medicine That's able to breath life into a stone:

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple Is powerful to arise king Pepin, nay, To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand, And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: my lord, there's one arriv'd,

If you will see her—now, by my faith and honour, If seriously I may convey my thoughts In this my light deliverance, I have spoke With one, that in her sex, her years, profession, Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her, (For that is her demand) and know her business? That done, laugh well at me. *[ness?]*

King. Now, good Lafeu, Bring in the admiration; that we with thee May spend our wonder too, or take off thine, By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

¹ The epithet *higher* is here to be understood as referring to situation rather than to dignity.

² This word, as has been before observed, is used when any pass of wit miscarries.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever pro-

Laf. [*returns.*] Nay, come your ways. [*logues.*]

[*Bringing in Helena.*]

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him :

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle,

That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Ex.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was

My father ; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him. [*him ;*]

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises toward

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death

Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling,

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear ! I have so :

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;

But may not be so credulous of cure,—

When our most learned doctors leave us ; and

The congregated college have concluded,

That labouring art can never answer nature

From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empiricks ; or to disserve so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :

I will no more enforce mine office on you ;

Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to hear me back again. [*ful :*]

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grate-

Thou thought'st to help me : and such thanks I give,

As one near death to those that wish him live :

But what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;

I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :

He that of greatest works is finisher,

Oft does them by the weakest minister :

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes. Great floods have

flow'n

From simple sources ; and great seas have dry'd

When miracles have by the Greatest been deny'd

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,

1 Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits. [*maid ;*]

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :

Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :

10 It is not so with Him that all things knows,

As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows.

But most it is presumption in us, when

The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;

15 Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim ¹ ;

But know I think, and think I know most sure,

My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

20 *King.* Art thou so confident ? Within what space

Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;

25 Ere twice in muck and occidental damp

Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass

Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,

30 Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,

What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,

35 Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name

Sear'd otherwise : no worse of worst extended,

With vilest torture let my life be ended ².

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth

speak ;

40 His powerful sound, within an organ weak ³ :

And what impossibility would slay

In common sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;

45 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all

That happiness and prime ⁴, can happy call :

Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate

Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try ;

50 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or dinch in property

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;

And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;

But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

¹ That is, "I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another." ² Mr. Steevens thus happily explains this obscure passage : "I would bear (says she) the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet ; would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads ; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded ; and, no worse of worst extended, i. e. provided nothing worse is offered to me, (meaning violation) let my life be ended with the worst of tortures. The poet for the sake of rhyme has obscured the sense of the passage. The worst that can befall a woman being extended to me, seems to be the meaning of the last line." ³ The author of the *Re-visal of Shakspeare's Text* explains this line thus : "The verb *do* *h* *speaks*, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus ; *His powerful sound speaks within a weak organ.*" ⁴ i. e. youth.

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even? [heaven!]

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To chuse from forth the royal blood of France;

My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy state:

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow. [serv'd,

King. Here is my hand; the premises ob-

Thy will by my performance shall he serv'd:

So make the choice of thine own time; for I,

Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must;

Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;

From whence thou can'st, how tended on,—But

rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—

Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rousillon.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clow. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. But to the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clow. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clow. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clow. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger¹, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clow. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clow. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could:—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clow. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir; you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord, sir, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clow. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—O Lord, sir: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again. [Helen this,

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son; This is not much.

Clow. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clow. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafcu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear¹.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that bath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galemand² Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

¹ This alludes to an ancient custom of marrying with a rush ring, as well in other countries as in England; but was scarce ever practised except by designing men, for the purpose of corrupting those young women to whom they pretended love. ² A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. ³ Fear here means the object of fear.

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,——

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in,——What do you call there?—

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin¹ is not luster: 'fore me I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the life and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous² spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king; as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick³, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Viraigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.——

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;

Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!——marry, to each but one!

Laf. I'd give bay curtain⁴, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken⁵ than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen, [health.
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to
All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:——

Please it your majesty, I have done already;
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

*We blush, that thou should'st chuse, but be refus'd;
Let the white death⁶ sit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.*

King. Make choice; and, see,

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I thy;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.——Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

10 *Hel.* Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute⁷.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace⁸ for my life. [eyes,

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
Before I speak, too threateningly replies;

15 Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

20 *Laf.* Do all they deny her? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would send
them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:

25 Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
of her: sure, they are bastards to the English;
the French ne'er got them. [good,

30 *Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,——I am sure, thy
father drunk wine.——But if thou be'st not an
35 ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee
already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

40 [To Bertram.
King. Why then, young Bertram, take her,
she's thy wife. [highness,

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your
In such a business give me leave to use
45 The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,

What she hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;

But never hope to know why I should marry her.

50 *King.* Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my
sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:

55 A poor physician's daughter my wife!——Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever! [which

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
60 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be

¹ By dolphin is meant the *dauphin*.

⁴ A bay dock'd horse.

this chlorosis.

⁵ Meaning, had lost no more of his teeth.

⁷ i. e. silence.

⁸ i. e. wicked.

⁹ i. e. lusty, cheerful, pleasant.

Meaning, perhaps,

¹⁰ i. e. the lowest chance of the dice.

All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower: honour and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st
strive to chuse.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to de-
feat;

I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprison shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers¹, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice, [hate,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,

A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

[*King,*

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Parolles and Lafew.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur, a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be under-
stood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is
man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master
is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to
which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries², to
be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable
vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs,
and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dis-
suade me from believing thee a vessel of too great
a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose
thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for no-
thing but taking up³; and that thou art scarce
worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity
upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest
thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy
on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice,
fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for
I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious
indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art
worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I
will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to
pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st
bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou'st find what
it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to
hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my

¹ The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies *to free, to disembarraas*, as well as *to destroy*; and in this sense, we apprehend, *defeat* is here used. ² Alluding to that species of the staggers, or the *horses' apoplexy*, which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. ³ The *brief* is the *contract of espousal*, or the *licence* of the church, in which the especial cause shall be assigned. ⁴ *Ordinary* here means *dinner*. ⁵ *To take up* means to *contradict, to call to account*, as well as to *pick off the ground*.

knowledge; that I may say in the default¹, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing², I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *[Exit.]*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.]*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have I will not bed her. *[sworn,]*

Par. What? what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the I know not yet. *[import is]*

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy³ here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,

Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war.

B. r. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And whereto I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house⁴, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away: To-morrow

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—'Tis hard;

A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong; but hush! 'tis so. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she's not well: but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing⁵ i' the world; but she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's on earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good-will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You have my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title: which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave, thou art a knave; that is, before me, thou art a knave; this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

¹ i. e. at a need. ² Doing is here used obscenely. ³ Sir T. Hanmer observes, that *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. ⁴ Probably meaning a *smoky* house.

Par. A good knave, I'faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love, [ledge;
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint; [sweets,
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the curbed hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hcl. What's his will else? [king,

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think,
May make it probable need.

Hcl. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hcl. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. [Exit Parolles.

Hcl. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [To the Clown. 20
[Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope your lordship thinks not him
a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this
mark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great
in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience,
and transgressed against his valour; and my state
that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in
my heart to repent: Here he comes; I pray you
make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. I pray you, sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is
a very good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [Aside to Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my trea- 50
Given order for our horses; and to-night, [sure,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter
end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and
uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings
with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.—
God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord

and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserv'd to run
into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boot
and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the cus-
tard²; and out of it you'll run again, rather than
suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my
lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him
at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe
this of me, There can be no kernel in this light
nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him
not in matter of heavy consequence; I have
kept of them tame, and know their natures.—

15 Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you,
than you have or will deserve at my hand: but
we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

25 *Hcl.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office

On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found

35 So much unsettled: This drives me to intreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse³, than ask, why I intreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;

And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shews itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother⁴.

[Giving a letter.

40 'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

45 *Hcl.* Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hcl. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hcl. Pray, sir, your pardon.

55 *Ber.* Well, what would you say?

Hcl. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe⁵;

Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

But like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

¹ That is, a specious appearance of necessity.

² Theobald says, that this odd allusion is not intro-
duced without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or
zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, to set on a quantity
of barren spectators to laugh, as our poet says in his *Humilit.*

³ i. e. wonder.

⁴ i. e. I owe.

Ber.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—no-
thing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—
'faith, yes;—

Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
lord.

[Exit Helena.]

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—
Farewel.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—

5 Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!

[Exeunt.]

10

A C T III.

SCENE I.

The Duke's Court in Florence.

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French
Lords, with Soldiers.*

Duke. SO that, from point to point, now
have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer. [France]

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield¹,
But like a common and an outward man²,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure. [nature³,

2 *Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle: You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Rousillon, in France.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had
it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and 60
sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and

sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that
had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor
for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at
court: our old ling and our Isbel's o'the coun-
try are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels
o'the court: the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out;
and I begin to love, as an old man loves money,
with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.]

Count. [reads a letter.] "I have sent you a
daughter-in-law: she hath recover'd the king,
and undone me. I have wedded her, not bed-
ded her; and sworn to make the not eternal.
"You shall hear, I am run away; know it, be-
fore the report come. If there be breadth
35 "enough in the world, I will hold a long distance.
"My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,
"BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
40 To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the
loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
Here they come, will tell you more: for my part,
I only hear, your son was run away.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

¹ i. e. I cannot inform you of. ² i. e. one not in the secret of affairs. ³ Meaning, our young
fellows.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start, [you?
Can woman me unto't:—Where is my son, I pray
2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of
Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again. [passport.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my
"When thou canst get the ring upon my
"finger, which never shall come off, and shew
"me a child begotten of thy body, that I am
"father to, then call me husband; but in
"such a *Then* I write a *Never*."
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains. 30

Count. I pry'thee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest, all the griefs are thine,
Thou robbst me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I'll wash his name out of my blood, [he?
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is 25

2 *Gen.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The dukewill lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither? [speed.

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
"France."

'Tis bitter. [Reading. 35

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam. [which

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife! 40
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she: and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wick-
My son corrupts a well-derived nature [edness: 50
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord, is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war; and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air;

That smg with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

Whoever charges on his forward breast:
I am the catiff, that do hold him to it;

And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere,

I met the ravin lion when he roard
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,

That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousil-

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar; [lon,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:

My being here it is, that holds thee hence;
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although

30 The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;

That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!

For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit,*

SCENE III.

The Duke's Court in Florence.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram,
Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers, &c.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
45 A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm;

50 As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rosillon, in France.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter off her?

60 Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

1 That is, when thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. 2 i. e. his
vices stand him in stead. 3 i. e. the air that closes immediately.

Stew. "I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, hither gone;
 "Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
 "That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
 "With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
 "Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
 "My dearest master, your dear son may hie;
 "Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
 "His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
 "His taken labours bid him me forgive;
 "I, his despicable Juno, sent him forth
 "From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
 "Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
 "He is too good and fair for death and me;
 "Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."
 Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
 Rinaldo, you did never lack advice! so much,
 As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam;
 If I had given you this at over-night,
 She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
 Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
 Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
 And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife;
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
 That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return; and hope I may, that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love: which of them both
 Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is

her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know the knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are lined with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, disguis'd like a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lye at my house: thither they send one another; I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the St. Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*]

Wid. Ay, marry, is it. Hark you! [*pilgrim,*]

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim. [*sure.*]

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your lei-

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you may see a countryman of yours,

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you? [*one?*]

Dia. The count Rousillon: Know you such a

Hel. But by the ear, that bears most nobly of

*His face I know not. [*him;*]*

Dia. Whatsoever he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 'tis reported, for the king had married him

*Against his liking: Think you it is so? [*lady.*]*

Hel. Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count,

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great count himself, she is too mean

To have her name repeated; all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examined.

¹ That is, discretion or thought. ² Meaning, "they are not really so true and sincere as in appearance they seem to be." ³ Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff or bough of palm that they were wont to carry. ⁴ i. e. doubted.

Dia.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Aright good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weigh^s sadly: this young maid might
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd. [do her

Hcl. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;

And brokes¹ with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Bertram, Pa-
rolles, Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hcl. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife; if he were hone-ter,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome

Hcl. I like him well. [gentleman?

Dia. 'Tis pity, he's not honest: Yond's that
same knave,

That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hcl. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he
melancholy?

Hcl. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look,
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.*

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I
will bring you

Where you shall host; of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hcl. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.* 55] lost! There was an excellent command! to charge

SCENE VI.

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord; put him to't; let
him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a bilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

10 *Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of
him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward,
an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-
15 breaker, the owner of no one good quality wor-
thy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, re-
posing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,
he might, at some great and trusty business, in a
20 main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action
to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off
his drum, which you hear him so confidently un-
25 dertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will
suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom,
I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we
will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall sup-
30 pose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer
of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own
tents: Be but your lordship present at his exami-
nation; if he do not, for the promise of his life,
and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to
betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his
35 power against you, and that with the divine forfeit
of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in
any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him
40 fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't:
when your lordship sees the bottom of his suc-
cess in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump
of ore will be melted, if you give him not John
Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be
45 removed². Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not
the humour of his design; let him fetch off his
drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks
sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so
lost! There was an excellent command! to charge

¹ Deals as a broker. ² Theobald explains this passage thus: "My lord, as you have taken this fel-
low (Parolles) into so near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't cashier him
from your favour, then your attachment is not to be remov'd;" and then adds the following history of
John Drum's Entertainment, from Hollingshed's Chronicle: "This chronologer, in his description
of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Scarsefield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551) and of his extravagant
hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so
that his porter or any other officer durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man, that resorted
to his house, Tom Drum's entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out
by both the shoulders."

in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas¹, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

Par. I love not many words [Exit.]

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world: but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost imboss'd him², you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, e.e. we case³ him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lateu; when his disguise and he is

parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

2 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you

10 The lass I spoke of.

1 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest: [once,

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have p'the wind,

15 Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;

And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Florence. The Widow's House.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.⁴ [born.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well Nothing acquainted with these businesses;

And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband; And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,

Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,

35 Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;

You have shew'd me that, which well approves You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,

And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay, and pay again, [daughter,

When I have found it. The count he woos you Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,

Now his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,

That downward hath succeeded in his house, From son to son, some four or five descents

50 Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,

To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

H.L. You see it lawful then: It is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,

Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, delivers me to fill the time,

60 Herself most chastely absent; after this,

¹ A dilemma is an argument that concludes both ways. ² To imboss a deer is to inclose him in a wood. The word, applied in this sense, being derived from *emboscare*, Ital. ought properly to be spelled *imboss'd*. ³ Meaning, before we strip him naked. ⁴ i. e. by discovering herself to the count. ⁵ Important here means *importunate*.

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

His. I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time, and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,

To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,

5 Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,

And lawful meaning in a lawful act¹:

Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:

But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Part of the French Camp in Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six
Soldiers in ambush.

Lord. HE can come no other way but by this
hedge² corner: When you sally up-
on him, speak what terrible language you will;
though you understand it not yourselves, no mat-
ter: for we must not seem to understand him;
unless some one amongst us, whom we must pro-
duce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows
he not thy voice?

Sol. No, sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak
to us again?

Sol. Even such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers
if the adversaries' entertainment. Now he hath a
smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we
must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to
know what we speak one to another; so we seem
to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's
language, gabble enough, and good enough. As
for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick.
But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two
hours in sleep, and then to return and swear the
lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill
be time enough to go home. What shall I say I
have done? It must be a very plausible invention
that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and dis-
graces have of late knock'd too often at my door.
I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart
hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures,
not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own
tongue was guilty of.

[*Aside.*]

Par. What the devil should move me to under-
take the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant
of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such
purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and

say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will
not carry it. They will say, Came you off with
so little? and great ones I dare not give; Where-
fore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put
you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another³
of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these
perils.

Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is,
and be that he is?

[*Aside.*]

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would
serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish
sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so.

[*Aside.*]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say,
it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do.

[*Aside.*]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was
stript.

Lord. Hardly serve.

[*Aside.*]

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window
of the citadel—

Lord. How deep?

[*Aside.*]

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make
that be believ'd.

[*Aside.*]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies';
I would swear I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon.

[*Aside.*]

Par. A drum now of the enemies!

[*Alarum within.*]

Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine
eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:

If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,

55 Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

Inter. Boskos vauvado:—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
*Kerehybonto:—*Sir,

60 Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

¹ Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife.

² i. e. proof.

³ i. e. a silent one.

Par.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray.—

Mancha revania dulce.

Lord. *Oscorbi dulch-s volivorco.*

Inter. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on. To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live, And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew, Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. *Acorda tinta.*—

Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit with Pa-*

A short alarum within.

Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother, We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him 'Till we do hear from them. [*muffled*]

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves:— Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Widow's House.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fonti-

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana. [*bell.*]

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument: When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was, When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No;

My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I prythee, do not strive against my vows; I was compell'd to her; but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, And mock us with our barrenness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

[*truth:*]

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true. What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the highest to witness¹: Then, pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, When I did love you ill? this has no holding, To swear by him whom I protest to love, [oaths] That I will work against him: Therefore, your Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd; At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts, [off,] That you do charge men with: Stand no more But give thyself unto my sick desire,

Who then recovers: say, thou art mine, and ever My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs, That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no To give it from me. [*power*]

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:

My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom Brings in the champion honour on my part, Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:

My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,

And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed, Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:

And on your finger, in the night, I'll put

Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,

May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: You have won A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven You may so in the end.— [*and me!*]

My mother told me just how he would woo,

As if she sat in his heart; she says all men Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me, When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him, When I am bury'd. Since Frenchmen are so braid', Marry that will, I live and die a maid:

*Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*]*

¹ The sense is, we never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity. ² i. e. crafty or deceitful.

SCENE III.

*The Florentine Camp.**Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhor'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come: for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsel.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have cong'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceiv'd me like a double-meaning prophet.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: he hath sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his sitting in the stocks: And what, think you, he hath confest?

! The meaning is, *betrays his own secrets in his own talk.*

? Module means *pattern.*

Ber.

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

Inter. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Bobliando chicurmurco.*

Inter. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live

Inter. "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him!

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceiv'd, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theorieque of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Inter. "Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guitian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: nine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks', lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

Inter. Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be in the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: Demand them singly.

Inter. Do you know this captain Dumain?

15 Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with a child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day, to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

Inter. "Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

Interpreter reads the letter.

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it:

"After he scores, he never pays the score:

"Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;

"He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;

¹ The words "all's one to him" seem to belong to another speaker, and appear to be a proper remark of Bertram's upon Parolles's assertion. ² i. e. I am not obliged to him for it. To con is to know. ³ Cassock signifies a horseman's loose coat.

"And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
 "Men are to mell with', boys are but to kiss:
 "For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
 "Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
 "Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

"PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army,
 with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the
 manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat,
 and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks,
 we shall be able to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am
 afraid to die; but that, my offences being many,
 I would repent out the remainder of nature: let
 me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any
 where, so I may live.

Inter. We'll see what may be done, so you con-
 fess freely; therefore, once more to this captain
 Dumain: You have answer'd to his reputation
 with the duke, and to his valour; What is his
 honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister;
 for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He
 professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them,
 he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir,
 with such volubility, that you would think truth
 were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for
 he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does
 little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but
 they know his conditions, and lay him in straw.
 I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty;
 he has every thing that an honest man should not
 have; what an honest man should have, he has
 nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A
 pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the
 English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not, and
 more of his soldiership I know not: except, in that
 country, he had the honour to be the officer at a
 place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the
 doubling of files: I would do the man what hon-
 our I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far,
 that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

Inter. His qualities being at this poor price, I
 need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to
 revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-
 simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and
 cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual
 succession for it perpetually.

Inter. What's his brother, the other captain
 Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

Inter. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not alto-
 gether so great as the first in goodness, but greater
 a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a
 coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best
 that is: In a retreat he outruns any lacquey;
 marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be saved, will you undertake
 to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count
 Rousillon.

Inter. I'll whisper with the general, and know
 his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all
 drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to be-
 guile the supposition of that lascivious young
 boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet,
 who would have suspected an ambush where I
 was taken?

Inter. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die:
 the general says, you, that have so traiterously dis-
 covered the secrets of your army, and made such
 pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can
 serve the world for no very honest use; therefore
 you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, sir; let me live, or let me see
 my death!

Inter. That shall you, and take your leave of
 all your friends.

[*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my
 lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy
 of that same sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf
 of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward,
 I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Inter. You are undone, captain; all but your
 scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could find out a country where but
 women were that had received so much shame, you
 might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well,
 sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you
 there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful; if my heart were great,
 'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;

But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
 As captain shall: simply the thing I am
 Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
 Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
 That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
 Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
 There's place, and means, for every man alive.
 I'll after them.

[*Exit.*

! To *mell*, is derived from the French word, *meler*, to mingle.

? i. e. to deceive the opinion.

SCENE IV.

*The Widow's House at Florence.**Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.**Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the christian world
 Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis need-
 Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel: [ful,
 Time was, I did him a desired office,
 Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
 Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
 And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
 His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
 We have convenient convoy. You must know,
 I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
 My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
 And by the leave of my good lord the king,
 We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
 You never had a servant, to whose trust
 Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
 Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
 To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
 As it hath led her to be my motive¹
 And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy² trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
 With what it loaths, for that which is away:
 But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
 Go with your impositions, I am yours
 Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
 But with the word³, the times will bring on summer,
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
 Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives⁴ us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown:
 What e'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*Rousillon.**Enter Countess, Lafcu, and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no, your son was mis-led with a
 snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron⁵
 would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth
 of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law
 had been alive at this hour; and your son here at

home, more advanc'd by the king, than by that
 red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was
 the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that
 ever nature had praise for creating: if she had
 partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest
 groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a
 more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady:
 we may pick a thousand sallads, ere we light on
 such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram
 of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they
 are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have
 not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a
 knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a
 knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and
 do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble⁶, sir,
 to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both
 knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve
 as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his
 phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of
 darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee
 not this to suggest⁷ thee from thy master thou
 talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always
 lov'd a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever
 keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the
 world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am
 for the house with the narrow gate, which I take
 to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that
 humble themselves, may; but the many will be
 too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery
 way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of
 thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would
 not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my
 horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

¹ Motive for assistant. ² Saucy may here imply *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. ³ i. e. in an instant of time. ⁴ i. e. rouses us. ⁵ Here some particulars of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous saffron* is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastick fashion, then much followed, of using *yellow starch* for their bands and ruffs. ⁶ Sir John Hawkins gives the following explanation of this passage: "Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which, though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand." ⁷ i. e. seduce.

Cfo.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. *[Exit.]*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy!

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well: 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness has promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able a body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour: so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous teathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[Exeunt.]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Court of France at Marseilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. BUT this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; *[one,*

But, since you have made the days and nights as To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold, you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king; And aid me with that store of power you have,

35 To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;

Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.— I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

45 *Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon; Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand;

50 Which, I presume, shall render you no blame, But rather make you thank your pains for it: I will come after you with what good speed Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you. *[thank'd.]*

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well What-e'er falls more.—We must go horse again:— Go, go, provide. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

Rousillon.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

60 *Par.* Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafew this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known

† That is, *unlucky*. . ‡ Mr. Steevens says, that a *gentle astringer*, means a *gentleman falconer*.

to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes: but I am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafcu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy'd withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit Clown.]*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her: There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox my passion; give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. *[Sound trumpets.]* The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though

you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafcu, Lords, Attendants, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all: Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—— But first I beg my pardon.—The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve, Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost, *[hither;—]* Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. *[spoke?]*
King. What says he to your daughter? have you
Laf. All that he is hath reference to your high-
ness. *[ters sent me,*

King. Then shall we have a match. I have let-
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail In me at once: But to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blame, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees

¹ That is, stand to the windward of me. ² The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile. ³ A quibble is intended on the word *Paroles*, which in French is plural, and signifies words. ⁴ *Esteem* here means *reckoning* or *estimate*. ⁵ i. e. completely, in its full extent. ⁶ i. e. in the spring of early life, when the man is yet green. Oil and fire suit but ill with blade, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, blaze of youth.

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt: But love, that comes too
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, [late,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone; our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day. [bless!]

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
Must be digested, give a favour from you, [name
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er she took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not. [eye,

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
While I was speaking, oft was fastened to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessity'd to help, that by this token [her
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
How'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckoned it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it. [it:

Ber. You are deceived, my lord, she never saw
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour

As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,

5 That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
10 Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
15 Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it. [honour;

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
And mak'st conjectural fears to come unto me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
20 That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.

25 [Guards seize Bertram.
My fore-past proofs, how'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

30 *Ber.* If you shall prove
This ring was ever her's, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit Bertram guarded.

Enter a Gentleman.

35 *King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thoughts.
Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes¹, come short
40 To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

The King reads.

“—Upon his many protestations to marry
“me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it,
50 “he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a
“widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and
“my honour's paid to him. He stole from
“Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him;
“his country for justice: Grant it me, O king;
55 “in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes,
“and a poor maid is undone.

“DIANA CAPULET.”

60 *Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
tell him: for this, I'll none of him.² [Lafeu,

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.—

¹ Removes are, *journies* or *post-stages*. ² Alluding to buying horses in fairs, and paying toll for them to prove they were honestly come by.

Enter Bertram, guarded.

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers! [you,

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour,
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease¹, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embody'd yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter, you are no husband for her. [To Bertram.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with; let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill
to friend, [mour,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your ho-
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity²,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but both am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parol's.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted³ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd⁴;
Whose nature sickens but⁵ to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and in fine,
Her insult coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any interior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;

You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger. [late.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it
Out of a casement, [him

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parol's.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every leather starts
Is this the man you speak of? [you.—

Dia. It is, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
Not fearing the displeasure of your master, [you,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath
mad in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; Did he
love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves
a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave and no knave:—
What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty
60 orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

¹ That is, de cease, die. ² i. e. value. ³ Quoted has the same sense as noted. ⁴ See note 3, p. 13.
⁵ i. e. only to speak a truth.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Pur. Yes, so please your majesty! I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken already, unless thou canst say they are marry'd: But thou art too fine! in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. The ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer².

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:

I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafcu.*

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir:

[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller, that owes't the ring, is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, [*To Bert.*

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,

Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick. So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick. And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist⁴ Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord; 'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see, The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!

[*maid,* *Hel.* Oh, my good lord, when I was like this

I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring, And, look you, here's your letter; This it says,

When from my finger you can get this ring,

And are by me with child, &c.—This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

[*To the Countess.*

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.

—Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief; [*to*

Parolles.] So, I thank thee: wait on me home,

I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know, To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—

If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[*To Diana.*

Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess, that by thy honest aid,

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express;

All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Advancing:

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day:

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Too fine*, here means full of finesse; too artful.

² This word is used not very properly for *enchanter*.

³ i. e. a common woman.

⁴ i. e. owns,

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*
VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *a foolish knight,*
pretending to Olivia.
A Sea-Captain, *friend to Viola.*

FABIAN, *servant to Olivia.*
MALVOLIO, *a fantastical steward to Olivia.*
Clown, *servant to Olivia.*

OLIVIA, *a lady of great beauty and fortune, beloved by the Duke.*
VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*
MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. IF musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die,—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou:
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity¹ and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy²,
That it alone is high-fantastical³.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence:

That instant I was turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news
from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer;
The element itself, till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections) with one self-same king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ That is, *value*.

² i. e. *love*.

³ i. e. *fantastical to the height*.

S C E N E II.

*The Street.**Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.**Vio.* What country, friends, is this?*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?*My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?**Cap.* It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,*Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.**Vio.* For saying so, there's gold:*Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?**Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.*Vio.* Who governs here?*Cap.* A noble duke in nature as in name.*Vio.* What is his name?*Cap.* Orsino.*Vio.* Orsino; I have heard my father name him.
*He was a bachelor then.**Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.*Vio.* What's she?*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving
In the protection of his son, her brother, [her
Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.*Vio.* O, that I serv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!*Cap.* That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.*I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
I'hou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit:
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!
Vio. I thank thee: lead me on.*

S C E N E III.

*Olivia's House.**Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.**Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure, Care's
an enemy to life.*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.*Sir To.* Why, let her except, before excepted.*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.*Sir To.* Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than
I am: these cloaths are good enough to drink in,
and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them
hang themselves in their own straps.*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a
foolish knight that you brought in one night here
to be her wooer.*Sir To.* Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?*Mar.* Ay, he.*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.
Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these
ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' th'
viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the good
gifts of nature.*Mar.* He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for,
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and,
but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the
gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the
prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a
grave.*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels, and
substractors that say so of him. Who are they?*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk
nightly in your company.*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece; I'll
drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my
throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a
coystril*, that will not drink to my niece, till his

* That is, *made public* to the world. * i. e. *approve*. * Tall means *stout, courageous*. * Mr. Steevens explains *coystril* to mean a coward cock, or a bastard hawk; while Mr. Tollet says, it implies a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them,

brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top¹. What, wench? Castiliano volgo²; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress I would I might never draw sword again! Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary

man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting:

O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me; the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What, is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make

¹ It was anciently the custom to keep a large top in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, as well to warm the peasants by exercise, as to keep them out of mischief, while they could not work.

² Dr. Warburton thinks we should read *volto*; the meaning will then be in English, Put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave solemn looks. Mr. Malone observes, that *Castilian* seems to have been a cant term for a finical affected courtier. That is, not a lover's hand; a moist hand being vulgarly deemed a sign of an amorous constitution. Shakspeare is here supposed to allude to one *Mary Frith*, more generally known by the appellation of *Mall Cut-purse*; and of whom Mr. Grainger gives the following account in his *Biographical History of England*: "She was commonly supposed to have been an hermaphrodite, and practised, or was instrumental to, almost every crime and wild frolic which is notorious in the most abandoned and eccentric of both sexes. She was infamous as a prostitute and a procuress, a fortune-teller, a pick-pocket, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax upon Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate, but was, by the proper application of a large sum of money, soon set at liberty. She died of the dropsy, in the 75th year of her age, but would probably have died sooner, if she had not smoked tobacco, in the frequent use of which she had long indulged herself."

water but in a sink-a-pace¹. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock². Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart³.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Viola. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Viola. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofit return. [Then?]

Viola. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Viola. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belye thy happy years, That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know, thy constellation is right apt For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him; All, if you will: for I myself am best, When least in company:—Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord I'll call his fortunes thine.

Viola. I'll do my best, [strife:] I'll woo your lady: [Exit Duke.] yet, a barrful Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Maria. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clown. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs tear no colours.

Maria. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear.

Maria. A good Lenten⁴ answer; I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clown. Where, good mistress Mary?

Maria. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clown. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Maria. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; Is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Maria. You are resolute then?

Clown. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Maria. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clown. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Maria. Peace, you rogue, no more of that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.]

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clown. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Clown. Take the fool away.

Olivia. Do you not hear, fellow? take away the lady.

Clown. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown. Two faults, Madonna⁵, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dis-

¹ That is, a *cinq-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. ² *Stockings* were in Shakspeare's time called *stocks*. ³ This alludes to the medical astrology, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations. ⁴ i. e. a contest full of impediments. ⁵ Meaning, a *short and spare* one; alluding to the commons in Lent. ⁶ The cant word for *mistress, dame*.

honest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him: Any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: if that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision, in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, Madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoken for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*!

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's on at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter Malvolio:

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post¹, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple:

¹ That is, lying. ² It was the custom of that officer to have large posts set up at his door, as an indication of his office; the original of which was that the king's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by of publication.

'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Lethim approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. [face;

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very compatible¹, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission; I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping² a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull³ here a little longer.—Some nollification for your giant⁴, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: [Exit Maria.] we will hear this divinity. Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done? [Unveiling.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather. [white

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent⁵, whose red and Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, 40 labell'd to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise' me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were The non-pareil of beauty! [crown'd

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, 55 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant; And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

¹ That is, very submissive. ² i. e. wild, frolick, mad. ³ To hull means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. ⁴ Meaning, her waiting-maid, who was so eager to prevent his delivering his message. ⁵ i. e. I am. ⁶ i. e. blended, mixed. ⁷ i. e. to appraise or value me.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

[*age?*]

Oli. You might do much: What is your parent-

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What is your parentage?

*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:—
I am a gentleman.—*I'll be sworn thou art:

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
5 Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast;—
soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,

10 With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter Malvolio.

15 *Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man; he left this ring behind him;
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

20 Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
25 Mine eyes too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

The Street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. WILL you stay no longer? nor will you
not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine dark-
ly over me; the malignancy of my fate might,
perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave
of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone:
It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay
any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
bound.

Seb. No, in sooth, sir; my determinate voyage
is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so
excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not
extort from me what I am willing to keep in;
therefore it charges me in manners the rather to
express¹ myself: you must know of me then,
55 Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called
Rodorigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messa-
line, whom I know you have heard of: he left
behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an
hour: if the heavens had been pleas'd, would we
had so ended! But you, sir, alter'd that; for, some
hour before you took me from the beach of the

sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much re-
sembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful:
but, though I could not, with such estimable won-
der², over-far believe that, yet thus far I will bold-
ly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could
not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir,
with salt water, though I seem to drown her re-
membrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love,
let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,
that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire
it not. Fare you well at once: my bosom is full of
kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of
my mother, that upon the least occasion more,
mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to
the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with
I have many enemies in Orsino's court, [thee!
Else would I very shortly see thee there:

But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger should seem sport, and I will go.

[*Exit.*]

¹ That is, to reveal myself.

² i. e. wonder and esteem.

S C E N E II.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed so much, That, sure methought hereyes had lost her tongue! For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis) Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it, for the proper false! In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we; For, such as we are made, if such we be. How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly: And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me: What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman, now alas the day! What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe? O time, thou must untangle this, not I: It is too hard a knot for me to untie. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes: and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast! I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Picrogramitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; Had'st it?

Clo. I did impeticoat thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true-love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come, is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty¹⁰,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

¹ That is, her tongue was talking of the duke, while her eyes were gazing on his messenger.
² *Pregnant* means *dexterous* or *ready*. ³ Mr. Steevens thus happily explains this obscure passage: "Viola has been condemning those who disguise themselves, because Olivia had fallen in love with a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper* (i. e. fair in their appearance) and *false*, (i. e. deceitful) to make an impression on the hearts of women!—The *proper false* is certainly a less elegant expression than the *fair deceiver*, but seems to mean the same thing: a *proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man*." ⁴ To set their forms, means, to plant their images; i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. ⁵ To fadge, is to suit, to fit. ⁶ i. e. a cup. ⁷ i. e. voice. ⁸ i. e. thy mistress. ⁹ Meaning probably a jolly or merry song, agreeably to the *bon vivant* of the French, from which the phrase seems to be adopted. ¹⁰ In some counties *sweet and twenty* is a phrase of endearment.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls' out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir A. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a cattervauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian¹, we are politicians: Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey², and *Three merry men be we*³.

Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley⁴, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O' the twelfth day of December,—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace. [*Singing.*]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My

lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*]

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tune, sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs!—A sloop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule⁵; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she's much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword⁶, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us⁷, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

¹ That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round. ² This expression of the power of musick, is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing*: "Now is my soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's-guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?"—Why he says *three souls*, is, because he is speaking of a catch in *three parts*; and the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls; the *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. ³ A term of reproach. See note⁴, p. 52. ⁴ The name of a very obscene old song. ⁵ This is a conclusion common to many old songs. ⁶ *Tilly-valley* was an interjection of contempt, in use at that time. ⁷ *Lady, lady*, is the burden of the song, of which Sir Toby was probably reminded, by saying, "*Tilly-valley, lady.*" ⁸ A *cozior* is a taylor, from the French word *coudre*, to sew. ⁹ Mr. Steevens thinks we should read *Sneak-up*, i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneak-ing manner; but afterwards adds that *sneak the door* is a north-country expression for *latch the door*. I surmise that it means go hang yourself, in which the sense is good in five examples brought by Mr. Steevens. S. A. ¹⁰ Alluding to the custom on holidays or saints' days to make cakes in the honour of the day, which the *Puritans* called superstition. ¹¹ Stewards formerly wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants. ¹² i. e. behaviour. ¹³ i. e. a *bye-word*, a kind of proverbial reproach. ¹⁴ i. e. inform us, tell us.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreasure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated; I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse would now make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.]

Sir To. Good night, Penthésilæa!

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut!

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick:—Now, good-morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night:

Methought, it did relieve my passion much;

More than light airs, and recollected terms,

Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:— Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit Curio. Musick.]

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love,

In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:

For, such as I am, all true lovers are;

Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,

Save, in the constant image of the creature

That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat

Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;

Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, if faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,

So sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as roses, whose fair flower,

Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so;

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain: [night—

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love,

Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[Musick.]

¹ That is, affected.

² i. e. amazon.

³ alluding to a cut or curtail dog.

See note ¹, p. 62.

⁴ i. e. studied.

⁵ i. e. some beauty, or complexion.

⁶ i. e. worn out.

⁷ Meaning perhaps,

vacant, or easy in mind.

⁸ i. e. it is plain, simple truth.

⁹ The old age implies the ages past, the times of simplicity.

S O N G.

*Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;*

*My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true love never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where!; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. *[Exit.]*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—*[Excunt.]*

Once more Cesario,

Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?—

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much: they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much: make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,

And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe: in faith, they are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter lov'd a man, As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love, But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought; And, with a green and yellow melancholy, She sat like Patience on a monument, Smiling at Grief. Was not this love, indeed? We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed, Our shows are more than will; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house, And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:— Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,

My love can give no place, bide no deny.³

[Excunt.]

S C E N E V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be bil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get you all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there; for here comes the t out that must be caught with tickling.

[They hide themselves. Maria throws down a letter, and exit.]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

¹ A precious stone of almost all colours. ² i. e. no where, as it hath no one more particular place in view than another. ³ Denay is denial. ⁴ Mr. Steevens observes, that the old copy reads — "mettle of India;" meaning, my girl of gold, my precious girl; and this is probably the true meaning,

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets' under his advocate's plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy¹ married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him!

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow², to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch³, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars⁴, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech;"—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must mend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;"

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One sir Andrew;"—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax!—Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. "Jove knows I love:

"But who?

"Lips do not move,

"No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows? the numbers alter'd!—"No man must know:"—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. "I may command, where I adore:

"But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

"With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

"M. O. A. I. doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M. O. A. I. doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl⁵ checks⁶ at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal⁷ capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end;—

What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,

—Softly;—M. O. A. I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter⁸ will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in

¹ To jet is to strut. ² Mr. Steevens proposes to read, we think happily, *starchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *starching*. ³ i. e. puffs him up.

⁴ i. e. a cross bow, a bow which shoots stones. ⁵ Watches at that time were very uncommon.

⁶ i. e. carts. ⁷ Meaning, what's to do here? ⁸ i. e. badger. He calls Malvolio one, because he is likely to be hunted like that animal. To *badger a man*, is a phrase now in use for making a fool of him.

⁹ The *stannyl* is the common stone-hawk, in the north called *stanchil*. ¹⁰ i. e. flies at it.

¹¹ i. e. any one in his senses. ¹² Probably means here the name of a bound. A *sowter*, however, was a cobbler.

the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope!

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—“If this fall” into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee, The fortunate unhappy.” Day-light and champagne discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Tohy, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be *point-de-vice*, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stock-

ings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars, be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. “Thou canst not chuse but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry thee.”—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola and Clown.

Viola. SAVE thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clow. No, sir, I live by the church.

Viola. Art thou a churchman?

Clow. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Viola. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church

¹ Meaning, probably, that it shall end in sighing or disappointment. ² Yellow stockings were, in our author's time, much worn. ³ The puritans of those times affected this fashion, and in a former scene Malvolio is said to have been an affecter of puritanism.

⁴ i. e. broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer. ⁵ i. e. with the utmost possible exactness. ⁶ Mr. Steevens supposes *tray-trip* to have been the name of some game at tables, draughts, or cards; while Sir John Hawkins says it was a game (much in vogue in our author's days, and still retained among the lower class of young people in the west of England) the same as now goes under the name of *Scotch-hop*, which was play'd either upon level ground marked out with chalk in the form of squares or diamonds, or upon a chequered pavement. ⁷ i. e. strong waters.

stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove¹ to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir. I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee: Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mode on whom he jests, The quality of the persons, and the time; And, like the baggard², check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a wise man's art: For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit: But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit³.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir To. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.—Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list⁴ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odours! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant⁵ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.* Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was called compliment:

You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours. Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that,

I than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send, After the last enchantment, (you did hear)

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

¹ That is, a glove made of kid leather; from *chevreau*.

² The haggard is the wild hawk.

³ i. e. "But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion."

⁴ i. e. the bound, the limit of my voyage.

⁵ i. e. ready.

Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving!

Enough is shewn; a cyprus¹, not a bosom, Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice²; for 'tis a vulgar proof, That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again: O world, how apt the poor are to be proud! If one should be a prey, how much the better 'To fall before the lion than the wolf?

[Clock strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.— Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you: And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, Your wife is like to reap a proper man: There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe: Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship! You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay: I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am, I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shews not itself more soon Than love that would seem hid: love's night is Cesario, by the roses of the spring, [noon.]

By maidenhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore. [move]

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.

Sir And. No, 'faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy; tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. 'Tis was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awaken your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. 'Tis was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double-gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist³, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand⁴; be curst⁵ and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call at the Cubiculo: Go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong⁶ or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and

¹ i. e. to one of your ready apprehension. ² A cyprus is a transparent stuff: ³ i. e. a step. ⁴ The Brownists were so named from Mr. Robert Brown, a famous separatist in queen Elizabeth's reign. ⁵ i. e. a hasty, careless, hand. ⁶ i. e. be pert or petulant.

wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look; where the youngest wren of nine comes!

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school! the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skill-less in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but thanks, And thanks, and ever: Oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurent pay: But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the duke his galleys, I did some service; of such note indeed, That were it a'enhere, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,

Might well have given us bloody argument.

It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffick's

Most of our city did: only myself stood out: [sake, For which, if I be lapsed in this place,

I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open. [purse:

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,

Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,

Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge, [me.

With viewing of the town; there shall you have *Seb.* Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Olivia's House.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says he'll come; How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?

For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or I speak too loud.— [borrow'd

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;— Where is Malvolio? [manner.

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange He is, sure, possest, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam. [best He does nothing but smile: your ladyship were

To have some guard about you, if he come, For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he, Enter Malvolio.

If sad and merry madness equal be.— How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [Smiles fantastically.

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. *Mal.* Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does

make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is;

Please one, and please all. *Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to hands, and commands

shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Warburton comments on this passage thus: "The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies." The wren lays generally nine or ten eggs, the last laid of which produces the least bird.

Oli.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-garter'd."

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. *[Exit.]*

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman,—surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;"—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her: but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* Fellow! Not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of

my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?

If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess him, yet I will speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ah! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers: good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius has taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that

¹ Alluding to a received opinion, that extreme heat frequently affects the brain or senses. ² i. e. entangl'd her. ³ Fellow here means companion. ⁴ Mr. Steevens says, that *cherry-pit* means pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. ⁵ This is used as a term of reproach; the Devil, in our author's time, being vulgarly called *collier* from his blackness.

he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompts us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen: But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning!

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*

"Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. "I will way-lay thee going homie: when if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to'thelf. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will

deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too uncharry out:

15 There's something in me that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is,

That it but mocks reproof. [*bears,*

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion Goes on my master's grief. [*ture;*

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture: Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;

That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

25 *Vio.* Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him Which I have given to you? [*that*

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman. God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him,

I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despair, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare¹ in thy preparation, for thy assault is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to

any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration²; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre; hobnob³, is his word: give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and de-

¹ Alluding to the interludes of the comic kind, performed on that morning. ² i. e. hasty. ³ That is, he is not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but on carpet consideration, on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling on a carpet. ⁴ A corruption from *hap n: hap*; as *would ne would, will ne will*, that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies, at random, at the mercy of chance.

sire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; be-like, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't! I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that he is inevitable; and on the answer he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; Stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have

persuaded him, the youth's a devil. [*To Fabian.*]

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he has better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello^a avoid it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't. [*They draw.*]

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more than you have heard him brag to he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker^b, I am for you. [*Draws.*]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up if you please.

[*To Sir Andrew.*]

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word:—He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, I though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—

Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. [*You;*]

What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse; It grieves me

Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,

^a A corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. ^b i. e. by the laws of duelling. ^c Meaning, one who promises to accomplish any thing for another. Mr. Tyrwhitt imagines it had a political meaning, and that it alludes to a general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time (1614) by certain persons who had undertaken, through their influence in the house of commons, to carry things according to his majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was so unpopular, that the king thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly, is another question) that there had been any such *undertaking*.

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion. [away.]

1 Off. What's that to us?—the time goes by;

Ant. But, oh, how vile an idol proves this god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind;

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil'.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.

Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit Antonio with Officers.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,

5 That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither,
Fabian;

10 We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage
saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

In favour was my brother; and he went

15 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: Oh, if it prove,

I tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more
a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religi-
ous in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

30 *Sir To.* I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing
yet,

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Street.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. WILL you make me believe, that I am
not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know
you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to
bid you come speak with her; nor your name is
not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose nei-
ther.—Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pry'thee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of
some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent
my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world
will prove a cockney.—I pry'thee now, ungird thy
strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my
lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pry'thee, foolish Greek, depart from me:

There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
40 I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—
These wise men, that give fools money, get them-
selves a good report after fourteen years purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

45 *Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again?
there's for you. [*Striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:
Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir Andrew.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger
50 o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would
not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding Sebastian.*]

55 *Sir And.* Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way
to work with him; I'll have an action of battery
against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though
I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand,

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come,

¹ It was the custom at that time to ornament the sides and tops of trunks with scroll-work and emblematical devices. ² Warburton says, that Greek was as much as to say, bawd or pandar. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians.

my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well
flesh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'st
thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*]

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold,

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my
Be not offended, dear Cesario:— [sigh!]
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

'This ruffian hath botch'd up,' that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go;

Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'd'st
be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and
this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas
the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the
whilst.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble
myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever
dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough
to become the function well; nor lean enough to
be thought a good student: but to be said, an
honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as
fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great schol-
lar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit
of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily
said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is:*
so I, being master parson, am master parson: 55
For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good
knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit

Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go
to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou
this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd;
good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they
have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fy, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by
the most modest terms; for I am one of those
gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with
courtesy; Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows² transparent as
barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the
south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet
complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you,
20 this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no
darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more
puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance,
25 though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say,
there was never man thus abus'd: I am no more
mad than you are, make the trial of it in any con-
stant³ question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras con-
cerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply
inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way
35 approve of his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in dark-
ness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras,
ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a
woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy
40 grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy
45 beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring
me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were
all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently
deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far
50 in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue
with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come
by and by to my chamber. [*Exit with Maria.*]

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,

Tell me how thy lady does. [Singing.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well
at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink,

¹ That is, made up. ² i. e. bow-windows, or perhaps the windows were darkened with a thick cloth
called bayes. ³ i. e. a regular question.

and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'w' you, good Sir

Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent¹ for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir.

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to th' old vice³,

Your need to sustain;

[Singing.]

*Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:*

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, Goodman Devil.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see't:

And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?

I could not find him at the Elephant:

Yet there he was; and there I found this credit⁴,

That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service:

For though my soul disputes well with my sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance⁵, all discourse,

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,

And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me

To any other trust⁶, but that I am mad,

Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so, [lowers,

She could not sway her house, command her fol-

Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,

As, I perceive, she does; there's something in't

That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean

Now go with me, and with this holy man, [well,

Into the chantry by: there, before him,

And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith:

That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

May live at peace: He shall conceal it,

Whiles⁷ you are willing it shall come to note;

What time we will our celebration keep

According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn⁸ truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And

Heavens so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine: [Exit.]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

¹ That is, your five senses. ² To shend is to treat roughly. ³ Vice was the fool of the old moralities, and was always acted in a mask. ⁴ Credit for account, information. ⁵ Instance, for example; discourse for reason. ⁶ i. e. belief. ⁷ i. e. until. ⁸ i. e. fidelity.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no: though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; a triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.]

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:

A bawbling vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizeable;

With which such scathful grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

That very envy, and the tongue of loss, [matter?

Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the

Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, [Candy;

That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from

And this is he, that did the Tyger board,

When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:

Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;

[But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, [me;

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you gave

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,

Though I confess, on base and ground enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,

From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:

His life I gave him, and did thereto add

My love, without retention, or restraint,

All his in dedication: for his sake,

Did I expose myself, pure for his love,

Into the danger of this adverse town;

Drew to defend him, when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And grew a twenty-years removed thing, [purse,

While one would wink; deny'd me mine own

Which I had recommended to his use

Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town? [before,

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy)

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven

walks on earth. [ness;

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are mad:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;

But more of that anon.—Take him aside. [have,

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia, [lord,—

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*?—Good my

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,

As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithfulst offerings hath breath'd out,

That e'er devotion tender'd; What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall

become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

'Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,

Kill what I love: a savage jealousy,

That sometimes savours nobly? But hear me this:

Since

* i. e. mischievous, destructive. * i. e. dull. * This Egyptian thief was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress,

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, [mischief:
To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do teign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away. [To *Vio.*
Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Enter Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joindure of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchange of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
I have travell'd but two hours. [grave
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

5 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

10 *Oli.* O, do not swear; [fear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much

Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! and
send one presently to Sir Toby.

15 *Oli.* What's the matter?

Sir And. H's broke my head across, and given
Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of
God, your help: I had rather than forty pound,
I were at home.

20 *Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:
we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil
incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

25 *Sir And.* Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke
my head for nothing: and that that I did, I was
set on to do't by Sir Toby. [you;

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;

30 But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you
have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody
coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby, drunk, led by the Clown.

35 Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink, he would
have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

40 *Sir To.* That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's
an end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour ago;
his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure
pavin': I hate a drunken rogue.

45 *Oli.* Away with him: who hath made this ha-
vock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll
be drest together.

that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, *when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear*, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast.

¹ Case here means *skin*. ² i. e. retain some faith. ³ Sir John Hawkins says, the *pavan* was a grave and majestick dance performed by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards. Of the *passamezzo* little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Q. Elizabeth. *Passymeasure* is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from *passamezzo*. From these explanations, Mr. Tyrwhitt proposes to read the passage thus: "*Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure or a pavin', I hate a drunken rogue.*" i. e. next to a passy-measure or a pavin', &c. It is in character, that sir Toby should express a strong dislike of serious dances, such as the *passamezzo* and the *pavin* are described to be.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a cox-comb, and a knave; a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kins-
But, had it been the brother of my blood, [man;
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A natural perspective¹, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:

Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*]

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Viola. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb:

If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad,

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Viola. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Viola. And dy'd that day when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!

He finished, indeed, his mortal act,

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Viola. If nothing lets to make us happy both,

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,

That I am Viola: which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town

Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help

I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[*To Olivia.*]

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—

[If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

5 I shall have share in this most happy wreck:

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To Viola.*]

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul,

10 As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,

15 Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither.

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

20 They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting² frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—

How does he, sirrah?

25 *Clown.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the

stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do:

h' as here written a letter to you, I should have

given't to you to-day morning; but as a madman's

epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when

30 they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool

delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,—*

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

35 *Clown.* No, madam, I do but read madness: an

your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you

must allow *vox*³.

Oli. Prythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right

40 wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my

princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*]

Fab. [*reads*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong

"me, and the world shall know it: though you

45 "have put me into darkness, and given your

"drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the be-

"nefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I

"have your own letter that induced me to the sem-

"blance I put on; with the which I doubt not

50 "but to do myself much right, or you much shame.

"Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a

"little unthought of, and speak out of my injury,

"The madly-us'd MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought

To think me as well a sister as a wife, [on,

60 One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost. [offer.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your

¹ A perspective seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a glass with such sights as make the pictures appear really protuberant, ² Perhaps we should read *distracting*. ³ *Vox* is the Latin word for voice.

Your master quits you: and, for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex, [To Viola.
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, and Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman? [volio:]

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same: How now, Mal

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, no-
torious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no. [letter:]

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase:
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck¹, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she [ing,
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smil-
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope I shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance²;

In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled
thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some atchieve
"greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
"them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one
Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—"By the
"Lord, fool, I am not mad!"—But do you re-
member, madam,—"Why laugh you at such a bar-
"ren rascal? an you smile not, he's gag'd." And
thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:—

He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents³,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls:—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exeunt.]

Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
Gainst knaves and thieves, men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.]

¹ Meaning, people of less dignity or importance.

² Baffled in this place means, treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable.

³ i. e. fool. ³ Importance is importunement.

³ i. e. calls us toge-

WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
 POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*
 MAMILLIUS, *young Prince of Sicilia.*
 FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
 CAMILLO, }
 ANTIGONUS, } *Sicilian Lords.*
 CLEOMENES, }
 DION, }
 Another *Sicilian Lord.*
 ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
 ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, *his Son.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
 AUTOLICUS, *a Rogue.*
 TIME, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
 PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
 PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*
 EMILIA, *a Lady.*
 Two other *Ladies.*
 MORSA, }
 DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Satyrs for a dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Antichamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion, whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over kind to

Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast¹; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed; physicks the subject², makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Fastum* is the ancient term for waste uncultivated land; *over a vast*, therefore, means at a great and vacant distance. ² Meaning, affords a cordial or comfort to the state.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*A Room of State.**Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we thank you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.
Leo. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow. [in that
Leo. We'll part the time between's then; and
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Pre-s me not, 'beseech you so, [world,
There is no tongue that moves; none, none, i' the
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you, a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from the best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To Polixenes.
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest'
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed', Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind

What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily,

You put me off with limber vows: But I, [oaths,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees, [you?
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending:
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings* then.

Pol. We were, fair queen.

Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since been born to us: for
In those unflieg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request, he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

* That is here put for *Oh!* The meaning is, "Oh, that no sneaping (or checking) winds at home may blow." i. e. hinder or detain. * *Gest* signifies a stage or journey. In the time of royal progresses the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the Herald's Office, were called his *gests*; from the old French word *giste, diversorium*. i. e. in deed, or in very deed. i. e. a single vibration, or *ticking*, made by the pendulum of a clock. * A diminutive of *lord*. * Setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven.

Her.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before? [us]

I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we beat an acre. But to the goal!—
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you; O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when [death,
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap¹ thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace, indeed.— [twice:
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes.
Leo. Too hot, too hot: [Aside.

To mingle friendship ¹ is, mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on: derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are: and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort² of the deer³; oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks? [thy nose?
Why, that's my bawcock⁴. What, hast smutch'd
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling⁵

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash⁶, and the shoots⁷
that I have,

To be full like me:—yet they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,

That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks⁸, as winds, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn⁹ 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye¹⁰; Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop¹¹!—Can thy dam? may't
Affection¹²! thy intention stabs the center. [be?
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams,—How can this be?—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent¹³,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission; and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought, I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself embreeched,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornament oft does, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman! Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money¹⁴?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will? why, happy man be his dole¹⁵!—
My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
How my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all:

He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire

Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent¹⁶ to my heart.

¹ Meaning, to come to the point, or purpose. ² Alluding to the custom of people clapping the palms of their hands together when they conclude or make a bargain. Hence the phrase—to clap up a bargain.

³ A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. ⁴ Perhaps derived from *beau* and *cog*. We still say that such a one is a jolly cock, a cock of the game. ⁵ A virginal is a very small kind of spinnet.

⁶ Pash is kiss, from *paz* Spanish, i. e. thou want'st a mouth made rough by a hard to kiss with. ⁷ Shoots are branches, i. e. horns. Leontes is alluding to the ensigns of cuckoldom. ⁸ Blacks was the common term for mourning. ⁹ Bourn is boundary. ¹⁰ i. e. blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the welkin, or sky. ¹¹ i. e. a piece or slice of myself. ¹² Affection here means imagination. ¹³ i. e. credible.

¹⁴ This line would seem to belong to the preceding speaker. ¹⁵ A proverbial saying, borrowed from the French, and implying, Will you put up with affronts? ¹⁶ Another proverbial expression meaning, May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man. ¹⁷ Meaning next to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us, [there?]
We are yours? the garden: Shall's attend you
Leo. To your own bent's dispose you: you'll
be found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line;

[*Aside, observing Hermione.*]

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and attendants.*]

To her allowing husband! Gone already; [one.—

Inch-thick, knee-deep! o'er head and ears a fork'd!

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, as issue

Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks she hath been sluic'd in his absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates; and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike [none;

Where'tis predominant; and'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: make a thousand of us

Have the disease and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.—

What? Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go, play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest
man.— [Exit Mamillius.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;

When you cast out, it still came home¹.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material².

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whispering, round—
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust³ it last.—How came't, Camillo,

That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty. [tinent;

Leo. At the queen's, be't: good should be per-
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks: Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes⁴,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most under-
Bohemia stays here longer. [stand

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

15 With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-council: wherein, priest-like, thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed

Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been

Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd

20 In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;

Which boxes⁵ honesty behind, restraining [counted

25 From course requir'd: or else thou must be

A servant, grafted in my serious trust,

And therein negligent; or else a fool; [drawn,

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake

And tak'st it all for jest.

30 *Cam.* My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;

In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,

Amongst the infinite doings of the world,

35 Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,

It was my folly; if industriously

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,

Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful

40 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,

Whereof the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,

Are such allowed infirmities, that honesty

45 Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,

Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass

By its own visage: If then I deny it,

'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen, Camillo,

50 But that's past doubt: you have: or your eye-glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,

(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour

Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation

Resides not in that man, that does not think it)

55 My wife is slippery? If thou wilt, confess;

Or else be impudently negative,

To have no eyes, nor ears, nor thought: Then say,

My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name

¹ This is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold*. ² Meaning, the anchor would not take hold. ³ More urgent and important. ⁴ i. e. *rounding in the ear*, (*whispering*, or *telling secretly*) a phrase in use at that time. ⁵ i. e. *taste* it. ⁶ *Mess* is a contraction of *master*, an appellation used by the Scots. *Lower messes*, therefore, are graduates of a lower form. ⁷ The speaker is now mentioning gradations of understanding, and not of rank. ⁸ To *hox* is to ham-string. ⁹ Meaning, that the act was not necessary to be done.

As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken ; 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true !

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with the inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ;
Hours, minutes ; the noon, midnight : and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web⁴, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these no-
If this be nothing. [things,

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say, it be ; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is : you lie, you lie :

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave ;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like her medal,
About his neck, Bohemia :—Who,—if I
Had servants true about me ; that bare eyes
To seek alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing : Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form [see
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship ; who may'st
Plainly, as heavensees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting⁵ wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this ; and that with no rash⁶ potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously⁷, like poison : But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee—

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot !
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsifted,
To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,

Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't ? Would I do this ?
Could man so blench⁸ ?

Cam. I must believe you, sir ;
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for't :
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first ;
Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen : I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all :
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
me. [Exit.

Cam. O miserable lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes : and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master : one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows : If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourished after, I'd not do't : but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now ;
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself : even now I met him
With customary compliments ; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me ; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! dare not ? do not ? do you know,
and dare not
Be intelligent to me ? 'Tis thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must ;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,

¹ i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her.
² Disorders in the eye. ³ i. e. to poison him. ⁴ i. e. hasty. ⁵ i. e. malignantly. ⁶ To
blench is to start off, to shrink.

Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease: and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk: [better
I have looked on thousands, who have sped the
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienced; which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle!—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
Thereof to be inform'd; imprison it not [ledge
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man, [least
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my
counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what? [swears

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
As he had seen't, or been an instrument [queen
To vice you to't,—that you have touch'd his
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
'Turn then my freshest reputation to

A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;

And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I

Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer [thereon,
Than one condemn'd; by the king's own mouth
Is execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hasty departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy

Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonoured by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if

Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [Exe.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. TAKE the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,

55 Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord? [as if

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me
I were a baby still.—I love, you better.

60 2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

1 *Gentle* is evidently opposed to *simple*; alluding to a distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. 2 i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice* in the old plays, was the tempter to evil.

Mam.

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this? [now,

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray
What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord. [nose

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs among you? Come
sir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights; you're powerful

Mam. There was a man—— [at it,

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on. [softly;

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it
You crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just censure? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present

The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:—I have drunk, and seen
the spider.—

Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.—

Give me the boy; [*To Hermione.*] I am glad, you
did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport? [about her;

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You my lords,

Look on her, mark her well; be but about

To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable:

Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—Oh, I am out,

That mercy does; for calumny will sear

Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,

When you have said, she's goodly, come between;

Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,

The most replenish'd villain in the world,

He were a much more villain: you, my lord,

Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,

Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,

Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees,

And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Between the prince and beggar!—I have said,

She's an adulteress: I have said, with whom:

More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is

A federy with her; and one that knows

What she should shame to know herself,

But with her most vile principal, that she's

A bed-swarver, even as bad as those

That vulgar give bold'st titles; ay, and privy

To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,

Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say

You did mistake.

Leo. No: if I mistake

In those foundations which I build upon,

The center is not big enough to bear

A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:

He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,

But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:

I must be patient, till the heavens look

With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,

¹ *Hefts* are what is heaved up. ² i. e. I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of
clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. ³ i. e. a confederate. ⁴ *But* is here
used for *except*. Z 2 I am

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears down: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!—

Leo. Shall I be heard? *[To the Guards.]*

Htr. Who is't that goes with me?—'beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;

[To her ladies.]

There is no cause: when you shall know, your
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears, *[mistress]*
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,

I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen
again.

Ant. Be certain, what you do, sir; lest your
justice

Prove injustice; in the which three great onessuffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
P' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world.
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peace.

Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't: 'would I knew the villain!
I would land-damn' him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib' myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't, and feel't;
As you feel doing this, and see withal
The instruments that feel. *[Striking his brows.]*

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;

There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be bland' for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you, (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overtur.

Leo. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation'),
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) do push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,

(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Diona, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. *[Aside.]* To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter Paulina, and Gentlemen.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;

[Exit Gentleman.]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,
Re-enter Gentleman, with the Keeper.

60 You know me, do you not?

¹ Action is here applied in the legal sense, for charge or accusation. ² Meaning, perhaps, I would rid the country of him; condemn him to quit the land. ³ The second folio reads sonnes five. ⁴ To glib, or to lib, means the same as to geld. ⁵ Approbation here means proof. ⁶ Meaning, of abilities more than enough.

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now,
Call her: Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Gent.*]

Keep. And, madam, I must
Be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado,
[*Exit Keep.*]

To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together; On her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn!—
These dangerous unsafe lunes¹ o' the king; be-
shrew them!

He must be told out, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best: I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there's no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
I know not what I shall incur to pass it, [*babe,*
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace.

*Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other
Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but
weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level² of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord?

Leo. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself:
Threw off his spift, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely; go,
[*Exit Attendant.*]

See how he fares.—Fye, fye! no thought of him;—
The very thoughts of my revenge that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

Lord. You must not enter. [*to me;*
Paul. Nay rather, good my lords, be second
Fear you his tyrannous passion, more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough. [*manded*
Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir.
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;

¹ i. e. frenzy, lunacy.

² Blank and level are terms of archery.

Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about
I knew she would. [me!]

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen! [good queen;

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I say,
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst¹ about you.

Leo. Force her hence. [eyes,

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commands it to your blessing.
[Laying down the child.]

Leo. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:—
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so intitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard:—

[To Antigonus.
Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd², unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy³ crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced⁴ baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife. [all doubt,

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past

You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

5 But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse

10 He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was found.

Leo. A callat,

[band,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her hus-

15 And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

20 And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,

25 The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—

And, thou, good goddess, nature, which hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

30 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

No yellow⁴ in't; lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband's!

Leo. A gross hag!—

And, lozel⁵, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

35 That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

40 *Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,

Not he, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen

(Not able to produce more accusation [your

Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) som thing so

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,

50 Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,

If she did know me one. Away with her.

55 *Paul.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove
send her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—

¹ Worst here implies lowest. ² The phrase of mankind-woman is still in use in some counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous; which is its meaning in this passage. ³ Woman-tyr'd is synonymous with the modern hen-pecked. ⁴ A crown means an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. ⁵ i. e. false baseness. ⁶ Yellow is the colour of jealousy. ⁷ Lozel is an ancient

term of contempt, meaning a worthless fellow.

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [Exit.]

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can; my royal liege.
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all. [credit:]
Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither:

[To Antigonus.]
You that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you ad-
To save this brat's life? [venture]

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord. [the fail]

Leo. Mark, and perform it! (seest thou?) for
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[Exit, with the child.]
Leo. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days [te's,]
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; fore-
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding.

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Part of Sicily, near the Sea-side.

Enter Cleomenes, and Dion.

Cleo. THE climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much sur-
The common praise it bears. [passing]

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,

(Methinks, I so should term them) and the
reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey

! That is, commit it to some place as a stranger.

Prove

Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Clev. Great Apollo

Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
horses;

And gracious be the issue!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Court of Justice.

Leontes, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated

Leo. This session (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes against our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

*Hermione is brought in, guarded: Paulina and
Ladies attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Off. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
"king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and ar-
"raigned of high treason, in committing adultery
"with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspi-
"ring with Camillo to take away the life of our
"sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband:
"the pretence whereof being by circumstances
"partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to
"the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst
"counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to
"fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other. [me] 45
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—if powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk of life, and honour, 'fore

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare¹: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal

5 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
Now merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond
10 The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; hard'ned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,

15 That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;

Though 'tis a saying, sir not due to me.

20 *Leo.* You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,

25 I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;

With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:

30 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude, [spoke,

To you, and towards your friend; whose love had
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,

35 I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;

And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

40 *Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level⁴ of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

45 *Leo.* Your actions are my dreams;

You had a bastard by Polixenes, [shame,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all
(Those of your fact⁵ are so) so past all truth:

50 Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

55 *Her.* Sir, spare your threats;

The bug, which you will fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,

60 But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,

¹ i. e. equal. ² i. e. the design. ³ To spare means here, to let it go, to quit the possession of it.

⁴ To be in the level means to be within the reach.

⁵ i. e. those who have done as you are supposed to have done.

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder; Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, 't' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit¹. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not!—No! life,
I prize it not a straw—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I should be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion and Cleomenes.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness² of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge! [Justice,

Off. You here shall swear upon the sword of
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have [brought
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
"Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant,
"his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king
"shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost,
"be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all 't' the oracle:
The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!—

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed³, is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now there?

[*Hermione faints.*

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look
And see what death is doing. [down,

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

5 Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

10 For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd

15 My swift command; though I with death, and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclass'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,

20 Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour:—How he glisters

Through my dark rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

Lord. What fit is this, good lady? [me?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for

What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boil-

In leads, or oils? what old, or new torture [ing?

Must I receive; whose every word deserves

To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny

35 Together working with thy jealousies,—

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle

For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,

And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all

Thy by-gone fooleries, were but spices of it.

40 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;

That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,

And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,

Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasser,

45 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon

The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,

To be or none, or little; though a devil

Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't:

Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death

50 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts

(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,

That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire

Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,

Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,

55 When I have said, cry woe!—the queen, the queen,

The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and venge-

Not dropp'd down yet. [ance for't

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear it: if word, nor

60 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring

Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye;

¹ Limit is here put for limb.
the queen's trial.

² i. e. the lowness of my misery.

³ Meaning, of the event of

Heat outwardly, or breath, within I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd [help,
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that I have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your own patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day, I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there,
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus with the Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect¹ then, our ship hath
The deserts of Bohemia? [touch'd upon

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear

We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us. [aboard;

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:

I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe:— [dead
I have heard, (but not believ'd) the spirits of the
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,—
" Since fate, against thy better disposition,
" Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
" Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
" Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
" There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
" Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
" I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
" Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
" Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the child.

There lie: and there thy character²: there these;

[Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee pretty,

And still rest true.—The storm begins:—Poor
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,

To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewel! [have

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to
A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim by day.—A savage clamour!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;

I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten
and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep
out the rest: for there is nothing in the between
but getting wenches with child, wronging the an-
cientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!

Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and
two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have
scar'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear,
the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any
where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brauzing

¹ Perfect here means *certain*, or *well assured*, as in many other passages of our Author's Plays.
² Meaning, the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship;—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it: but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half-din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth¹ for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see;—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling²:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I THAT please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,

45 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
50 In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
55 I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument³ of Time: Of this allow,
60 If you have ever spent time worse ere now;
If ever yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [*Exit.*

¹ i. e. child. ² The mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when carried to church to be baptized. ³ Meaning, some child left behind by the fairies, in place of one which they had stolen. ⁴ i. e. subject.

S C E N E I.

*The Court of Bohemia.**Enter Polixenes and Camillo.*

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious; than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly¹, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle² that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I

think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*The Country.**Enter Autolycus singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the daisy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in' the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,—

With, hey! the thrush and the jay:—

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,⁴

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and in my time, wore three-pile⁵; but now am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks atouch it.

My traffick is sheets⁶; when the kite builds look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: With die, and drab, I purchas'd this caparison⁷; and my revenue is the silly cheat's: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether-tods⁸; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the spring hold, the cock's mine. [Aside.]

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice.—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man⁹ song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means¹⁰, and bases: but one puritan among them, and be

¹ i. e. occasionally. ² Meaning, the fishing-rod. ³ The meaning is, the spring, or red blood, reigns over the winter's pale blood. ⁴ A cant word for a bawd. ⁵ i. e. rich velvet. ⁶ Meaning, that he was a hawker or vender of sheet ballads, and other publications. ⁷ Meaning, with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this reduced dress. ⁸ The cant term for picking pockets. ⁹ A tod is twenty-eight pounds of wool. ¹⁰ i. e. singers or catches in three parts. ¹¹ Means are trebles.

sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies¹: *mace*—*dates*—*noye*; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, *seven*: a *race* or *two* of *ginger*;—but that I may beg:—*four pound* of *prunes*, and as many *raisins* o' the sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. P'the name of me,—

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand; I'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good sir: tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir, no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you: that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames²: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there: and yet it will no more but abide³.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion⁴ of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies;

and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false at heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir: no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*]

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtues⁵!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent⁶ the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

*Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*]*

SCENE III.

A Shepherd's Cot.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of Do give a life; no shepherdess; but Flora, [you Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Is a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me; Oh, pardon, that I name them: your high self, The gracious mark o' the land⁷, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up⁸: But that our feasts In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired; sworn, I think, To shew myself a glass⁹.

Flo. I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause! To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble

¹ That is, pies made of *wardens*, a species of large pears. ² *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. ³ That is, reside but for a time. ⁴ That is, the *puppet-show*, then called *motions*. This term frequently occurs in our author. ⁵ *Begging gypsies*, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled if he does not so and so. ⁶ That is, take hold of it. ⁷ The object of all men's notice and expectation. ⁸ To *prank* is to dress with ostentation. ⁹ i. e. One would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass, you shew how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me.

To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: Oh, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these, my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities, [purpose,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
Or I my life. [purpose,

Flo. My dearest Perdita, [not
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine; to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are com-
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day [ing;
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand thou auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Ser-
vants; with Polixenes, and Camillo, disguis'd.*

Clo. See your guests approach:

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth. [upon

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end of the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself.
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come.
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing. [on,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome! [To Pol. and Cam.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—You're welcome, sir!
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance¹, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

5 *Pol.* Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
10 Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

15 *Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their pinedness, shares
With great creating nature.

20 *Pol.* Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we mar-
25 A gentler cyon to the wildest stock; [ry
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature: change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

30 *Per.* So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
And do not call them bastards. [flowers,

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
35 No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram:

40 The marygold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should have grazing, were I of your flock,
45 And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Wou'd blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend, [might

50 I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
55 From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
60 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold ox-lips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,

¹ *Rue*, was called *herb of grace*. *Rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physic.

The flour-de-lis being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers;

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so: and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O, Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill¹ to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems,
But snacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up,

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,
To mend her kissing with.— [garlick, 45]

Mop. Now, in good time! [manners.—

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
Come, strike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what [ter: 50]

Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter
Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts
To have a worthy feeding²; but I have it [himself

Upon his own report, and I believe it; [ter;

He looks like sooth³. He says he loves my daughter 55

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon

Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,

As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,

I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse,

Who loves another best. 60

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar
at the door, you would never dance again after a
tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move
you; he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell
money: he utters them as he had eaten ballads,
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come
on: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be
doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;
so without bawdry, which is strange: with such
delicate burdens of *dil-do's* and *fadings*; *jump*
her and thump her; and where some stretch-
mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief,
and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes
the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good*
man; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do*
me no harm, good man.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided 'wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours; the rain-
bow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohe-
mia can learnedly handle, though they come to
him by the gross; incles, caddisses⁴, cambricks,
lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods
or goddesses: you would think, a smock were a
she-angel; he so chaunts to the sleeve-hand, and
the work about the square on't⁵.

Clo. Pry'thee, bring him in; and let him ap-
proach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous
words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more
in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;

Cyprus, black as 'er was crow;

Gloves as sweet as damask roses;

Masks for faces and for noses;

Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber;

Perfume for a lady's chamber;

Golden quoifs, and stomachers,

For my lads to give their dears;

Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,

What maids lack from head to heel:

Come, buy of me, come: come buy, come buy;

Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:

Come buy, &c.

¹ That is, reason. ² i. e. a considerable tract of pasturage. ³ i. e. truth. ⁴ i. e. undamaged.
⁵ Mr. Steevens conjectures *caddis* to mean *ferret*. 'The work about the square on't' probably signifies
the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square form,
or might have a square tucker. These poking sticks were heated in the fire, and made use of
to adjust the plaits of ruffs.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no money of me: but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be jians.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets: but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves¹.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a-life²; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How an usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads: we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad; Of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange³ flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? M. O. Whither? Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. I to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;

Money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[Exe. Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair⁴: they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenchessay is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us; pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square.

¹ When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. ² Sweet or perfumed gloves, were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. *Tawdry laces* were worn about the ladies' heads, necks, and waists. ³ i. e. at life. ⁴ i. e. serious. ⁵ i. e. bring out, or produce. ⁶ *Men of hair*, are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in those times.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [*Aside*] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that doth take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont [sack'd To load my she with knacks: I would have ran- The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him: If your lass Interpretation should abuse; and call this, Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know, She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd, and look'd, Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand, As soft as dove's down, and as white as it; Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?— How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand, 'twas fair before!—I have put you out:— But to your protestation; let me hear What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens and all: That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve; had force and know- ledge, [them,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize Without her love: for her, employ them all; Commend them, and condemn them, to her ser- vice, Or to their own perdition. [vice,

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better: By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain:—

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't: I give my daughter to him, and will make Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

I the virtue of your daughter: one being dead, I shall have more than you can dream of yet; Enough then for your wonder: but, come on, Contract us fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, beseech you;

Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid [hear?

With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and gain does nothing,

But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed, Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

something unilial: Reason, my son

should chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,

The father (all whose joy is nothing else

but fair posterity) should hold some counsel

In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old tray-

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but [tor,

Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know

The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart! [made

Pol. I'll havethy beauty scratch'd with briars and

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—

50 If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh, [never

That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as

I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,

Far than Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;

55 Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-

ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,

60 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,

Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,

65 As thou art tender to it. [Exit.

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Slides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?

[*To Florisel.*]

I told you, what would come of this: Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?

Speak, ere thou diest.

Sh. p. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[*To Florisel.*]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust!—O cursed wretch!

[*To Perdita.*]

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st
adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[*Erit.*]

Flo. Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:

More straining on, for plucking back; not follow-
My leash unwillingly.

[*ing*]

Cam. Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,

You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?

How often said my dignity would last

But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith; and then

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—

From my succession wipe me, father! I

Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy¹: if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may,

Be therat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or

The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath

To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as in faith I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,

Tug for the time to come. This you may know,

And so deliver,—I am put to sea

With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And, most opportune to our need, I have

10 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd

For this design. What course I mean to hold,

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,

15 I would your spirit were easier for advice,

Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita:—

I'll hear you by and by. [*To Camillo.*]

Cam. [*Aside.*] He's irremovable,

20 Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if

[His going I could frame to serve my turn;

Save him from danger, do him love and honour;

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,

And that unhappy king my master, whom

25 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,

I am so fraught with curious business, that

I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,

30 You have heard of my poor services, if the love

That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly

Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,

To speak your deeds; no little of his care

35 To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king;

And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is

Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,

40 (If your more ponderous and settled project

May suffer alteration) on mine honour,

I'll point you where you shall have such re-

ceiving

As shall become your highness; where you may

45 Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,

There's no disjunction to be made but by

(As heavens forfend!) your ruin: Marry her;

And (with my best endeavours in your absence)

Your discontenting father I'll strive to qualify,

50 And bring him up to liking.

Flo. Now, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That I may call thee something more than man,

And, after that, trust to thee.

55 *Cam.* Have you thought on

A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

To what we wildly do; so we profess

60 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies

Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:

This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,

But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;

¹ This part of the priest's office was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. ² i. e. love. And

And there present yourself, and your fair princess
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his tree arms, and weeping
His welcome forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness
As 'twere i' the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,¹
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves [certain,
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most
To misery enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing² so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart toge-
Affliction alters. [then

Per. One of these is true:

I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in³ the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so? [years,
There shall not at your father's house, these seven
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my for-
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care [tunes
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, sir,

[That you may know you shall not want,—one
word. [They talk aside.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have
sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone,
not a ribbon, glass, pomander⁴, brooch, table-
book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet,
horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they
throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had
been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the
buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was
best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use,
I remember'd. My clown (who wants but some-
thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with
the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petti-
toes, 'till he had both tune and words; which so
drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other
senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a
placket⁵, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld
a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off,
that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my
sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that
in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of
their festival purses: and had not the old man come
in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the
king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff,
I had not a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being
so soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt. [there
Flo. And those that you'll procure from king
Cam. Shall satisfy your father. [Leontes,—
Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?—[Seeing Autolycus.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now,—why
hanging. [Aside.

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest
thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended
to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty,
we must make an exchange: therefore, disengage
thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity
in't) and change garments with this gentleman:
Though the penny worth, on his side be the worst,
yet hold thee, there's some 'boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir: I know we well
enough. [Aside.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch, the gentleman is
half dead already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick
of it.— [Aside.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest: but I can-
not with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

¹ The council-days, in our author's time, were called, in common speech, *the sittings*. ² Nothing, i. e. by no means. ³ i. e. subdue or overcome. ⁴ A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. ⁵ *Placket*, is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. ⁶ i. e. some profit, something over and above.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you! you must retire yourself
Into some covert; take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Flo. I see the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king

[*Aside.*]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Flo. Per. and Cam.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,
is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requi-
site also, to smell out work for the other senses.
I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth
thrive. What an exchange had this been, without
boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange?
Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we
may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself
is about a piece of iniquity: stealing away from his
father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it
were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king
withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery
to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my
profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside.—here's more matter for a hot brain:
Every lane's end, every shop, church, session,
hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there
is no other way, but to tell the king she's a
shangeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood,
your flesh and blood has not offended the king;
and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd
by him. Shew those things you found about her;
those secret things, all but what she has with her:
This being done, let the law go whistle, I warrant
you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea,
and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no

honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go
about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off
you could have been to him; and then your
blood had been the dearer by I know how much
an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*]

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in
this farthel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this com-
plaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily, he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so
sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my
pedler's excrement!—How now, rusticks? whi-
ther are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom?
the condition of that farthel, the place of your
dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,
breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known,
discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie: you are rough and hairy: let me
have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen,
and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay
them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel:
therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one,
if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier.
See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfold-
ings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the
court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me?
reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt?
I think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from
thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am
courtier, cap-a-pe, and one that will either push
on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon
I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court word for a pheasant;
say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor
hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them
not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being
fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know,
by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i' the farthel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel,
and box, which none must know but the king;
and which he shall know within this hour, if I
may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

'That is, pedler's beard.
draw out by importunity.

'To *teaze*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. It here implies, to
Shep.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son; who shall be flay'd alive: then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aquavitz, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims¹, he shall be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitor's rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd², I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though Authority be a

stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bid us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clo.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now on a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good, which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dian, Paulina, and Servants.

Cle. SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down more penitence, than done trespass: At the last, Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself: which was so much,

That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord: If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or, from the all that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd, Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd? She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me So sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter. [Now] Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady: You might have spoke a thousand things, that would

¹ That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack. ² The meaning is, "If you will give me a consideration, or bribe, worthy of a gentleman, I'll bring you, &c."

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to it?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[To the king.]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Lett his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife; one worse,
And better udd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vest,
And beg, "Why to me?"—

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.

Leo. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so;
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."

Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd, my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cle. You tempt him over-much,

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront' his eye.

Cle. Good madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
To see her in your arms. [Joy]

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I
think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present time dost boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme: *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equal'd,—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot: (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour's friends,
[Exit Cleomenes.]

Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not a full mouth
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes, and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touched Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but inirmity [seiz'd
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bad me say so) more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh, my brother! [stir
(Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee,
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalos,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence: from him,
whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so high. Please you, great sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
5 A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Herein your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
10 Whilst he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

15 *Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so, to his charge;

He's with the king your father.

20 *Leo.* Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretchessso quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
For swear themselves as often as they speak:
25 Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!—

The heaven sets spies on us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

30 *Leo.* You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be!
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
I he odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,

35 Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,

When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
40 Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:

45 Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections
50 Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
Which he counts but a trifle. [mistress,

Paul. Sir, my liege,
55 Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such
Than what you look on now. [gazes

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[To Florizel.

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
55 And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

S C E N E II.

*The same.**Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;—but the changes I perceiv'd in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter a second Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more:—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *Oh, thy no other, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter,

with clipping¹ her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still; which will have matters to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there², chang'd colour; some swoon'd, all sorrow'd: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No: The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julia Romano; who, had he himself eternity³, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom⁴, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former

¹ That is, embracing her. ² i. e. most insensible. ³ i. e. immortality. ⁴ i. e. of her trade, — would draw her customers from her.

life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born; See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and 'franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall² fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort that I have had of thee! [*fort*

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd, With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit; It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer,

Leo. Paulina, We honour you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart: But here it is; prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever [*well,* Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis [*Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue* I like your silence, it the more shews off Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege, Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!— Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender, As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much. *Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence; Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes As she liv'd now. [*her*

Leo. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, (warm life, As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her! I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—Oh, royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty; which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave; And do not say, 'tis superstition, that I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. Oh, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

¹ Franklin is a freeholder, or yeoman, a man above a villain, but not a gentleman. ² i. e. stout. ³ i. e. stay a while, be not so eager.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away;
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is
I'd not have shew'd it. [mine])

Leo. Do not draw the curtain. [fancy]

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those
Did verily bear blood? [veins]

Pol. Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone. [but]

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you:
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or, those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick; awake her: strike.— [Musick.
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;

I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down.*]

5 Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
10 Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warm! [Embracing her.
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and mak't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
25 Our Perdita is found. [lady;

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.*
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
30 Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
35 Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
40 Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina;
45 Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine:
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
50 As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose worth, and ho-
55 Is richly noted; and here justified [nesty.
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother?—both your
pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
60 My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king; who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
65 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away.

M A C B E T H.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, } *Sons to the King.*
DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } *Generals of the King's army.*
BANQUO, }

LENEX, }
MACDUFF, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
ROSSE, }

MENTETH, }

ANGUS, }

CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *General of the English forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor. A Captain. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the play in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 *Witch.* That will be ere th' set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Gray-malkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon!—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair;

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

SCENE II.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought

'Gainst my captivity: Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood;

5 As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonel
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature

Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

10 Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

Shew'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

15 Which smok'd with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,

Till he fac'd the slave:

And ne'er shook hands, nor bid farewell to him,

'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,

20 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion',
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;

Soffron that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,

25 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark!

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,

¹ Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad. ² i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. ³ Warburton thinks we should read, *from the nape to the chops*; i. e. cut the skull in two. ⁴ i. e. the east.

Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds! [geons.]

They smack of honour both:—Go, get him sur-
Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

King. Whence can'st thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout¹ the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons²,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at St. Colme's inch³,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use. [ceive

King. No more thatthane of Cawdor shall de-
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present
And with his former title greet Macbeth. [death,

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:—

Give me, quoth I.

5 *Aroint⁴ thee, witch!* the rump-fed⁵ ronyon⁶ cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

10 2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very⁷ points they blow,

15 All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card:

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

20 He shall live a man forbid⁸:

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

'Tough his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

25 Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [Drum within,

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;

30 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters⁹, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

35 And thrice again, to make up nine:

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

40 *Ban.* How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire; [these,

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't!—Live you? or are you aught

That man may question¹⁰? You seem to understand

By each at once her choppy finger laying [me,

45 Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,

And yet your beards¹¹ forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth¹² hail to thee, thane

of Glamis! [of Cawdor!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king

hereafter. [fear

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to

¹ Memorize, for make memorable. ² To flout is to mock or insult. ³ i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal. ⁴ Colme's inch, now called Inchcomb, a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or the *Isle of Columba*. ⁵ Aroint, or avaunt, be gone. ⁶ The weird sister here alludes to the poverty of a woman who had called her *witch*, as not being able to procure better provision than *rumps* and other offals. ⁷ i. e. scabby or mangy woman; from *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf. ⁸ i. e. the true exact points. ⁹ i. e. as one under a curse, an interdiction. ¹⁰ *Weird* is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word signifying a *prophecy*. The *weird sisters* here mean the *Fates*, or *Destinies*, of the northern nations. ¹¹ i. e. may hold converse with, ¹² *Witches* were supposed always to have hair on their chins.

Things that do sound so fair?—T' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical¹, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having², and of royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time, [not;
And say, which grain will grow, and which will
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! [none:

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers tell me more:
By Sinel's³ death, I know, I amthane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge
you. [*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they va-
nish'd? [melted

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal,
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak
Or have we eaten of the insane root⁴, [about;
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king. [so?

Macb. Andthane of Cawdor too; went it not

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post⁵; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;

Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true? [dress me

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you
In borrow'd robes?

10 *Ang.* Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
15 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, andthane of Cawdor:

The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home⁶,
Might yet enkindle⁷ you unto the crown,
25 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us [you.
In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word, I pray

30 *Macb.* Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting⁸
Cannot be ill: cannot be good:—If ill,

35 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to this suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my air,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
40 Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise⁹: and nothing is,
45 But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
Without my stir. [may crown me,

Ban. New honours, come upon him [mould
50 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure. [was wrought¹⁰

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain

¹ i. e. creatures of *fantasy* or imagination.

² *Having*, we have before observed, is estate, possession, fortune.

³ The father of Macbeth.

⁴ Shakspeare here alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock.

⁵ That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted.

⁶ i. e. carried as far as it will go.

⁷ *Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek.

⁸ Warburton thinks *soliciting* is here put for information; while Johnson rather thinks it means incitement.

⁹ Meaning, "Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence."

¹⁰ i. e. was wrought.

¹¹ i. e. was wrought.

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
Are register'd where every day I turn [pains
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain,
Lenor, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd
As one that had been studied¹ in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction² in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
Safe toward your love and honour.³ [thing]

King. Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,

Thine harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,

The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
5 And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

10 *King.* My worthy Cawdor! [step,

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap.—[*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:

15 The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so va-
And in his commendations I am fed; [liant;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,

20 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Macbeth's Wife alone, with a Letter.

25 *Lady.*—"They met me in the day of suc-
cess; and I have learned by the perfectest re-
"port, they have more in them than mortal
"knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question
"them further, they made themselves—air, into
30 "which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the
"wonder of it, came missives from the king, who
"all-hail'd me, *Thane of Cawdor*; by which title,
"before, these weird sisters saluted me, and re-
"ferr'd me to the coming on of time, with, *Hail*
35 "*king that shalt be!* This have I thought good to
"deliver thee; my dearest partner of greatness;
"that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing,
"by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd
"thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

40 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be [ture;
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy na-
It is too full of the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without [highly,
45 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have
great Glamis, [it]

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have*

50 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round⁴,

55 Which fate and metaphysical⁵ aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
tidings?

¹ That is, instructed in the art of dying. ² i. e. the frame or disposition of the mind, whether it is determined to good or ill. ³ i. e. We do but perform our duty when we contract all our views to your service. ⁴ Mr. Steevens observes, that "the crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often the case), the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief." ⁵ i. e. By the best intelligence.

⁶ i. e. the diadem. ⁷ *Metaphysical* is here put for *supernatural*.

Enter

*Enter Messenger.**Mes.* The king comes here to-night.*Lady.* Thou'rt mad to say it:Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation. [coming: 5*Mes.* So please you, it is true: our thane is
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.*Lady.* Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[Exit *Mes.*That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The effect, and it: Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering min-
isters,Wherever in your sightless substances [night,
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
And pall' thee in the dunest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife¹ see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!* Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*Enter Macbeth.*Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant² present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.*Macb.* My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.*Lady.* And when goes hence?*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.*Lady.* Oh, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom,*Macb.* We shall speak further.*Lady.* Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to tear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm,
Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Rosse,
Angus, and Attendants.**King.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.*Ban.* This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage³, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.*Enter Lady Macbeth.**King.* See, see! our honour'd hostess!—
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us⁴ for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.*Lady.* All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits⁵.*King.* Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well; [him
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.*Lady.* Your servants ever [compt'⁶,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.*King.* Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter a Server⁷, and
divers Servants with dishes and service over
the stage. Then enter Macbeth.**Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly: If the assassination

¹ That is, *murderous*, or *deadly designs*. ² i. e. nor delay the execution of my purpose. ³ i. e. Take away my milk, and put gall into the place. ⁴ *Nature's mischief* is mischief done to Nature. ⁵ i. e. wrap thyself in a pall, which was a robe of state, as well as a covering thrown over the dead. ⁶ The word *knife* was anciently used to express a sword. ⁷ Mr. Tollet explains this passage thus: The thought is taken from the old military laws, which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight in a combat in a place inclosed; and then no man shall be so hardly as to bid *hold*, but the general." ⁸ i. e. *unknowing*. ⁹ i. e. our calm composed senses. ¹⁰ Meaning, convenient corner. ¹¹ i. e. God reward; or, perhaps, as Dr. Johnson suggests, *protect* us. ¹² *Hermits*, for beadsmen. ¹³ i. e. *subject to account*. ¹⁴ The office of a *server* was to place the dishes in order at a feast. His chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm.

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips'. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air',
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on the other—How now! what news?

Enter Lady.

Lady. He has almost suppd; Why have you
 left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business:
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale,
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thy own esteem;
 Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man:
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was it then,
 That made you break the enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness

now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
 How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
 As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel⁴ so convince,
 That memory, the warder⁵ of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt⁶ of reason
 A limbeck only⁷: When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males.
 Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
 That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
 Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ This obscure soliloquy, about the meaning of which none of the readers of Shakspeare agree, Dr. Johnson explains thus: "If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be best to do it *quickly*; if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* could secure its *surcease*, if being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could fix a period to all vengeance and enquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here in this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow bank in the ocean of eternity, I would jump the life to come, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of these cases in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our example. 'Couriers of air mean winds, air in motion. Sightless is invisible.' The proverb alluded to is, 'The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet.' 'Wassel or Wassail is a word still used in Staffordshire, and the adjoining counties, and signifies at present what is called Lamb's wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. *Wassel*, however, may be put here for riot or intemperance, i. e. *overpower* or *subdue*. Or, the centinel. i. e. the receptacle. Meaning, it shall be only a vessel to emit fumes or vapours. *Ruell* is murder.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

Ban. **H**OW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—there's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

[*bed:*

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your officers:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up¹

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve, [*ness,*

We would spend it in some words upon that busi-

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

[*'tis,*

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent², when

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you! [*Erit Ban.*

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is

ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Ex. Ser.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me

clutch thee:—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind: a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

[Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still; [blood,

And on thy blade, and dudgeon³, gouts⁴ of

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

10 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

15 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives,

20 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Erit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath

made me bold;

30 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—

Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man, [it:

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about.

The doors are open; and the surfeit'd grooms

35 Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd

their possets⁵,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

40 And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—didst thou not

hear a noise?

[*cry.*

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—Who lies? the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

[*hands.*

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his*

¹ To shut up, is to conclude. ² Consent for will. ³ Dudgeon properly means the haft or handle of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. ⁴ i. e. spots; the phrase is borrowed from heraldry. ⁵ It was the general custom in those days to eat possets just before bed-time.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd, murder! *[them:]* That they did wake each other; I stood and heard But they did say their prayers, and address'd them. Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and *Amen*, the other; As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands, Listening their fear! I could not say, *Amen*, When they did say, *God bless us.*

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. *[Amen.]*

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce I had most need of blessing, and *Amen* Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!"

"Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
"The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
"Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
"Chief nourisher in life's feast;"—

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, "Sleep no more!" to all the "Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brain-sickly of things:—Go, get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand.— Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead, Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood, That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt. *[Exit. Knocking.]*

Macb. Whence is that knocking? *[within.]* How is't with me, when ev'ry noise appals me? What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather Multitudinous seas incarnardine, [ther] Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking

[Knock.] At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed: How easy is it then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended.—Hark! more knocking: *[Knock.]*

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, And shew us to be watchers;—Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'Twere best not know myself. *[Knock.]* Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou couldst! *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking Within.] *Por.* Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. *[Knock.]* Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins 'nough about you; here you'll sweat for't. *[Knock.]* Knock, knock: Who's there i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: oh, come in, equivocator. *[Knock.]* Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, taylor; here you may roast your goose. *[Knock.]* Knock, knock: never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way, to the everlasting bonfire. *[Knock.]* Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was't so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Por. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Por. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mags him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Por. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: but I requited him for his lie; and I think, being

¹ That is, *listening to their fear.* ² A skein of silk is called a *sleave* of silk. ³ To *incarnardine*, is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. ⁴ i. e. while I have the *thoughts* of this deed, it were best not know, or be lost to, myself. ⁵ i. e. handkerchiefs. ⁶ Meaning, a jesuit; an order so troublesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the first's time; the inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation*.

too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him¹.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet. [him;

Macd. He did command me to call timely on I have almost slept the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain. This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited² service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of
And prophesying with accents terrible, [death; 25
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the wœful time: The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor heart

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. and Len. What's the matter? [piece!

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty? [sight

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[Exit Macbeth and Lenor.]

Ring the alarm-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeits,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like spirits,
To countenance this horror!—Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

5 *Macd.* O, gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

10 Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,

15 And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenor.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance

I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant

There's nothing serious in mortality:

20 All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

Is left this vault to drag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood

Is stop't; the very source of it is stop't.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

30 *Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

35 *Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate,
and furious,

40 Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

45 For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murderers
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd³ with gore: Who could
refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

50 Courage, to make his love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

¹ To cast him up, to ease my stomach of him. ² i. e. appointed. ³ Upon this passage, which has been deemed the *crux criticorum*, almost every commentator has differed in opinion. Dr. Johnson proposes, instead of *breeched*, to read, *drenched with gore*. Dr. Warburton thinks *reeched* (i. e. soiled with a dark yellow) should be substituted for *breeched*, as well as *unmanly* for *unmannerly*. Mr. Steevens supposes, that the expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*; the lower end of a cannon being called the *breech* of it. Warton pronounces, that whether the word which follows be *reech'd*, *breech'd*, *hatch'd*, or *drench'd*, he is at least of opinion, that *unmannerly* is the genuine reading, which he construes to mean *unseemly*. Dr. Farmer says, that the sense in plain language is, "*Daggers filthy—in a foul manner—sheath'd with blood.*"

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—
And when we have our naked frailties' hid,
That suffer an exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretease¹ I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented. *[Exit.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
To shew an unfeild sorrow is an office *[them:*
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be clainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Rosse, with an Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember
well;

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore
Hath trifled² former knowings. *[night*

Rosse. Ah, good father, *[act,*
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,

That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
5 A faulcon, towring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange, and certain)
Beauteous, and swift, the minions of their race,
10 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old Man. 'Tis said, they eat each other. *[eyes,*
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine
15 That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not? *[deed?*

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
25 Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up
30 Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

35 *Macd.* Carried to Colmes-kill³;
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither. *[—adieu!—*

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewel, father. *[those*

Old Man. God's benison go with you; and with
45 That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[Exit.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Enter Banquo.

THOU hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'd'st most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them,

(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)

Why, by the verities on thee made good,
55 May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King; Lady
Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

60 *Lady.* If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,

¹ Meaning, our half-drest bodies. ² i. e. intention, design. ³ Meaning, confidence in its quality.
⁴ To pretend, means here purpose to themselves. ⁵ Colmes-kill, or Colm-kill, means Iona, one of
the western isles, where most of the ancient kings of Scotland are buried. ⁶ i. e. prosper,

And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord. [advice]

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the bet-
I must become a borrower of the night, [ter]
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not. [stow'd]

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are be-
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel paricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel. [Exit Banquo.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself [you].
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with

[Exit Lady Macbeth, and Lords.]
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our
pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—To be thus, is
nothing; [Exit Servant.]

But to be safely thus;—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much
he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: And, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd¹ my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man²,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance³!—Who's there?

Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Servant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, past in probation with you;
How you were borne in hand⁴; how crost; the
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else,
that might

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd⁵,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs⁶, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file⁷
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike; and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,

¹ i. e. If he does not go well. ² i. e. defiled. ³ the devil. ⁴ The word utterance is derived from the French *outrance*. A challenge or a combat a *Poutrance*, to extremity, was a fix'd term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other. ⁵ i. e. made to believe what was not true. ⁶ Meaning, are you of that degree of precise virtue? *Gospellers* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards. ⁷ *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*. ⁸ The expression, *valued file*, seems to mean in this place, a post of honour; the first rank, in opposition to the last. *File* and *list* are synonymous.

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune¹,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

[tance²

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody dis-
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Mur. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

I Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time³,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness⁴: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content;
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubted joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd

With them they think on? Things without all
remedy

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
sulter,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy⁵.—Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,

Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on; Gentle my lord,

Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;

And so, I pray, be you: Let your remembrance

Apply to Banquo: present him eminence⁶, both

With eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

[*wife!*

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear

Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne⁷.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;

Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown

His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecat's summons,

The shard-borne beetle⁸, with his drowsy hums,

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck⁹,

'Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling¹⁰ night,

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;

And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond

Which keeps me pale:—Light thickens¹¹; and

the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood¹²;

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill;

So, pr'ythee, go with me,

[*Exeunt.*

¹ i. e. worried by fortune. ² Such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. ³ Meaning, the exact time. ⁴ i. e. Always remembering, that throughout the whole transaction I must stand clear of suspicion. ⁵ i. e. Worthless, vile. ⁶ Ecstasy here signifies any violent emotion of the mind, pain, agony. ⁷ i. e. Do him the highest honours. ⁸ Eterne for eternal. ⁹ i. e. according to Mr. Steevens, the beetle borne along the air by its shards or scaly wings; shards signifying scales. But Mr. Tollet says, that shard-borne beetle is the beetle born in dung; and that shard signifies dung, is well known in the North of Staffordshire, where cowshard is the word generally used for cow-dung. ¹⁰ A term of endearment. ¹¹ i. e. blinding. ¹² i. e. The light grows dull or muddy. ¹³ i. e. to a rookery.

SCENE III.

*Enter three Murderers.*1 *Mur.* But who bid thee join with us?3 *Mur.* Macbeth.2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he deliversOur offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,

To gain the timely inn; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.[*Banquo within.*] Give us a light there, ho!2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest

That are within the note of expectation,

Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,

Make it their walk.

*Enter Banquo, and Flenice with a torch.*2 *Mur.* A light, a light!3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.1 *Mur.* Stand to't.*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault Banquo.*]*Ban.* Oh, treachery! Fly, good Flenice, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave![*Dies. Flenice escapes.*]3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady,
*Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.**Macb.* You know your own degrees, sit down:

And last, the hearty welcome. [at first,

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.*Lady.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.*Enter first Murderer to the door.**Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks:—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; Yet
he's good,

That did the like for Flenice: if thou didst it,

Thou art the non-pareil.

5 *Mur.* Most royal sir,

Flenice is 'scap'd. [perfect;

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

As broad, and general, as the casing air:

10 But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

15 *Macb.* Thanks for that:— [fled,

There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's

Hath nature that in time will venom breed, [row

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-mor-

We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]20 *Lady.* My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,

'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best
at home;

25 From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

[*Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Mac-*
beth's place.]*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!—

30 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit? [roof'd,*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

35 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,

Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir, [ness

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-

ness to grace us with your royal company?

40 *Macb.* The table's full.*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, sir,*Macb.* Where? [your highness?*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves*Macb.* Which of you have done this?45 *Lords.* What, my good lord?*Macb.* Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.*Lady.* Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,

50 And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well: if much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion;

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

55 *Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,

60 Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws, and starts,

1 That is, the best means to evade discovery.

2 From *trancher*, to cut.

3 The meaning is,

4 that which is not given cheerfully, cannot be called a gift."

5 i. e. prolong his suffering.

6 *flaws* are sudden gusts.

Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool. [say you?]

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

[time,

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the older
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal¹;
Aye, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—

Do not muse² at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing [all:
To those that know me. Come, love and health to
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
Re-enter Ghost.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all³.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. [hide thee!]

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit⁴, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
With most admir'd disorder. [good meeting,

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us⁵ like a summer's cloud, [strange
Without our special wonder? You make me
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear⁶.

Rosse. What sights, my lord? [and worse;

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse

10 Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health,
Attend his majesty!

15 *Lady.* A kind good-night to all! [Exit Lords.

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will
have blood: [speak;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations⁷, have [forth
20 By magot-pies⁸, and choughs, and rooks, brought
The secret⁹ of man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which. [person,

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
25 At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I heard it by the way: but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed¹⁰. I will to-morrow

30 (And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
35 Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd¹¹.

Lady. You lack the season¹² of all natures, sleep.

40 *Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed. [Exit.

SCENE V.

45 *Thunder.* Enter the three Witches, meeting
Hecate.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecat¹³? you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames as you are,
50 Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,

¹ The gentle weal is the peaceable community, such as he had named above, love, health, and joy.

that is, if I refuse, or evade thee. ² Meaning, pass over us like a summer's cloud. ³ i. e. all good wishes to all; ⁴ Pope reads, and we think properly, inhibit;

that is, if I refuse, or evade thee. ⁵ Meaning, pass over us like a summer's cloud. ⁶ Mr. Steevens elucidates this passage thus: "You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours. In other words,—You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it." ⁷ By relation is here meant the communication of effects with causes.

⁸ i. e. magpies. ⁹ Magot-pie is the original name of the bird, from magot, Fr. and hence also the modern abbreviation of mag, applied to pies. ¹⁰ To scan is to examine nicely. ¹¹ i. e. refreshment.

Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spightful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound¹;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights²,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy. [*Music and a song.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Singing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

4 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
Which can interpret further: only, I say, [thoughts, 35
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd, 40
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

How did it grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
5 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key, [find
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should
10 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, [fail'd
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

15 *Lord.* The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing [gone
20 Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff is
To pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
25 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free³ from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
30 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, "You'll rue the time
35 "That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
40 His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Thunder. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* **THRICE⁴** the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the
hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper⁵ cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
55 *All.* Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:

¹ Meaning, a drop that has *deep* or *hidden* qualities. ² i. e. magic arts. ³ i. e. deliver or ex-
empt our feasts from bloody knives, &c. ⁴ Odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical
operations, even numbers being always reckoned inauspicious. ⁵ Meaning perhaps some imp, or
familiar spirit.

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf;
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd i' the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tyger's chauldron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and a song.

Black spirits and white;

Blue spirits and grey;

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

3 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
Wint' j'st you do? [night hags?]

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(How'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up; [down;]
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the trea-
Of nature's germin^s tumble all together, [sure;
Even 'till destruction sickens, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
Or from our masters? [moths,

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
5 Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, dostly⁹ show. [Thunder.

1st Apparition, an armed head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. [Macduff;

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
15 Beware the thane of Fife. — Dismiss me: — Enough.
[Descends.

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good cau-
tion, thanks;

Thou hast harp'd¹⁰ my fears aright: — But one
word more — [another,

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: Here's
More potent than the first. [Thunder.

2d Apparition, a bloody child.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! —

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee. [scorn

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: What need I fear
30 But yet I'll make assurance double sure, [of thee?]

And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is this,
[Thunder.

*3d Apparition, a child crowned, with a tree in
his hand.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty¹¹;

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
45 Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impress the forest; bid the tree [good!
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. — Yet my heart
I hrobs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
50 Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know: —
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[Hautboys.

¹ That is, the *slow-worm*.

² i. e. the *swallow*, the *throat*.

³ *Ravin'd* means glutted with prey.

⁴ *Sliver'd* is a common word in the north, and implies to *cut a piece or slice*.

⁵ i. e. *foaming*, or *frothy waves*.

⁶ i. e. *tumble*.

⁷ *Germins* are seeds which have begun to sprout.

⁸ i. e. *adroitly*, *dextrously*.

⁹ To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string.

¹⁰ This alludes to the make or figure of the crown,

¹¹ *Witch*.

1 *Witch.* Shew! 2 *Witch.* Shew! 3 *Witch.* Shew!
All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart.

[*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo; the last with a glass in his hand.*]

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy air,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
 A third is like the former: Filthy hags! [*eyes*]
 Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start,
 What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
 doom?—

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
 Which shews me many more; and some I see,
 That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
 Horrible sight!—Now, I see 'tis true;
 For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.—What? is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
 Come, sisters, cheer us up his spirits,
 And shew the best of our delights;
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While we perform our antique round:
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Musick.*]

[*The witches dance and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this
 pernicious hour
 Stand aye¹ accursed in the calendar!—
 Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
 And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
 The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring
 Macduff is fled to England. [*you word,*]

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Tine, thou anticipat'st² my dread exploits:
 The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
 Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
 The very firstlings³ of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now [*done,*]
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
 Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls,
 That trace⁴ him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
 This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
 But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
 Come, bring me where they are. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Macduff's wife, her son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What hath he done, to make him fly
 the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
 his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
 He wants the natural touch⁵: For the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love;

*As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.*

Rosse. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself: But for your husband,
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' the season⁶. I dare not speak much
 further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves⁷; when we hold rum-
 our⁸

*From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
 But float upon a wild and violent sea,*

Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:

I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net
 nor lime,

! The pit-fall, nor the gin.

¹ i. e. does blind me: alluding to the ancient practice of destroying the sight, by holding a piece of hot or burning iron before the eye, which dried up its humidity.

² Warburton says, this was intended as a compliment to King James the first, who united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo.

³ *Blood-bolter'd* means one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve. Shakspeare used it to insinuate the barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds.

⁴ i. e. for ever. ⁵ i. e. thou preventest. ⁶ i. e. the thing first thought or done. ⁷ i. e. following him. ⁸ Meaning, natural sensibility, or affection.

⁹ the convulsions or violent disorders of the times. ¹⁰ i. e. we think ourselves innocent, the government thinks us traitors; therefore we are ignorant of ourselves.

¹¹ To hold rumour signifies to believe rumour. ¹² Son.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying. [father?]

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a

Son. Nay, how wilt thou do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang them up.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey!

But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger doth approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here: hence with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you¹ were fell cruelty, [you!]

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve

I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,

Is often laudable: to do good, sometime,

Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence, [faces?]

To say, I have done no harm?—What are these

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,

Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thouly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

[*Exit L. Macduff, crying murder.*]

SCENE III.

England.

Enter Malcolm, and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and Weep our sad bosoms empty. [there]

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men, Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom¹: Each new morn, [rows]

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sor-

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out

Like syllable of doleour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail:

What know, believe; and, what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend², I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but

something [dom]

You may deserve of him through me: and wis-

To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,

To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil, [don;

In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your par-

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows of

Yet grace must still look so. [grace,

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness³ left you wife, and child,

[Those precious motives, those strong knots of love]

Without leave-taking?—I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodness dares not check thee!—wear thou thy wrongs,

His title is affear'd⁴!—Fare thee well, lord:

I would not be the villain that thou think'st,

For the whole space that's within the tyrant's grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke:

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash

is added to their wounds: I think, withal,

¹ That is, though I am perfectly acquainted with your rank. ² i. e. not to acquaint you with, or give you warning of, your danger. ³ i. e. protect from utter destruction the privileges of our birth-right. ⁴ i. e. to befriend. ⁵ Without previous provision, without due preparation. ⁶ Mr. Pope says *affear'd* is a law term for *confirm'd*. Mr. Tollet proposes to read, "The title is *affear'd*," and explains the passage thus: "Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, the title to them is legally settled by those who had the final judication of it. *Affearers* had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amercements."

There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands : But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet may poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macb. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean ; In whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden¹, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will : Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny : it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust ; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : Yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foysons² to fill up your will,
Of your mere own : All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none : the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them ; but abound
In the division of each several crime,

Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

5 *Macd.* Oh Scotland ! Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern !

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
10 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ;
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed ?—Thy royal father
15 Was a most sainted king ; the queen that bore thee,
Of tner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well !
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
20 Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
25 By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste : But God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
30 Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
35 At no time brok³ my faith ; would not betray
The devil to his fellow ; and delight
No less in truth, than life : my first false speaking
Was this upon myself : What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
40 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point⁴, was setting forth :
Now we'll together : And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel !⁵ Why are you
45 silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you ?

50 *Doct.* Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure : their malady convinces⁶
The great essay of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
55 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit.

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :

A most miraculous work in this good king ;
60 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,

¹ That is, passionate, violent, hasty.

² i. e. plenty.

³ i. e. ready-at a time.

⁴ The author of *The Revival* conceives the sense of the passage to be this : *And may the success of that goodness, which is about to exert itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel.*

⁵ i. e. over-powers, subdues.

Himself best knows: but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp¹ about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes re-
The means that make us strangers! [move

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern² ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom: and good men's
Expire before the flowers in their caps, [lives
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were all at peace when I did
leave them. [goes it]

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To do their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming hither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Sward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
5 But in it shares some woes; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
10 Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
15 Were, on the quarry⁴ of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven! —

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
20 Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!

25 My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

30 *Macd.* He has no children. — All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all? — Oh, hell-kite! — All?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute⁵ it like a man.

35 *Macd.* I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were, [on,
That were most precious to me. — Did heaven look
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
40 They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine, [now!
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
grief

45 Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine
eyes, [yes,
And braggart with my tongue! — But, gentle bea-

Cut short all intermission⁶; front to front,
50 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven, forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
55 Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above [may:
Put on their instruments⁷. Receive what cheer you

The night is long, that never finds the day. [Exit.

¹ Meaning the coin called an *angel*, the value of which was ten shillings. ² i. e. common. ³ To *do off* is to *do off*, to *put off*. ⁴ The folio reads *latch them*, and perhaps rightly, as to *latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*. ⁵ A grief that hath a single owner. ⁶ *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*, and in both sports it means either the game that is pursued, or the game after it is killed. ⁷ *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his game. ⁸ i. e. contend with your sorrow like a man. ⁹ i. e. all pause. ¹⁰ i. e. encourage us their instruments against the tyrant.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. 5
When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 10

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should. 20

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; 25
stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her 35
continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out, damn'd spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't;—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have 45
thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. 50

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale;—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

[deeds]

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

30 More needs she the divine, than the physician.—

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night:

My mind she has mated¹, and amaz'd my sight:

I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cuthness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

40 **Ment.** The English power is near, led on by His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. [Malcolm, Revenues burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding, and the grin alarm, Excite the mortified man].

Ang. Near Birnam wood

[int.]

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming. **Cuth.** Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file

50 Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,

And many unrough youths², that even now

Protest their first of manhood.

¹ Mr. Steevens with great acuteness observes on this passage, that Lady Macbeth is acting over in a dream the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake; and certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) has just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice; *Hell is murky!—Fie, fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afraid?* ² i. e. astonished, confounded. ³ By the *mortified man*, is meant, a *religious*; one who has subdued his passions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic*. ⁴ i. e. smooth-faced, unbearded youths.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now he does feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
These, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicin' of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, [all;
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consciences, have pronounc'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false
And mingle with the English epicures: [thanes,
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg¹ with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
Where got'st thou that goose look? [loon¹!]

Ser. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear². What soldiers whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am
sick at heart.

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my May of life
Is fall'n into the sea³; the yellow leaf

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
Seyton!— [not.]

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more? [ed.]

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was report—
Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh
be hack'd.—

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr⁴ the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine
armour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

*Caust thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,*

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—

*Come, sir, dispatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water⁵ of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,*

That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—

*What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou
of them?*

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

*I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward,

Macduff, Siward's Son, Meneth, Cathness,

Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,

That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing,

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow

The number of our host, and make discovery

Err in report of us.

Sol. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

¹ i. e. physician. ² To sag, or swag, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload.

³ Loon signifies a base fellow. ⁴ i. e. fool. ⁵ The meaning is, they infect others who see them with cowardice. ⁶ Sear is dry. ⁷ To skirr signifies to scour, to ride hastily. ⁸ To cast the water was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given¹
Both more and less² have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,

That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thought speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate³:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exc. marching.*]

SCENE V.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drums
and colours.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls:
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise:

[*A cry within of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my⁴ fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have slept full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded⁵ time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming:
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling⁶ thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not 'till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wo⁷
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.

15 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun, [done.—
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exc.*]

SCENE VI.

20 *Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward,
Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,

And shew like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

30 Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [all breath,
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Excunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot
fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
40 That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. [name
45 *Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

[a title.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
More hateful to mine ear.

50 *Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

[sword.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight; and Young Siward is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

55 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, shew
thy face;

¹ That is, opportunity to be gone. ² More and less is the same with greater and less. ³ i. e. deter-
mine. ⁴ My hairy part, my capillitium. Fell is skin. ⁵ Recorded is probably here used for record-
ing, or recordable. ⁶ Clung, in the northern counties, signifies any thing, that is shrivelled or shrunk
up. By famine, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together. To be clem'd is a Staffordshire expres-
sion signifying to be starv'd. To cling likewise signifies to compress, to embrace.

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hid'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited; Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.]

Enter Malcolm and Old Siward.

Siward. His way, my lord;—the castle's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exit. Alarum.]

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [Fight. Alarum.]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze-o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body

I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*

[Exit, fighting. Alarum.]

Re-enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.

6 Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours,
Malcolm, Old Siward, Ross, Thane,
and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe
arriv'd.

10 Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man. [Exit.]

15 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then he is dead? [of sorrow]

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause

20 Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!

25 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death;
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

30 Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes new
comfort.

Re-enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.

35 Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands

The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free;
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;

40 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves, [men,

45 And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,

Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,

50 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands

Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,

We will perform in measure, time, and place;
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,

Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exit.]

¹ To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise. ² i. e. air which cannot be cut. ³ i. e. that
shuffe with ambiguous expressions. ⁴ See note², p. 367. ⁵ i. e. thy kingdom's wealth.

KING JOHN¹.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King JOHN.
 Prince HENRY, Son to the King.
 ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.
 PEMBROKE²,
 ESSEX³,
 SALISBURY⁴,
 HUBERT,
 BIGOT,
 FAULCONBRIDGE, Bastard Son to Richard the First.
 ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Half-brother to the Bastard.
 JAMES GURNEY, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.
 PETER OF POMFRET, a Prophet.

} English Lords.

PHILIP, King of France.
 LEWIS, the Dauphin.
 Arch-duke of AUSTRIA.
 Cardinal PANDULPHO, the Pope's Legate.
 MELUN, a French Lord.
 CHATILLON, Ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, Queen-mother of England.
 CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.
 BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Niece to King John.
 Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.
 The SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Northampton.

A room of state in the palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us? [France,

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of In my behaviour, to the majesty,
 The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island, and the territories; To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine: Desiring thee to lay aside the sword, Which sways usurpingly those several titles;

And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul' of fierce and bloody

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld. [war,
 K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controulment for controulment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
 The farthest limit of my embassy. [mouth,

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in
 Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France: [peace:

For ere thou canst report I will be there,
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.—
 An honourable conduct let him have;—

Pembroke, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.
 [Exit Chat. and Pem.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said

¹ Mr. Theobald remarks, that though this play had the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign at the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. Mr. Steevens observes, that Hall, Hollinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* 2 parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* 3 parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* ² William Mareshall ³ Jeffrey Fitzpeter, Ch. J. of England. ⁴ William Longsword, son to Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford. ⁵ Roger, Earl of Norfolk and Suffolk. ⁶ i. e. in my character. ⁷ i. e. opposition.

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage¹ of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate. [us.]

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for
Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me: [right;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear:
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.
Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whis-
pers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay
Re-enter Sheriff with Robert Faulconbridge; and
Philip, his brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pounds a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being
younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But wher I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven
lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick² of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat³ five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Phil. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:

The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak;

Phil. But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,

That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes—

My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess the child that is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faul-
conbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;

¹ That is, conduct, administration. ² Meaning, that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shewn by the slightest outline. ³ Our author is here knowingly guilty of an anachronism, as he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of king Henry VII. viz. a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bore but half faces impressed.

The groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crown'd; till Henry VII. at the time above mentioned, coined groats and half groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The first groats of king Henry VIII. were like those of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. In the time of King John there were no groats at all, they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of king Edward III.

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence¹, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him²;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuf; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose³, [goes]
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case. [tune,

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy for-
Pequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have yongo before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet. [hand:

Phil. Brother by the mother's side, give me your

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:
What though?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou
thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed

For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got⁴ the way of honesty!

[*Exeunt all but Philip.*]

A foot of honour⁵ better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a Lady:

Good den, Sir Richard, —God-a-mercy, fellow⁶;

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For new-made honour doth forget men's names:

'Tis too respective⁷, and too sociable,

For your conversing. Now your traveller,

He and his tooth-pick⁸ at my worship's mess;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise

My piked⁹ man of countries:—*My dear sir,*
(I thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin)

I shall beseech you—That is question now;

And then comes answer like an ABC-book¹⁰:—

O sir, says answer, at your best command:

At your employment; at your service, sir:—

No, sir, says question; *I, sweet sir, at yours*:

And so, ere answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;

And taking of the Alps, and Apennines,

The Pyrenean, and the river Po)

It draws towards supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:

For he is but a bastard to the time,

That does not snack of observation:

(And so am I, whether I smack, or no)

And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:

Which¹¹ though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—

But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,

That will take pains to blow a horn before her¹²?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?

What brings you here to court so hastily? [he,

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

¹ i. e. master of thy majestic figure and dignified appearance. ² The meaning is, "If I had his shape—Sir Robert's—as he has." *Sir Robert his*, for *Sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*.

³ Theobald says, that in this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown rose. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthling pieces. She at one and the same time coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence; and these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the rose behind, and without the rose. The shilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny, had it not: the other intermediate coins, viz. the six-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings had the rose. But Dr. Warburton observes, that the sticking roses about them was then all the court-fashion. 'What then?' These expressions mean, says Mr. Steevens, to be *born out of wedlock*. 'i. e. a step.' Faulconbridge here entertains himself with the ideas of greatness.—*Good den, Sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal. *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it. 'i. e. respectful.' 'To pick the teeth, and wear a piqued beard, were, in that time, marks of a traveller, or man affecting foreign fashions.

¹⁰ See note⁹, p. 164. ¹¹ i. e. as they then spoke and wrote it, an *absey-book*, meaning a *catechism*.

¹² Which for this. ¹³ Dr. Johnson says, our author means, that a woman that travelled about like a post, was likely to *horn* her husband,

1: it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou. [while]

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Phil. Philip?—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit James.]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, to confess!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mo-
To whom am I beholden for these limbs? [ther,
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine
honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Phil. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco
like;

What! I am dub'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaimed Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge;
Phil. As faithfully as I deny the devil. [ther]

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy fa-
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

10 *Phil.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, —
15 Subjected tribute to commanding love, —

Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight.

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,

20 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
25 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says, it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[Exit.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Before the walls of Angiers in France.

*Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin,
the Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.*

Lewis. BEFORE Angiers well met, brave
Austria. —

Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance¹ hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;

And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John;
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

50 *Arthur.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's
The rather, that you give his offspring life, [death,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

But with a heart full of unstained love:

35 *Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.*
Lewis. A noble boy! Who would not do thee
right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;

40 That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders,
45 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure

And confident from foreign purposes,
Even 'till that utmost corner of the west,

Salute thee for her king: 'till then, fair boy,
50 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
thanks,

'Till your strong hand shall help to give him
[strength,

To make a more² requital to your love.

¹ Good leave means a ready assent. ² i. e. rumours, idle reports. ³ Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this piece there is the character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger that he was a knave, knave, knave, and no knight, knight, knight, as Basilisco arrogantly stilled himself. In the same manner Philip, when his mother calls him knave, throws off that reproach by humorously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*. ⁴ Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur de lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. ⁵ i. e. importunity. ⁶ i. e. greater.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift
In such a just and charitable war. [their swords]

K. Philip. Well then, to work; our cannon
shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:—

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Philip. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak. [siege,

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry
And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:

His marches are expedient! to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him is come along the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;

With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:

And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

With ladies' faces, and fiery dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,

Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath' in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drums
[Drums beat.

Cuts off more circumstance: They are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this ex-
pedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;

For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd,

*Enter King John, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch,
Pembroke, and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace
Our just and lineal entrance to our own! [permit

If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.
K. Philip. Peace be to England; if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace!

England we love; and for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat:

This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,

5 That thou hast under-wrought' its lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,

Out-faced infant stat', and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
10 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:

This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time

Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was the elder brother born,

15 And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of God,

How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,

Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest?
20 *K. John.* From whom hast thou this great

commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles? [thoughts

K. Phil. From that upernal judge, that stirs good
In any breast of strong authority,

25 To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:

Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
30 *K. Phil.* Excuse it; 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?
Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

35 *Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy

Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
40 My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,

His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother. [father.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy
Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that

would blot thee.
45 *Aust.* Peace!

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
50 An a' may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;

I'll smook your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; I'faith, I will, I'faith.

55 *Blunch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe;
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Faulc. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
60 Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deats our
With this abundance of superfluous breath? [ears

King Lewis, determine what we shall do strait.

! That is, expeditious, ? i. e. destruction, harm: ? i. e. undermined,

K. Philip.

K. Philp. Women, and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Will thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand:

And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:

Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child:

Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:

There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!

I would, that I were low laid in my grave;

I am not worth this coil that's made for me,

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; [eyes,

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp

The dominations, royalties, and rights,

Of this oppressed boy: This is the eldest son's son,

Unfortunate in nothing but in thee;

Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

The canon of the law is laid on him,

Being but the second generation

Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Beldam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,

But God hath made her sin and her the plague

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,

And with her!—Plague her son; his injury,

Her injury, the beadle to her sin,

All punish'd in the person of this child,

And all for her! A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will, that bars the title of thy son. [will;

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked

A woman's will; a cankred grandam's will!

K. Phil. Peace lady; pause, or be more tempe-

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim! [rate:

To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

[Trumpets sound.

Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

10 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eyes and prospect of your town,

15 Have hither march'd to your endamagement:

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;

And ready mounted are they, to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparation for a bloody siege,

20 And merciless proceeding by these French,

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates:

And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordinance

25 By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havock made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—

Who, painfully, with much expedient march,

30 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—

Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;

And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,

35 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears:

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,

Forewary'd in this action of swift speed,

40 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection [both.

Is most divinely vow'd upon the right

Of him it holds, stands your Plantagenet;

45 Son to the elder brother of this man,

And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:

For this down-trodden equity, we tread

In warlike march these greens before your town;

Being no further enemy to you,

50 Than the constraint of ho-pitable zeal,

In the relief of this oppressed child,

Religiously provokes. Be pleased then

To pay that duty, which you truly owe,

To him that owes' it; namely, this young prince;

55 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

¹ Dr. Johnson thus explains this very obscure passage: "He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime*; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil." ² The same able and judicious commentator assigns the following meaning to this perplexed sentence: "Instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring; then the affliction will fall where it is deserved; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin*; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now all *punished in the person of this child*."

³ i. e. to encourage. See note², p. 57. ⁴ i. e. owns it.

Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
 And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure of your old fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war ;
 Though all these English, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession ? [jects ;

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's sub-
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town. [in.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me

Cit. That can we not ; but he that proves the king,
 To him will we prove loyal ; 'till that time,
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
 the king ?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Faulc. Bastards, and else.

K. John.—To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as

Faulc. Some bastards too. [those,—

K. Phil.—Stand in his face, to contradict his
 claim.

Cit. 'Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
 We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
 That to their everlasting residence, [souls
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !
K. Phil. Amen, Amen !—Mount, chevaliers !

to arms ! [and e'er since

Faulc. Saint George,—that swing'd the dragon,
 Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence !—Sirrah, were I at home,
 At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,

Pd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
 And make a monster of you.— [To Austria.

Aust. Peace ; no more.

Faulc. O, tremble ; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll
 In best appointment, all our regiments. [set forth,

Faulc. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phil. It shall be so ; and at the other hill
 Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

After excursions, enter the Herald of France,
 with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
 And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ; [gates
 Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made

Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
 Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king and yours.

10 *Enter English Herald, with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
 bells ; [proach,

King John, your king, and England's, doth ap-
 Commander of this hot malicious day !

15 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;

There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is removed by a staff of France ;

Our colours do return in those same hands

20 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come

Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,

Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes :

Open your gates, and give the victors way. [hold,

25 *Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might be-

From first to last, the onset and retire

Of both your armies ; whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured : [blows ;

30 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd

Strength match'd with strength, and power con-

fronted power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest ; while they weigh so even,

We hold our town for neither : yet for both.

35 *Enter the two Kings with their powers, at several doors.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast

Say, shall the current of our right run on ? [away ?

Whose passage vex with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell

40 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;

Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean. [blood,

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;

45 Rather, lost more : and by this hand I swear,

That sways the earth this climate over-looks,—

Before we will lay by our just-borne arms, [bear,

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we

Or add a royal number to the dead ;

Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Faulc. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !

Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;

50 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ;

And now he feasts, moulting the flesh of men,

In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?

Cry, Havock, kings ! back to the stained field,

You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits !

Then let confusion of one part confirm [death !

The other's peace ; 'till then, blows, blood and

' i. e. the circle.

' i. e. command slaughter to proceed.

' Potentates.

K. John.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,

And bear possession of our person here;

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power, than he, denies all this;

And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:

Kings of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heaven, these scroyles¹ of Angiers flout you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,

As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me;

Do like the mutinies of Jerusalem,

Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:

By east and west let France and England mount

Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;

'Till their foul-fearing clamours have brawld down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:

I'd play incessantly upon these jades,

Even 'till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, dis sever your united strengths,

And part your mingled colours once again;

Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:

Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth

Out of one side her happy minion;

To whom in favour she shall give the day,

And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?

Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,

I like it well:—France, shall we knit our powers,

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;

Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Faulc. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—

Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,

As we will ours, against these saucy walls:

And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,

Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,

Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so: Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into the city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the south

Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline! From north to south;

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

I'll stir them to it: Come, away! away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;

Win you this city without stroke, or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field:

Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady

Is near to England: Look upon the years

Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,

Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,

Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch:

Such as she is in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete, oh say, he is not she;

And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not, that she is not he:

He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she;

And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,

Do glorify the banks that bound them in:

And two such shores to two such streams made one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can,

To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,

With swifter spleen² than powder can enforce,

The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,

And give you entrance: but, without this match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks

More free from motion; no, not death himself

In mortal fury half so peremptory,

As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions, [scas]

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!

What canoneer begot this lusty blood? [bounc;

He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;

Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,

But buffets better than a fist of France:

Zounds! I was never so bethump't with words,

Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:

For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie

Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,

That yow green boy shall have no son to ripe

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their

¹ i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows. ² The Lady Blanch was niece to king John by his sister Eleanor.

¹ i. e. pious. ² Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed.

Are capable of this ambition :

Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cl. Why answer not the double majesties

This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phil. Speak England first, that hath been for-

To speak unto this city: What say you? [ward first

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely

Can in this book of beauty read, I love, [son,

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:

For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, and Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea

(Except this city now by us besieg'd)

Find liable to our crown and dignity,

Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich

In titles, honours, and promotions,

As she in beauty, education, blood,

Holds hand with any princess of the world. [face.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's

Lewis. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;

Which, being but the shadow of your son,

Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:

I do protest, I never lov'd myself,

Till now infixed I beheld myself,

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth spy

Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,

That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there

should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will;

Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)

I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,

That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be

your judge)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What

say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you

love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;

For I do love her most unfeignedly. [Maine,

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,

With her to thee; and this addition more,

Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well;—Young princes,
close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd*.

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:

For at St. Mary's chapel, presently,

The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—

Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—

I know, she is not; for this match, made up,

How presence would have interrupted much:

Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your high-
ness' tent. [have made,

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we

Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;

some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*

Faulc. Mad world! mad kings! mad composi-

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, [tion!

Hath willingly departed with a part:

And France, (whose armous conscience buckled on

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

As God's own soldier) rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;

That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,

(Who having no external thing to lose

But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commo-

Commodity, the bias of the world; [dity,—

The world, who of itself is peevish well,

Made to run even, upon even ground;

Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this commodity,

Makes it take head from all indifference,

From all direction, purpose, course, intent:

And this same bias, this commodity;

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,

Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,

Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,

From a resolv'd and honourable war,

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—

And why rail I on this commodity?

But for because he hath not warr'd me yet:

* This is the ancient name for the country now call'd the *Kezins*.

* To part and to depart were formerly synonymous. * i. e. whispered in the ear.

* i. e. interest.
Not

Not that I have the power to clutch my hand¹,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,

And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say—there is no vice, but beggary;
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [Exit.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The French King's pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. **G**ONE to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone
to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again;
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
I trust, I may not trust thee: for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confiners of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! Oh boy, then where art thou?
France's friend with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, were grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,

Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless² stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart³, prodigious⁴,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone; which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.
Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go
with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[Throws herself on the ground.
*Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch,
Elinor, Faulconbridge, and Austria.*

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed
Ever in France shall be kept festival: [day
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold;
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy-day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy-day! —
[Rising.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides⁵, in the kalendar?
Nay; rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:

¹ To clutch the hand, is to clasp it close. ² Sightless here means disagreeable to the sight. i. e. black, tawny. ³ i. e. portentious, such as may seem a prodigy. ⁴ i. e. solemn seasons.

Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost¹ :
But 'on this day, let seamen fear no wreck ;
No bargains break, that are on this day made :
This day, all things begun come to ill end :
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no
To curse the fair proceedings of this day : [cause
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and
try'd,

Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league :—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
Hear me, oh, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a
O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame [war.
That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward ;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my toes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! dost it² for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs³.

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me !

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn ; and force, perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?
This in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

5 *K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

10 Tell him this tale : and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toil in our dominions ;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,

15 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart,

To him, and his usurp'd authority. [this.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in

20 *K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of
Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

25 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself :
I though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose

30 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,

Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate ;
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic ;

35 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course

Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,

40 That I have room with Rome to curse a while !
Good father cardinal, cry thou Amen,

To my keen curses : for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

45 *Const.* And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law :

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,

50 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch heretic ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

55 *Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go
thy hand. [repent,

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

60 *Faulc.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
limbs.

¹ i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, or monster. ² But here signifies except. ³ i. e. put it off. ⁴ When fools were kept for amusement in great families, they were distinguished by a calf-skin coat, which had the buttons down the back. This circumstance will explain the sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a fool. ⁵ i. e. cowardly.

Aust. Well, nuffian. I must pocket up these
Because—

Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast: the devil tempts thee
In likeness of a new untrammell'd bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith will live again by death of need:

O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down. [this]

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to

Const. O, beremov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. I hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
lout.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst? [yours,

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit;

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,—

No longer than we well could wash our hands,

To clasp this royal bargain up of peace,— [stain'd]

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm;

Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so:

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest

To do your pleasure; and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,

Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore to arms! be champion of our church!

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,

A cased lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself:

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

Is't not amiss, when it is truly done?

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better act of purposes mistook

Is, to mistake again; though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falshood falshood cures; as fire cools fire,

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

It is religion, that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion: [swear'st;

By which thou swear'st against the thing thou

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure

To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;

Else what a mockery should it be to swear!

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;

And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear.

[Therefore thy later vows, against thy first,

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:

And better conquest never canst thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions:

Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, their know,

The peril of our curses light on thee;

So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,

But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Faulc. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—

Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—aye, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms [nounce,

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; what motive

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee op-

holds,

His honour: Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine ho-

'I.e. undressed.' A regret is an exchange of salutation. Some editions read *chased*.
Lew.

Arris. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall
from thee.

Genet. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour. [ton time,

Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sex-
is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's overcast with blood: Fair day
Which is the side that I must go withal? [adieu!

I am with both: each army hath a hand:
And, in their rage, I having hold of both.

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray, that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose.

Father, I may not wish thy fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd. [dies.

Lewis. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies. [ther.—

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance toge-
[Exit Faulconbridge.

France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath;

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To
arms, let's hie! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A field of battle.

Alarums, excursions: enter Faulconbridge, with

Austria's head.

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous

Some airy devil hovers in the sky, [hot:

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;

While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip's make

My mother is assailed in our tent, [up;

And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I rescu'd her;

Her highness is in safety, fear you not;

But on, my liege; for very little pains

Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Alarums, excursions, retired. Re-enter King John,

Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert and lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay

behind, [To Elinor.

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:

[To Arthur.

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will

As dear be to thee as thy father was. [grief.

Art. O, this will make my mother die with

K. John. Cousin, away for England: haste be-
fore: [To Faulconbridge.

And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags.

Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels

Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force. [back,

Faulc. Bell book and candle shall not drive me

When gold and silver beck me to come on.

I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray.

(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [Exit Faulc.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word,

[Taking him to one side of the stage.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hu-

20 We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh [bert,

There is a soul counts thee her creditor.

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished:

25 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty. [so yet 1

30 *K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come to me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

35 Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds¹,

To give me audience:—if the midnight bell,

Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound on unto the drowsy race of night;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,

45 Making that ideot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes)

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

50 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;

Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:

But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;

And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?

60 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye.

On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,

¹ Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir Richard, calls him by his former name.
² Gauds are any showy ornaments. ³ Warburton thinks we should read, "sound one" and Mr. Malone observes, that on and one are perpetually confounded in the old copies of Shakspeare.

He is a very serpent in my way ;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough,

I could be merry now: *Hubert*, I love thee ;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee ;
Remember.—*Madam*, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee !

K. John. For England, cousin, go :
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The French Court.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandolph, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armada of collected sail
Is scatter'd and disjoint'd from fellowship. [well.

Pand. Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run
so ill ?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost ?
Arthur ta'en prisoner ! divers dear friends slain ?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France ?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd :
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce¹ a cause,
Doth want example : Who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred action like to this ?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had
this praise,

So we could find some patterns of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath :—
I prythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

K. Phil. Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle
Constance !

Const. No, I defy² all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death :—Oh amiable, lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself :

Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
Oh, come to me !

K. Phil. Oh fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot bear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern³ invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sor-

Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so ; [row.

I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;

My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;

15 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :

I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :

Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !—

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

20 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself :

25 If I were mad, I should forget my son ;

Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :

I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity. [note

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses : Oh, what love !

30 In the fair multitude of those her hairs !

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends⁴

Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

35 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs. [do it ?

Const. Yes, that I will : And wherefore will I

I tore them from their bonds ; and cry'd aloud,

40 " Oh that these hands could so redeem my son,

" As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty !"

But now I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

45 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :

If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;

For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,

To him that did but yesterday aspire⁵,

50 There was not such a gracious⁶ creature born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek.

And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit :

55 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him : therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

60 *Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

¹ Fierce here means sudden, hasty. ² i. e. I refuse. ³ Modern here implies, as has been before remarked in other plays, trite, common. ⁴ The old copy reads wiry fiends. ⁵ i. e. breathe. ⁶ i. e. graceful.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*]

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*]

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make
Life as tedious as a twice-told tale, [me joy:
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man; [taste,
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:

And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall.

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:

For he, that sleeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

That none so small advantage shall step forth,

To check his reign, but they will cherish it;

No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no customary event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;

And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;

And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

I than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity: If but a dozen French

Were there in arms, they would be as a call

To train ten thousand English to their side;

Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,

Go with me to the king; 'Tis wonderful

What may be wrought out of their discontent:

Now that their souls are top-full of offence,

For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reasons make strong actions:—

Let us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

England.

Northampton. A room in the castle.

Enter Hubert, and Executioners.

Hub. HEAT me these irons hot; and, look
thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;

And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look
to't.— [*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

¹ Meaning, the blood of him that has the just claim. ² The author very finely calls a monstrous birth, an escape of nature; as if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent on some other thing.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad, but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.—By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale
to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur—— [*Shewing a paper.*]
How now, foolish rheum? [*Aside.*]

Turning spiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ay, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

5 An if an angel should have come to me,

And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but

Hubert's. [*Hubert stamps, and the men enter.*]

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

10 *Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?

15 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

20 Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

25 [*Exit.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes. [*In yours,*]

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

35 Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your

tongue.

40 *Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes:

45 Though to no use, but still to look on you?

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy. [*Grief.*]

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with

50 Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

55 *Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluish,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;

And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,

60 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things, that you should use to do me wrong,

Deny their office; only you do lack

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub.

Hub. Well, see to live: I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes* :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this
You were disguised. [while

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard¹ a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe. [well,

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than
They do confound their skill in covetousness²:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)
I shall endure you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound³ the purposes of all their hearts)

Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies) heartily request

The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:—

If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?

That the time's enemies may not have this

To grace occasions, let it be our suit,

That you have bid us ask his liberty;

Which for our goods we do no further ask,

Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,

Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody
deed;

He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:

The image of a wicked heinous fault

Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his

Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast;

And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,

Between his purpose and his conscience⁴,

Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set⁵:

His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,

The suit which you demand is gone and dead;

He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he
was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick:

This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,

That greatness should so grossly offer it:—

So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

* i. e. owns. ¹ To guard, is to fringe. ² i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling. ³ I. e. to declare, to publish. ⁴ i. e. between his consciousness of guilt, and his design to conceal it by fair professions. ⁵ i. e. placed.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
 An I had the inheritance of this poor child,
 His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
 Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
 This must not be thus borne: this will break out
 To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
 There is no sure foundation set on blood;
 No certain life atchiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood,
 That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
 So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
 Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mes. From France to England.—Never such a
 From any foreign preparation, [power
 Was levy'd in the body of a land!

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
 For, when you should be told they do prepare,
 The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd. [*drunk.*]

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
 Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care;
 That such an army could be drawn in France,
 And she not hear of it?

Mes. My liege, her ear
 Is stopt with dust; the first of April, dy'd
 Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
 The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
 Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
 I idly heard; if true or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
 O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
 My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
 How wildly then walks my estate in France?—
 Under whose conduct came those powers of France
 That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?
Mes. Under the Dauphin.

Enter Faulconbridge and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
 With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
 To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
 My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
 Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Fear with me, cousin; for I was sinaz'd
 Under the tide: but now I breathe again
 Aloft the flood; and can give audience
 To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
 The sums I have collected shall express.
 But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
 I find the people strangely fantasy'd;
 Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
 And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 With many hundreds treading on his heels:
 To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
 That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
 Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
 thou say so? [*so.*]

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him:

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
 Deliver him to safety¹, and return,

For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
 [*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The French, my lord; men's mouths
 are full of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
 (With eyes as red as new-enchindled fire)

And others more, going to seek the grave
 Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
 On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
 And thrust thyself into their companies:

I have a way to win their loves again;
 Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out. [*before.—*

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot

O, let me have no subject enemies,
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns

With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;

And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.
 Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
 And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert. [*to-night:*

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
 Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about

The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously:

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;

And when they talk of him they shake their heads,

And whisper one another in the ear;

And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;

Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet²)

Told of a many thousand warlike French,

That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:

Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with

these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

¹ i. e. into custody. ² From this we are to infer, that some shoes of those times could only be worn
 on that foot for which they were made.

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did not you
provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? Had'st not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted¹, and signed to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or
made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
Or bid me tell my tale in express words; [off,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
But thou didst understand me by my signs, [me:
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murder's thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to
the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!

Forgive me the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [Exe.

SCENE III.

A Street before a Prison.

Enter Arthur on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
[There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.

Oh me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's:
It is our safety, and we must embrace [bury;
This gentle oiler of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private² with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Bigot. Tomorrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere³ we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossest himself of us;
We will not line his thin-bested cloak

With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Faulc. What'er you think, good words, I think,
were best. [now,

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason⁴

Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief:
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man
else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?
[Seeing Arthur.

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and
princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge. [grave,

Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you
beheld,

¹ i. e. observed, distinguished.
² i. e. speak.

³ Meaning, his private account, or letter to me.

⁴ i. e. before.

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this,
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed, but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand.
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and illeness',
Till I have set a glory¹ to his hand,
By giving it the worship² of revenge.

Pemb. Bigot. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*]
Faulc. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true³ defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so; [*false,*]
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue so'er speaks
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salis-
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot, [*bury:*
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting iron,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
Second a villain, and a murderer? [*bridge?*

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;

And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;

For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

Bigot. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us
out. [*Exeunt lords.*

Faulc. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach [*fair work?*
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer;
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Faulc. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam

To hang thee on: or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!

I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.—

I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—

How easy dost thou take all England up!

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right, and truth of all this realm

Is fled to heaven; and England now is left

To tug, and scramble, and to part by the teeth

The unwor'd⁴ interest of proud swelling state.

Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,

Doth dogged war his angry crest,

And snarl⁵eth in the gentle eyes of peace:

¹ This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. ² Glory here means, splendor, or renown. ³ i. e. the honour or dignity. ⁴ i. e. honest. ⁵ i. e. do not make me one.

⁶ Ye, for hitherto. ⁷ i. e. unclaimed, or unowned.

Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.¹
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth trown upon the land.

[Exit.]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. **T**HUS have I yielded up into your hand

The circle of my glory. [Giving up the crown.

Pand. Take again

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority. [French;

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the

And from his boliness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.

Our discontented counties do revolt;

Our people quarrel with obedience;

Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of misemper'd humour

Rests by you only to be qualify'd.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be ministr'd,

Or overthrow incurable ensues. [up,

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest

Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:

But, since you are a gentle convertite²,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,

And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,

Upon your oath of service to the Pope,

Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Ex.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the

Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon, [prophet

My crown I should give off? Even so I have:

I did suppose, it should be on constraint;

But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd, [out,

Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone

To offer service to your enemy;

And wild amazement hurries up and down

The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,

After they heard young Arthur was alive? [streets;

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the

An empty casket, where the jewel of life,

By some damn'd hand, was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Faulc. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

15 Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow

20 Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glisten like the god of war,

25 When he intendeth to become the field:

Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den? [there?

And fright him there; and make him tremble

Oh, let it not be said!—Forage³, and run

30 To meet displeasure farther from the doors;

And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh. [me,

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with

And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promis'd to disannul the powers

35 Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

40 To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,

A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,

Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:

45 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;

Or if he do let it at least be said,

They saw we had a purpose of defence. [time,

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present

Faulc. Away, then, with good courage; yet I know,

50 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmund's-bury.

55 Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,

And keep it safe for our remembrance:

Return the precedent⁴ to these lords again;

60 That, having our fair order written down,

Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,

¹Wrested pomp means, greatness obtained by violence.

²i. e. convert.

³i. e. range abroad.

⁴i. e. the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords,

May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaister by condemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, oh, my griev'd friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than ha! I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Command these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandolph, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

To give us warrant for the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!

5 The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
10 And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew. [*back*;

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
15 I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at controul,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
20 Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,

25 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I by the honour of my marriage-bed,

30 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,

35 To underprop this action? Is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
40 *Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

45 *Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.
Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
50 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To out-look conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

55 *Enter Faulconbridge, attended.*
Faulc. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
60 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

¹ This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*), could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English
For thus his royalty doth speak in me. [king;
He is prepar'd; and reason, too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your
door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive like buckets of concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother E. gland, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. 'I here end thy brave, and turn thy face
in peace;

We grant, thou canst out-scoold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will
cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting-legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.
Faulc. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell
me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;

And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the
abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin-sands.

This news was brought to Richard* but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—

Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;

Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exc.

S C E N E IV.

The French Camp.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Uponce again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spight, alone upholds the day. [field.

Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the
Enter Melun wounded, and led by soldiers.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death. [sold;

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,

And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out king John, and fall before his feet:

For, if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take,

By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,

And I with him, and many more with me,

Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-bury;

Eyen on that altar where we swore to you

Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my
Retaining but a quantity of life; [view,

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?'

What in the world should make me now deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

* i. e. unbearded sauciness, alluding to the Dauphin's youth. * To take the hatch, is to leap the hatch. * An airy is the nest of an eagle. * Meaning, Faulconbridge. * Alluding to the images made by witches.

Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if ever those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires. [soul]

Sal. We do believe thee,—and beshrew my
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death [flight;
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

SCENE V.

A different part of the French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lewis. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth
to set;
But staid, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own
ground
In faint retire: Oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lewis. Here:—What news? [lords,
Mes. The count Melun is slain; the English
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin-sands.
Lewis. Ah foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy
very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before,
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter and good care
to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
or I shoot.

Faulc. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not de-
mand

Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so
Who art thou? [well:

Faulc. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,

Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
night,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,

Thou art any accent, breaking from thy tongue,

Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come, sans compliment, what
news abroad? [night,

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief, then, and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet sir, news fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. [news;

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:

I left him almost speechless, and broke out

To acquaint you with this evil, that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time,

Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,

Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king

Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all
come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;

At whose request the king hath pardoned them,

And they are all about his majesty.

Faulc. Withhold thine indignation, mighty hea-

And tempt us not to bear above our power!—[ven,

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,

These Lincoln washes have devour'd them;

Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Away, before! conduct me to the king:

I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Right signifies immediate; this sense, however, is now obsolete.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

*The Orchard in Swinstead-Abbey.**Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.*

Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain [house]
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak; and holds
belief,

That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—

Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient.

Than when you left him: even now he sung.

Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them: invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your majesty? [cast off:]

K. John. Poisoned,—ill fare;—dead, forsook.
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor treat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt of them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. Oh, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair;

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward:
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoiced by the unexpected flood. [The king dies.]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead
an ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres, [faiths;

Where be your powers? Shew now your mended
And instantly return with me again,

To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting laud:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we

The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;

For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.

Sal. And happily may your sweet self put on

The lineal state and glory of the land!
I'o whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. [thanks,

Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,

Come the three corners of the world in arms, [rue,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt Omnes.]

THE LIFE¹ AND DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King RICHARD the Second,
EDMUND of LANGLEY, *Duke of* York.
JOHN of GAUNT, *Duke of* Lancaster.
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of* Hereford, afterwards *King* Henry the Fourth, son to *John of* Gaunt.
Duke of AUMERLE², son to the *Duke of* York.
MOUBRAY, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Duke of SURREY.
Earl of SALISBURY.
Earl BERKLEY³.
RUSBY,
BAGOT,
GREEN,

Uncles to the King.

Creatures to King Richard.

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.
PERCY, son to *Northumberland*.
Lord ROSS⁴.
Lord WILLOUGHBY.
Lord FITZWATER.
Bishop of CARLISLE.
Sir STEPHEN SCROOP.
Lord Marshal; and another *Lord*.
Abbot of WESTMINSTER.
Sir PIERCE of EXTON.
Captain of a Band of Welchmen.
Queen to King Richard.
Dutchess of GLOSTER.
Dutchess of YORK.
Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, Two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly, in England and Wales.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Noblemen and Attendants.

K. Rich. OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band⁵,
 Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
 Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gaunt. I have, my liege. [him,

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded
 If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;

Or worthily, as a good subject should,
 On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—

5 On some apparent danger seen in him,
 Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face
 to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

10 The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—
 High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
 In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall

15 My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

¹ This history, however, comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year.

² Aumerle is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. ³ Mr. Steevens says, it ought to be *Lord* Berkley, as there was no *Earl* Berkley 'till some ages after. ⁴ Now spelt *Ross*, one of the duke of Rutland's titles.

⁵ i. e. bond.

Mowb. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellat to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish (so please my sovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword
may prove. [zeal:]

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my
Tis not the trial of a woman's war,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:

First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me,
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;

Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot

Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground¹ inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.

Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:

If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rights of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worst devise.

Mowb. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,

Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight! [change:]

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's
It must be great, than can inherit us!

So much as of a thought of ill in him. [true;—

Boling. Look, what I said, my life shall prove it
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,

In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge

That that ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years

Complotted and contrived in this land, [spring.]
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and

Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—

That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;

And, consequently, like a traitor coward, [blood;
Sluc'd out his innocent soul through streams of

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,

To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,

This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

'Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar. [ear:]

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,

(As he is but my father's brother's son)
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,

Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize

The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;

Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I to his highness' soldiers;

The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,

Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France, to fetch his queen:

Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's
death,—

I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—

For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
I'll honourable father to my foe,—

Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:

But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd

Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.

¹ Meaning his sword drawn in a right or just cause.

² i. e. not habitable.

³ i. e. possess us.

This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weaning traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial-day. [me;]

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there
is no boot! [foot:]

Mowb. Myself, I throw, dread sovereign, at thy
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one, my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Despight of death, that lives upon my grave)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and buffl'd² here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart's blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their spots: take
but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do
you begin.

Boling. Oh, heaven defend my soul from such
foul sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar face³ impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parlie, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's⁴⁰
face. [Exit Gaunt.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to com-
mand:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice decide the victor's chivalry.—
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter Gaunt, and Duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas! the part⁴ I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclame,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But, since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches, springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut.

But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that
womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's
substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and
defence.

¹ i. e. no advantage in delay or refusal. ² *Buffl'd*, in this, as has been noted in a former place, means, treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. ³ i. e. with a face of supplication. ⁴ i. e. my relation of consanguinity to Gloster.

Dutch. Why then, I will. Farewel, old Gaunt!
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caniff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewel, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewel: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth
where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—Oh, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow, that dwells every where:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die,
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Lists at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd,
and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*
The trumpets sound, and the King enters with

Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, and others: when they are
set, enter the Duke of Norfolk in armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who
thou art, [*To Mowbray.*]

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quar-
rel truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath, [*rel:*]
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Who hither come engaged by my oath, [*Norfolk:*
(Which heaven defend a knight should violate!)]
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;

And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself.
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

5 *Trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant,*
in armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;

10 And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st
thou hither,

Before king Richard, in his royal lists? [*To Boling.*
15 Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
20 To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

25 *Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sove-
reign's hand,

30 And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;

Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
35 And loving farewel, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your
highness, [*To K. Rich.*
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our
arms.

40 Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewel, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

45 *Boling.* Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—

50 Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:

55 Oh thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
[*To Gaunt.*]

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—

60 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

Mr. Steevens observes on this passage, that "waxen may mean either *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form to every motion of the body."

And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee
prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:

Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and saint George to
thrive!

Mowb. However heaven, or fortune, cast my
lot, [throne.]

There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:

Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

This feast of battle with mine adversary.—

Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—

Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:

As gentle, and as jocund, as to jest!

Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord: securely I espy

Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—

Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Receive thy lance; and heaven defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of
Norfolk. [by]

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Der-

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,

And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke o.

On pain to be found false and recreant, [Norfolk,

Both to defend himself, and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;

Courageously, and with a free desire,

Attending but the signal to begin. [A charge sounded.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, com-

batants.

Stay, the king has thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and

their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:—

Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets sound,

While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[A long flourish; after which, the king

speaks to the combatants.

Draw near,

And list, what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

With the dear blood which it hath fostered,

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect [swords;

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours,

[And for we think, the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

5 With rival-hating envy, set you on

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,

And harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood,—

Therefore, we banish you our territories.—

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,

15 'Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,

Shall not regret our fair dominions,

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my

comfort be, [me:]

20 That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on

And those his golden beams, to you here lent,

Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:

25 The fly-slow hours shall not determinate

The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—

The hopeless word of—never to return,

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

30 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

A dearer merit, not so deep a main

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hand.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

35 My native English, now I must forego:

And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

40 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engal'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

45 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now;

What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;

50 After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's

light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

55 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)

To keep the oath that we administer:—

You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)

¹ Mr. Farmer remarks, that *to jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask*. ² A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. ³ Mr. Pope restored these five verses from the first edition of 1598. ⁴ Instead of *merit* Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "a dearer meed," or *reward*—have I deserved, &c. ⁵ *Compassionate* for *plaintive*.

Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
Nor ever look upon each other's face ;
Nor ever write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
'To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy' ;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewel, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griev'd heart : thy sad aspect
Meth from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,

[*To Boling.*]

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word : Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile :
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou can'st give.
Shorten my days thou can'st with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :
Thou can'st help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
Thy word is current with him for my death ;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Where to thy tongue a party-verdict gave :

Why at our justices seem'st thou then to lour ? [sour.]

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion
You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father :—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would have been more mild ;
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong :
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd. [so ;
5 *K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Flourish.*]

[*Exit.*]

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not
From where you do remain, let papers show. [know,

10 *Mar.* My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side. [words,

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

15 *Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters : they are quickly gone.

20 *Boling.* To men in joy ; but grief makes one
hour ten. [sure.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for plea-

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

25 *Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world

30 I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages ; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,

But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

35 *Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :

Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee ;

40 But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not—the king exil'd thee : or suppose,

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

45 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :

Suppose the singing birds, musicians ; [strow'd ;

The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence

50 The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more.

Than a delightful measure or a dance :

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,

55 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a feast ?

Or wallow naked in December snow,

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?

60 Oh, no ! the apprehension of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :

¹ Dr. Johnson understands this passage thus : "*Norfolk, so far I have addressed myself to thee as to mine enemy, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, confess thy treasons.*" i. e. the reproach of partiality.

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on
thy way:

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet
soil, adieu;

My mother and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—

Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Court.

*Enter King Richard, and Bagot, &c. at one door,
and the Lord Aumerle at the other.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call
him so,

But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears
were shed? [wind,

Aum. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-east
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you
parted with him?

Aum. Farewel:

And for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd
hours,

And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis
doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:

How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

With humble and familiar courtesy;

What reverence he did throw away on slaves;

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,

5 And patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 'twere, to banish their effects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;

A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee, [friends;"]—

10 With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving

As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go
these thoughts.

15 Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—

Expedient¹ manage must be made, my liege;

Ere further leisure yield them further means,

For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.

20 And, for our coffers—with too great a court,

And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light,

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;

The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand: If that come short,

25 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;

Whereto, when they shall know what men are
rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,

And send them after to supply our wants;

30 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. Bushy, what news? [lord;

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my

35 Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,

To intreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

[mind,
K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's

40 To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray heaven, we may make haste, and come too
late! [Exeunt.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

London.

A room in Ely-house.

Gaunt brought in sick: with the Duke of York.

Gaunt. WILL the king come? that I may
breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with
your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but they say the tongues of dying
men

Inforce attention, like deep harmony:

55 Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in
vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more [pain.

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose; [tore:

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives be—

The setting sun, and music at the close,

¹i. e. expeditious.

E. 2

As

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not bear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stop'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious meeters¹; to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard²:
Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse³:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou
lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
His rash⁴ fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection⁵, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
[Land,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng-
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian-service, and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now less'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting⁶ farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame;
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds⁷;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,

How happy then, were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy,
Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his
youth;

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with
aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composi-
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;

And therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their
names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those
that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flat-
ter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dy'st, though I the sicker

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee
ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee

ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

Oh, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Who art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease:

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law⁸;

And—

¹ i. e. metres, or verses. ² Meaning, where the will rebels against the understanding. ³ i. e. will follow his own course. ⁴ i. e. hasty, violent. ⁵ i. e. against pestilence. ⁶ i. e. mean, paltry. ⁷ Alluding to the great sums raised upon the subject by loans and other exactions, in this reign. ⁸ Dr. Johnson interprets this passage thus: "By setting the royalties to *farm* thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty; thou art now *no longer king but landlord of England*, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords; by making thy condition a *state of law*, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, *thou art become a bond-slave to the law*; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt."

K. Rich. —Thou, a lunatic, lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy irreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carows'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be! —
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave: —
Love they to live! that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love,
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is. [so his;

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to

K. Rich. What says he? [your majesty.

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent. [so!

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that. — Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns';

Which live like venom, where no venom else',
But only they, have privilege to live.

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge, —
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd. [long

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh, how
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. —

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
I than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

20 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?

25 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day:

Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,

30 But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in his letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue

35 His livery, and deny' his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think. [hands

40 *K. Rich.* Think what you will; we seize into our
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;

45 But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire
Bid him repair to us, to Ely-house, [straight;

To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;

50 And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord-governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well. —
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

55 [*Exeunt King, Queen, &c.*]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

60 *Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue. [silence,

¹ That is, let them love to live. ² Kern signifies an Irish foot-soldier; an Irish boor. ³ Alluding to a tradition, that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from every species of venomous reptiles: i. e. refuse.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,

'That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Will. 'Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;

Unless you call it good, to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devis'd;

As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. War hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:

More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm. [man.]

Will. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding.

But by the robbing of the banish'd duke. [king!]

North. His noble kinsman:—Most degenerate

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not! but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer,
And unavoided is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes
I spy life peering: but I dare not say, [of death,

How near the tidings of our comfort is. [dost ours.]

Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc,
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence, [a bay

1 That Harry Hereford, Reignold Lord Cobham,

That late broke from the duke of Exeter';

His brother, archbishop late ' of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and

10 Francis Quoint,—

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:

15 Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay

'The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

Imp out' our drooping country's broken wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crowns,

20 Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,

Away with me, in post to Ravenspurg:

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and myself will go:

25 *Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Court.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

To lay aside life-harming heaviness,

And entertain a cheerful disposition. [self,

Queen. To please the king I did; to please my-

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard: Yet again, methinks,

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,

Is coming toward me; and my inward soul

With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,

More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:

For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,

Divides one thing entire to many objects;

Like perspectives¹, which, rightly gas'd upon,

Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,

¹ To strike the sails, is, to contract them. ² Mr. Steevens observes, that this circumstance, of having broke from the duke of Exeter, applies solely to Thomas Arundel, son and heir to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign; and from thence conjectures, that a line is lost, in which his name had originally a place. The archbishop next mentioned, was uncle to this young lord, though Shakespeare mistakenly calls him his brother. ³ Having been deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king. ⁴ This expression is borrowed from falconry. To imp a hawk, was to supply such wing-feathers as dropped, or were forced out by any accident. ⁵ Warburton says this is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this: "Amongst mathematical recreations, there is one in optics, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of perspective are inverted: so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of perspective, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakespeare says, ey'd awry."

Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's
not seen:

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious
lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heaven save your majesty!—and well
met, gentlemen:—

I hope the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd
his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravensburg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid! [worse,—

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry
Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd North-
umberland,

And the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke. [woe,

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful business are his looks!—

5 *Uncle,* for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts:

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,

Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.

Your husband he is gone to save far off,

10 Whilst others come to make him lose at home:

Here am I left to underprop his land;

Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:—

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way
it will!— {cold.

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are

20 And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah,

Get thee to Plashy², to my sister Gloster;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—

Hold, take my ring.

25 *Ser.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:

To-day, I came by, and call'd there;—but I

Shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the duchess dy'd.

30 *York.* Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

I know not what to do:—I would to heaven,

(So my untruth¹ hath not provok'd him to't)

35 The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—

What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these wars?—

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say; pray, pardon
me.—

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

{To the servant.

And bring away the armour that is there.—

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know

How, or which way, to order these affairs,

I hus disorderly thrust into my hands,

45 Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;

The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend; the other again,

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

50 Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll

Dispose of you:—Go, muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen,

I should to Plashy too:—

But time will not permit:—All is uneven,

55 And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exit York and Queen.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ire-

But none returns. For us to levy power, [land,

Proportionable to the enemy,

60 Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,

Is near the hate of those love not the king.

i. e. drawn it back. ² The lordship of Plashy was a town of the dutchess of Gloster's in Essex.

j. e. disloyalty, treachery.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love

Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we have been ever near the king. [castle;

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither I will with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewel: if heart's p'gesages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas! poor duke, the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewel at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The wilds in Glostershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,

Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way,

From Ravenspurge to Cotswold, will be found

In Ross, and Willoughby, wanting your company;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel:

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit that I possess:

And hope to joy, is little less in joy,

Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,

'Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,

Sent from my brother Worcester, whensoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd

his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen? [court,

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd

The household of the king,

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurge, [traitor.]

[To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York hath levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurge.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke. [vice,

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service—
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm

North. To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy: and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence: [it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and
None else of name, and noble estimate. [Seymour,

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste. [sues

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury

North. Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross. Your presence make us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;

Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is, to Lancaster;

And I am come to seek that name in England:

And I must find that title in your tongue,

Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,

To raze one title of your honour out:—

To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will)

From the most glorious of this land,

North. The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time,

And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

[*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy
Whose duty is deceivable and false. [kneez,

! Meaning, perhaps, the time of the king's absence.

Boling.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more than why,—Why have they dared to
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behiud,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On! what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign. [ford;

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Here—
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart thrifths? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold:
And these, and all, are all amiss emp'oy'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attornies are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent. [abus'd.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.
Will. Base men by his endowments are made
great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
5 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

10 *York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
15 Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

20 *Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,

25 Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet
I'll pause;

For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
30 Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

*S C E N E IV.

In Wales.

35 *Enter Salisbury and a Captain.*

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

40 *Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king repositeth all his confidence in thee. [stay.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not
The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven:

45 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:

50 These signs forerun the death of kings—

Farwel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!

55 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crosaly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ On for in. ² Dr. Johnson conjectures that this dialogue was probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and advises the reader to insert it there.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

*Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.**Enter Bolingb. York, Northumb. Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.**Boling.* BRING forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex
your souls

(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
'Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd¹ my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From mine own windows torn my household coat²,
Raz'd out my impress³, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To shew the world I am a gentleman. [this,
This, and much more, much more than twice all
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd
over

To execution and the hand of death. [me,
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take
our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them
dispatch'd.—

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commendings;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,
away;

[To fight with Glendower and his complices⁴ :]
A while to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.]

'SCENE II.

*The coast of Wales. A castle in view.**Flourish drums and trumpets.*

5 *Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, and soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace
the air,

10 After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep
for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

15 I though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

20 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweet comfort his ravenous sense:

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

25 Which with usurping steps do trample thee:

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

30 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall faultier under foul rebellious arms.

35 *Bishop.* Fear not, my lord; that Power, that

made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,

40 And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

45 *K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,

That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,

I then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,

In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;

50 But when, from under this terrestrial ball,

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,

And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins, [backs,

The cloak of night being pluckt from off their

¹ To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. ² It was then the practice to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. ³ The *impress* was a device or motto. ⁴ Theobald is of opinion (and we think his reasons for thinking so are just), that this line is an interpolation. ⁵ Here, Dr. Johnson thinks, may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act.

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
 Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord:
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the
 right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my
 tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
 Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; Why looks your
 grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
 And 'till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
 Awake, thou cowardly majesty! thou sleepest.
 Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
 Arm, arm, my name; a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
 High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
 Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
 Comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
 The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
 And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
 They break their faith to God, as well as us:

Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
 The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
 To bear the tidings of calamity.

5 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
 So high above his limits swells the rage
 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
 10 With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
 Whitebeards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
 Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
 Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

15 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
 Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
 Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
 Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell. [ill.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so
 Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
 What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
 That they have let the dangerous enemy
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

25 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, in-
 deed, my lord. [demption!

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damnd without re-
 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! [heart!
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
 Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
 Would they make peace? Terrible hell make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

35 *Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—
 Again uncure their souls; their peace is made
 With heads, and not with hands; those whom you
 curse,

40 Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
 And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wilt-
 shire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

45 *Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his
 power? [speak:

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

50 Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills:—
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 55 And nothing can we call our own but death;
 And that small model of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—

60 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;

¹ The king's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. ² Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death. ³ i. e. mould.

All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of the king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition¹, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends;—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain: no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death!
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up;
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[To Aumerle.]

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land² that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no raan speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let him hence;—Away.
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

*The Camp of Bolingbroke, before Flint Castle.
Enter with drums and colours, Bolingbroke,
York, Northumberland, and Attendants.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head³, the whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you
should. [should,

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally! Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [To North.]

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brave trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Harry of Bolingbroke, on both his knees,

Doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,

To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

¹ This alludes to the *antic* or *fool* of old farces, whose principal business is to ridicule the graver and more splendid personages. ² Tradition seems here used for *traditional practices*. ³ The meaning is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. ⁴ i. e. to *plough it*. ⁵ To *take the head* is, to take undue liberties.

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go, signify as much: while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A purple sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have
we stood [To North.

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre;
Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke (for yond', methinks, he is)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pasture's grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord
the king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin,

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
5 Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said;—
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
10 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
15 To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king
returns:—

20 His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends—
25 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [To Aum.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die? [words,
Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle
30 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
swords, [of mine,

K. Rich. Oh God! oh God! that e'er this tongue
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you proud man, should take it off again

35 With words of sooth! Oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now! [beat,
Swell'at thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to
40 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke. [submit?

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?

45 The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
50 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—

55 Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?—

60 Aumerle, thou weep'st: My tender-hearted
cousin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,

1 i. e. the flowery surface of England's soil.

2 In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*.

And make a dearth in this revoking land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus:—To drop them still upon one place,
'Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.

[*North. advances.*]
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? Will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live 'till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth
attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come
down.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glist'ring
Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires to Bol.*]
In the base court? Base court where kings grow
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace. [*base,*
In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
down, king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks
should sing. [*Exeunt, from above.*]

Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come. [*Enter Richard, &c. below.*]

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneels.*]

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely
knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

[*Touching his own head.*]
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine
own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours,
and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well de-
serve to have,

That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Bas cour, Fr.

SCENE IV.

Langley.

The Duke of York's garden.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full
of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou
weep. [*good.*]

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do
me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

Enter a Gardener, and two servants.

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so

Against a change; Woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.—

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Shewing, as in a model, our firm state;

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choak'd up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,

i. e. foolishly.

Hath

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad spreading leaves did
shelter,

That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! who at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What think you then, the king shall be
depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am press'd to death, through want
of speaking!—

[*Coming from her concealment.*]

Thou old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How darest thy harsh tongue sound this displeasing
news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? Speak, thou
wretch.

5 *Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet, what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
10 And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.—
Post you to London, and you'll find it so:

15 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of
Doth not thy embassy belong to me, [foot,
And am I last that knows it? Oh, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep

20 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—

What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!—
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
25 I would, the plants, thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be
no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt Gard. and Serv.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

London. The Parliament-House.

*Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland,
Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, Bishop of Carlisle,
Abbot of Westminster, Herald, Officers, and
Bagot.*

Boling. CALL forth Bagot:

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless' end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that
man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—“Is not my arm of length,
“That reacheth from the restful English court
“As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?”
Amongst much other talk, that very time,

I heard you say, “You rather had refuse
“The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
“Than Bolingbroke return to England;
45 “Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
“In this your cousin's death.”

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars?
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
50 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: Thou liest, and

55 I will maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
60 In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:

! *Timeless for untimely.*

! Meaning, his high or noble birth.

! i. e. upon equality of blood.

By that fair sun that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were the hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extreamest point
Of mortal breathing! Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I take the earth to the like, for-
sworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be halloo'd in thy treacherous ear
From sin to sin: there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

[all:

Aum. Who sets me else? By heaven, I'll throw at
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surry. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surry. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitzw. Surry, thou liest.

Surry. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

[horse:]

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,

To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Cur. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field

Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave

5 His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Carl. As sure as I live, my lord.

10 *Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to
the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,

Your differences shall all rest under gage,

'Till we assign you to your days of trial.

15 *Enter York, attended.*

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:

20 Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal

Carl. Marry, God forbid!— [throue.

Worst in his royal presence may I speak,

Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.

Would God, that any in this noble presence

Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would

Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.

30 What subject can give sentence on his king?

And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them:

And shall the figure of God's majesty,

35 His captain, steward, deputy elect,

Anointed, crowned, planted many years,

Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,

And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,

That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd

40 Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,

Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.

My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:

45 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—

The blood of English shall manure the ground,

And future ages groan for this foul act;

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,

And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars

50 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,

Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd

The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.

O, if you rear this house against this house,

It will the wofullest division prove,

That ever fell upon this cursed earth:

Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,

Lest children's children cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir: and, for

your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here:—

My lord of Westminster, be it your charge

¹ Dr. Johnson supposes, that for *the earth* we should read *thy oath*. ² Meaning, in this world, where I have just begun to be an actor. Surry has just before called him *boy*.

To keep him safely 'till his day of trial.— [suit ?]
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons'

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common
He may surrender; so we shall proceed [view
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our
arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—

Little are we beholden to your love, [To Carlisle.

And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with King Richard.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king.

Before I have skook off the regal thoughts

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—

Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me

To this submission. Yet I well remember

The favours' of these men: Were they not mine?

Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?

So Judas did to Christ: but, he in twelve,

Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thou-

sand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, Amen?

Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, Amen.

God save the king! although I be not he;

And yet, Amen, if heaven do think him me.—

To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—

The resignation of thy state and crown

To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin,

seize the crown; [thine.

Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; on that side,

Now is this golden crown like a deep well;

That owes two buckets filling one another;

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water:

The bucket down, and full of tears, am I,

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs

are mine:

You may my glories and my state dispose,

But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with

your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my

cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;

Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:

The cares I give, I have, though given away;

They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must no-

thing be;

Therefore, no, no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm²,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;

My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:

God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!

God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd;

Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!]

God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,

15 And send him many years of sun-shine days!—

What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,

Committed by your person and your followers,

20 Against the state and profit of this land;

That, by confessing them, the souls of men

May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,

25 If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,

To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,

There should'st thou find an heinous article,—

Containing the deposing of a king,

30 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,

35 Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates

Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,

And water cannot wash away your sin. [ticles.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these ar-

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:

40 And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,

But they can see a sort³ of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

I find myself a traitor with the rest:

For I have given here my soul's consent,

45 To undeck the pompous body of a king;

Make glory base; a sovereign, a slave;

Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught⁴, in-

50 sulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—

No, not that name was given me at the font,—

But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,

That I have worn so many winters out,

And know not now what name to call myself!

Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,

To melt myself away in water-drops!—

Goodking—greatking—(and yet not greatly good)

60 An if my word be sterling yet in England.

[To Boling.

Let it command a mirror hither straight;

¹ i. e. the circumstances; the features.
haughty.

² The oil of consecration.

³ i. e. company.

⁴ i. e.

That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.
North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth
come. [to hell.]

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northum-
berland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd; I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Enter one, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—Oh, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me!—Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

As brittle as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament,
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;

There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin. [a king:]

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your
Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh, good! convey?—conveyors¹ are
you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [*Exit.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. [*down*]

[*Ex. all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Carl. The woes to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury² mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A plot, shall shew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

A Street in London.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. THIS way the king will come; this is
the way

To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower¹,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—

Ah, thou the model where old Troy did stand;
[*To K. Rich.*]

Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous mi-
Why should hard favour'd grief be lodg'd?
When triumph is become an ale-house gue

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do.
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;

From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league 'till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

¹ i. e. jugglers.

² i. e. to conceal.

³ The Tower of London is said to have been erected by
Julius Caesar.

Queen.

Queen. What is my Richard both in shape and mind

Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrustest forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage

To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod?
And fawn on rage with base humility,

Which art a lion, and a king of beasts? [*beasts,* 10

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for

France:

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:

And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is
chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;

With all swift speed, you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder where-
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,

Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;

And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,

Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear:
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,

To worthy danger, and deserved death.

Rich. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Badmen, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;

And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me un-kiss the oath 'twixt thee and me:

[*To the Queen.* 55

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pine the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas¹, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe,

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near!

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way
being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;—

I thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no
good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[*Kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond
delay:

Once more adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, with his Dutchess.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell
the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, [*broke,*—

Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,

While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Boling-
broke!

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old

Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,

With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome Bolingbroke!

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the
while?

York. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,

¹ Meaning, to requite, or repay them for their mournful stories. ² i. e. *All-hallows*, or *all-hallow-tide*; the first of November. ³ i. e. to be *never the nigher*: or, to make no advance towards the good desired.

Are idly bent' on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God save him:
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king. [now,

Dutch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets
That strew the green-lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one. [time,

York. Well, bear you well' in this new spring of
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? Hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent me not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:

I will be satisfy'd, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Dutch. What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, against the triumph. [bond

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing. [shew it.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it and reads.

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Dutch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? saddle my horse.

Heaven, for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman. [son?

Dutch. I will not peace:—What is the matter,

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer!

Enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:—

Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—

[Speaking to the servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

I have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teining date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Dutch. He shall be none;

We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty

My son, I would appeach him. [times

Dutch. Had'st thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son:

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit, horse:

Dutch. After, Aumerle: mount thee upon his

Spur, post; and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind; though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:

And never will I rise up from the ground,

'Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

The Court at Windsor Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?

'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found:

Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions;

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;

¹ i. e. carelessly turned. ² From Holinshed we learn, that the dukes of Aumerle, Surry, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but allowed to retain their earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon.

i. e. conduct yourself with prudence.

While

While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So desolute a crew. [Prince:]

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stewes;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour: and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger. [both]

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, amazed.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wily?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your
majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
alone.—

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[Kneels.]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak!

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee. [key.]

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the
That no man enter 'till my tale be done

Boling. Have thy desire. [York within.]

York. My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king: 40
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

The King opens the door, enter York.

Boling. What is the mater, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it. [know]

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt
The treason that my haste forbids me show. [past:]

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer¹, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages 60
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad²;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing³ son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[Dutchess within:]

Dutch. What ho, my liege! for heaven's sake,
let me in. [eager cry:]

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king;
'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd, from a serious thing,

20 And now chang'd to the *Beggar and the King*.—

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;

I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;

This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;

Love, loving not itself, none other can. [here:]

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou do

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me,
gentle liege. [Kneels.]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my
knee. [Kneels.]

York. Against them both, my true joints bended
be. [Kneels.]

I'll may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our
breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;

50 We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel 'till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.

55 Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say—stand up;

But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up;

And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

¹ *Sheer* is pellucid, clear.

² That is, "The overflow of good in thee is turned to bad in thy son."

³ To *digress* is to deviate from what is right and regular.

⁴ Alluding to an interlude well known in our author's time.

I never long'd to hear a word 'till now:

Say—pardon, king: let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy*¹.

Dutch. Dost thou think pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That set'st the word itself against the word!—

Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;

The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:

Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;

That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again;

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art. [the abbot²,

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—

Good uncle; help to order several powers

To Oxford, or where-e'er these traitors are:

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once knew where.

Uncle, farewell,—and, cousin, too, adieu:

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old son; I pray heaven
make thee new. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what
words he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words. [twice,

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me.
As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exe.]

SCENE V.

The Prison at Pomfret Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,

I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;

My soul, the father: and these two beget

5 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;

In humours, like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better sort,—

10 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself

Against the word:

As thus,—*Come, little ones*; and then again,—

It is as hard to come, as for a camel

To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

15 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot

Unlike³ wonders; how these vain weak nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs

Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

20 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last: Like silly beggars,

Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—

That many have, and others must sit there:

25 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,

Bearing their own misfortune on the back

Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many people,

And none contented: Sometimes am I king;

30 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am: then crushing penury

Persuades me, I was better when a king;

Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,

Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,

35 And straight am nothing:—But what-e'er I am,

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd

With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Mus.*

Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,

40 When time is broke, and no proportion kept?

So is it in the musick of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,

To hear time broke in a disorder'd string;

But, for the concord of my state and time,

45 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:

My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar,

50 Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch⁴,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,

Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,

55 Shew minutes, times, and hours:—but my time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

While I stand fooling here, his jack o' the clock⁵.

This music mads me, let it sound no more;

For, though it hath help madmen to their wits,

60 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.

¹ That is, *excuse me*.

² The abbot of Westminster was an ecclesiastic; but the brother-in-law meant was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to king Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry of Bolingbroke. ³ By the word I suppose is meant the *Scriptures*.

⁴ To jar probably here means, to make that noise which is called *ticking*. ⁵ Watch seems to be used in a double sense, for a quantity of time, and for the instrument which measures time. i. e. I strike for him.

Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; love to Richard
Is a strange brooch¹ in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog²
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hath bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his
back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him;
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing³ Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say.

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the king, commands the
contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*]

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and Servants.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this
rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instru-
ment.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*]

Gothou, and fill another room in hell.

[*Kills another.*]

[*Exton strikes him down.*]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce
hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own
Mount, inmount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

5 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*]

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; Oh, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,

10 Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*]

15 S C E N E VI.

The Court at Windsor.

*Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other
Lords and attendants.*

20 *Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

25 Welcome, my lord; What is the news? [*ness.*]

North. First to thy sacred state wish I all happi-

The next news is,—I have to London sent

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent;

30 The manner of their taking may appear

At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

35 *Enter Fitzwater.*

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
London

The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;

Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,

40 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

45 *Percy.* The grand conspirator, abbot of West-
minster,

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,

Hath yielded up his body to the grave:

But here is Carlisle living, to abide

50 Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:

Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;

55 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife;

For tho' mine enemy thou hast ever been,

High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present

60 Thy bury'd fear: herein all breathless lies

¹ i. e. is as strange and uncommon as a brooch, which is now no longer worn.

² Meaning, that

grave, gloomy villain, who brings, &c.

³ Jaunce and jaunt were synonymous words.

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land. [deed.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need,

Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light. —

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:

5 Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,

And put on sullen black incontinent;

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,

10 In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY IV¹.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Fourth.
 HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
 JOHN, Duke of Lancaster, }
 Earl of WORCESTER.
 Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.
 HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR.
 EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
 SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
 ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
 OWEN GLENDOWER.
 Sir RICHARD VERNON.
 Earl of WESTMORELAND.

Sir WALTER BLUNT.
 Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
 POINS.
 GADSHILL.
 PETO.
 BARDOLPH.

Lady PERCY, wife to Hotspur, sister to Mortimer.
 Lady MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
 QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Sheriff, Pintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Court in London.

Enter King Henry, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
 Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock

¹The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months: for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill), which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of St. Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. Dr. Johnson remarks, that "Shakspeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by king Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited." ²Mr. Steevens says, it should be *Prince John of Lancaster*, and adds, that the persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakspeare has been no where guilty of in the *first* part of this play, though in the *second* he has fallen into the same error. *K. Henry IV.* was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons (till they had peerages, as *Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester*) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster, Humphry of Lancaster, &c.* and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*) is always mentioned in the play before us.

And furious close of civil butchery.
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 'The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go,
 Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience¹.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits² of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of. [broil]

K. Henry. It seems then that the tidings of this
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land. [lord;]

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-wood day, the gallant Hotspur³ there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald⁴,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought it, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way. [friend.]

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-industrious
 Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 Balk'd⁵ in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took

5 Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas; and the earls
 Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Monteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil?
 A gallant prize: ha, cousin, is it not?

10 *West.* Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast
K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
 mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so blest a son:
 15 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow

20 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
 In cradle-cloths our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
 I then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

25 But let him from my thoughts: What think you,
 coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
 To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
 30 I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife⁶.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester's
 Malevolent to you in all aspects; [cester,
 Which makes him prune⁷ himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

35 *K. Henry.* But I have sent for him to answer this;
 And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
 40 But come yourself with speed to us again;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

45 *An apartment belonging to the Prince.*

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

50 *P. Henry.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking
 of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
 sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast
 forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st
 truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with
 the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack

¹ Mr. Steevens proposes to read *lead* for *levy*. ² i. e. *expedition*. ³ *Limits* for *estimates*. 'Hol-
 lished in his *History of Scotland* says, "This Harry Percy was surnamed, for his *often pricking*,
Harry Hotspur, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad."

⁴ Archibald Douglas, earl Douglas. ⁵ *A balk* signifies a *bank* or *hill*. *Balk'd* in *their own blood*, may
 therefore mean, lay in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. ⁶ Mr. Tollet observes, that by the law
 of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns,
 had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. ⁷ Whom (Mr. Steevens adds)
 Percy could not refuse to the king, as being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the duke of Albany,
 brother to king Robert III.) and whom Henry might justly claim by his acknowledged military pro-
 rogative. ⁸ Dr. Johnson says, to *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same.

and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, that wand'ring knight so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none).—

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweat wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in

thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that, were it nothere apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pry thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father-an-tick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib^c cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a hare^d, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies; and art, indeed, the most comparative^e, rascalliest, sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pry thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names

¹ Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that our poet, by the expression *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only "Let not us who are body-squires to the night, i. e. adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day." He afterwards adds, that a *squire of the body* signified originally, the attendant on a knight: the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield; and that it became afterwards the cant term for a pimp. ²i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. ³ Warburton, in commenting upon this passage, says, "This alludes to the name Shakspeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this: One sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliff, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff." Mr. Steevens, however, has, we think, very fully and satisfactorily proved that sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not, according to Mr. Steevens, the work of our poet, but a despicable piece, prior to that of Shakspeare, full of ribaldry and impiety from the beginning to the end; and was probably the play sneeringly alluded to in the epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV.—*for Oldcastle died a martyr*. "The sheriff's officers of those times were clad in buff. The meaning therefore of this answer of the Prince to Falstaff's question is, "whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench." ⁴ Shakspeare here quibbles upon the word *suit*. The prince uses it to mean a *petition*; Falstaff, to imply a *suit of cloaths*. The cloaths of the offender being a perquisite of the executioner. ⁵ i. e. an *old he-cat*, Gilbert, or Gib, being the name formerly appropriated to a cat of the male species. ⁶ Dr. Johnson says, that "a *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary: and according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy." ⁷ Alluding, perhaps, to the melancholy appearance of its stagnant water. ⁸ i. e. the most *quick at comparisons*.

were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street, about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the streets too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration¹; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle² me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were not enough for him?

Enter Poins.

This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his work, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, He will give the devil his due.

Poin. Then art thou damn'd, for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap: we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor

good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: You shall find me in East-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewel, thou latter spring! farewel, All-hallow's! summer!

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but, 'tis likely that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce³, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night

¹ The meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is, thou hast a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy text; alluding to the prince having said in the preceding speech, *wisdom cries out*, &c. ² See note 2, p. 415. ³ i. e. *All-saints'* day, which is the first of November. Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. ⁴ i. e. for the occasion. ⁵ i. e. *confutation*.

in East-cheap, there I'll sup.. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [*Exit Poins.*]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while up-
The unyok'd humour of your idleness: [hold

Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were fasting holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,

And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,

Than that which hath no soil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;

Redeeming time, when men think least I will.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester,
Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and
temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,

You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,

And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it;

And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—
K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory;

And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier¹ of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit Worcester.*]
You were about to speak. [*To Northumberland.*]

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,

Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd,
As is deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,

When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd,

Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
He was perfum'd like a milliner;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box², which ever and anon

He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,

Took it in snuff³:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms

He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

Henry. I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay⁴,

Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;

He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman, [mark!]
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parricacy, for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd

So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

This bold unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said:

And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,

35 Betwixt my love and your high majesty. [lord,
Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest retold,
50 May reasonably die, and never rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—

55 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight

¹ i. e. exceed men's expectations.

² i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition.

³ Moody is angry. Frontier was anciently used for forehead.

⁴ A small box for musk and other perfumes then in fashion; the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *po n cner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave.

⁵ Snuff is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose. ⁶ A popinjay is a parrot.

Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:—to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedge bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did

they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp' head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou
dost belie him,

He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[Exit King Henry.]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and
pause a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

Yes, I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad.

[To Worcester.]

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
5 And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death',
Tear-blinding even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; Was he not proclaim'd,
10 By Richard that is dead, the next in blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;

15 From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. *[then]*

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did King Richard
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
25 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,

30 That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line, and the predicament,

35 Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility, and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
40 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker', Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

45 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
50 Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:

55 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
60 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear'.

¹ The reason why he says, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, because he supposed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower, out of fear, as appears from his next speech. ² i. e. curled. ³ i. e. an eye menacing death. ⁴ The canker-rose is the dog-rose. ⁵ i. e. disdainful. ⁶ i. e. of a spear laid across.

Hot.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a startling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of
Wales¹,—

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale².

Wor. Farewel, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy'd deal of courtesy

[His fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

5 Look, *when his infant fortune came to age,*—

And, *gentle Harry Percy,*—and, *kind cousin,*—

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done. [*Me!*—

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;

10 We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

15 For powers in Scotland; which, *—for divers*
reasons,

Which I shall send you written, *—be assur'd,*

Will easily be granted, *—You, my lord,* *—[To North.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd, *—*

20 Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,

The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True: who bears hard

25 His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop,

I speak not this in estimation,

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;

And only stays but to behold the face

30 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st
slip³.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot:

35 And then the power of Scotland, and of York,

To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis not little reason bids us speed,

40 To save our heads by raising of a head⁴:

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt;

And think we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,

'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

45 And see already, how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewel:—No further go in this,

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

50 When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,

(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

55 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother: We shall thrive,
I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our
sport! [Exit.

¹ Warburton thinks, that "this is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities." ² i. e. refuse. ³ A turbulent fellow, who fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a *swash-buckler*.

⁴ Alluding, probably, to a low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time. ⁵ i. e. conjecture. ⁶ To let slip, is to loose the greyhound. ⁷ i. e. a body of forces.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

An Inn Yard at Rochester.

Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand.

1 *Car.* **H**EIGH ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess¹.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank² here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots³: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach⁴.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good morning, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Car.*]

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse⁵.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gad-hill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin⁶ in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks⁷, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans⁸ that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers⁹, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers¹⁰: such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than

¹ i. e. out of all measure; the phrase being taken from a cess, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be out of all cess. ² i. e. wet, rotten. ³ Bots are worms in the stomach of a horse. ⁴ Warburton explains this by a Scotch word loch, a lake; while Mr. Steevens thinks that the carrier means to say—fleas as big as a loach, i. e. resembling the fish so called, in size. ⁵ This is a proverbial expression often used in the writings of that time, where the cant of low conversation is preserved.

⁶ Franklin is a little gentleman. ⁷ St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars: and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, St. Nicholas' clerks. ⁸ Trojan, in this and other passages of our author's plays, has a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a thief. ⁹ i. e. with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No long-staff, six-penny strikers,—no fellows that infest the roads with long staves, and knock men down for six-pence. ¹⁰ None of these mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms,—none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale.

¹⁰ Mr. Theobald substituted for oneyers, moneyers, which he says might either allude to an officer of the mint, or to bankers, and his emendation was adopted by Warburton. Dr. Johnson thinks no change is necessary; "Gadshill tells the chamberlain that he is joined

than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually unto their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed¹, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase², as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men.—Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The road by Gads-hill.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gum'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd; Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye tat-kidney'd rascal; What a bawling dost thou keep!

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square³ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both;—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues,

[I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whistle.*] Whew!—a plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.]

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lye down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt⁴ me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made of you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Bard. What news?—

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch!

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the

with no mean wretches, but with burgomasters and great ones, or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great onyers*, or *great one-cers*, as we say *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*." Mr. Malone explains the word thus: "By *onyers* (for so I believe the word ought to be written) I understand *public accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state.—It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciaments, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur nisi habeat sufficientem exoneracionem*: he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravaille* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the king. To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer to *ony*; and from hence Shakspeare seems to have formed the word *onyers*."

¹ Alluding to some strange properties formerly ascribed to this plant. ² Purchase was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. ³ Four foot by the square is probably no more than four foot by a rule. ⁴ To colt, is to fool, to trick; but the Prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by uncolt, that is, unhorse.

hedge? when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole! say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them: fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, baccons, on! What, ye knaves: young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, I'faith.

[Here they rob and bind them. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind him.]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Warkworth. A room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear

your house.—He could be contented,—Why, is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake, is dangerous.—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-

brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was laid; our friends true and constant:

a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of

York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this

rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen

Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms

by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan

rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to

the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving

such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king, we are

prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;

And start so often, when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-eyed musing, and curs'd melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murnur tales of iron wars:

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed: Cry, *Courage!*—to the field! And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents, Of palisades, frontiers, parapets;

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the currents of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

¹The alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. ²i. e. fat and corpulent. ³i. e. honest. ⁴i. e. subject matter. ⁵Richard Scroop, archbishop of York. ⁶The wife of Hotspur was the lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger earl of March, who was declared presumptive heir to the crown by King Richard II. and aunt to Edmund earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of lord Mortimer. ⁷retreats. ⁸i. e. forts. ⁹A basilisk a canon of a particular kind. Like

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream :
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portent
are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan? a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Ex. Serv.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are tost with. [*will.*]

In sooth, I'll know your business, Harry, that I
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title: and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprize: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you triller! love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world,
To play with mammet¹, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns²,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have
with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed:
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
It will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate:
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in East-Cheap.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast thou been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, a-
mongst three or four score hogsheads. I have
sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah,
I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can
call them all by their christian names, as Tom, Dick,
and Francis. They take it already upon their sal-
vation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet

I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I
am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corin-
thian³, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord,
so they call me; and, when I am king of England,
I shall command all the good lads in East-Cheap,

They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and
when you breathe in your watering, they cry—
Hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I
am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour,

that I can drink with any tinker in his own lan-
guage during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast
lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in
this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which
name of Ned, I give you this pennyworth of sugar,
clapt even now into my hand by an under-skrink-

er⁴; one that never spake other English in his
life, than—*eight shillings and sixpence*, and—you
are welcome; and with this shrill addition,—*Anon,*
anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,
or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Fal-
staff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-
room, while I question my puny drawer, to what
end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never
leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may
be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew
thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the
Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Five years! by'r Lady, a long lease
for the clinking of pewter. — But, Francis, dar'st
thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy
indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run
from it?

¹ Puppets. ² Meaning, both crack'd money and broken head.

³ i. e. a wench.

⁴ i. e. an

under drawer.

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir:

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gav'st me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button', nodd-pated', agat-ring, poke-stock-ing', caddice-garter', smooth tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, what do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then, your brown bastard' is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [Ex. drawer.] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] *Poins!*

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye: What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of

goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-enter Francis.] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O, my sweet *Harry*, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a drench*, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle; a trifle.* I prythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*^d, says the drunk-
ark. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Baydolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether

stocks', and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then I am a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while!

A bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs'. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath^o, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more.—You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there? [To Poins.]

¹ A leather jerkin with crystal buttons was the habit of a pawn-broker. ² A person was said to be *nodd-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round.

³ Black-stocking. ⁴ Caddis was a sort of coarse ferret. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction.

⁵ Bastard was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, and not willing, to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. ⁶ A cant word of the English taverns of those times, expressive of no meaning. ⁷ Nether stocks are stockings. ⁸ See note¹, p. 49.

⁹ Warburton observes, that in the persecution of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody, ¹⁰ i. e., such a dagger as the *Fice* in the old moralities was arm'd with.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all coward, still say I! [*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? Here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs; How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd. two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. 'Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay,

and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, lie said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven; why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. P'ytbee let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose!

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green¹, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech²,——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-preser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin³, you lry'd neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,——

¹ Our author here plays upon the double meaning of *point*, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. To *unruss a point*, is a phrase still in use for the operation of easing nature.

² *Kendal green* was the livery of *Robert earl of Huntingdon* and his followers while in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of *Robin Hood*. ³ A *keech* of tallow is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. ⁴ For *elf-skin* Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin*; and in our opinion justly; as Shakspeare, in this and his ensuing comparisons of the *stock-fish* and *dry'd neat's tongue*, alludes to the leanness of the prince, for which he had historical authority: the prince of Wales being represented by Stowe to have "exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and bones small, &c."

O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. —Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. —Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman¹ of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]

P. Henry. Now, sirs; by'r-Lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too; you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: 'Thou hadst fire' and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses³.

Bard. Choler⁴, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring⁵: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,——What, a plague, call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying?

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O horseback, ye cuckow! but, a-foot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-

¹ A kind of jest seems to be intended here. The royal went for 10s.—the noble only for 6s. 8d. ² i. e. honest. ³ This is a law phrase, signifying taken in the fact. ⁴ Alluding to his red face. ⁵ That is, drunkenness and poverty. ⁶ A pun upon the similarity of sound between collier and choler. ⁷ Bombast is the stuffing of cloaths. ⁸ The custom of wearing a ring on the thumb is very ancient. ⁹ A Welsh hook appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind.

caps' more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? Thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me on the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyse's¹ vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg².

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain³.—Harry⁴, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou

be son to me, here lies the point:—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher⁵, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth denile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a⁶ rabbit-sucker; or a poulterer's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence comest you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Shblood, my lord, they are false;—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch⁷ of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend Vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon

¹ Meaning Scots, who wore blue bonnets.

² Alluding to the tragedy of Cambyse king of Persia, written by Thomas Preston. ³ That is, my obeisance to my father. ⁴ Probably the nick-name of some strong liquor.

⁵ This speech was perhaps intended by our author as a ridicule on the public pratory of that time. ⁶ i. e. truant. To mich (pronounced *mike*), is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper. ⁷ i. e. a sucking rabbit. A poulterer's hare means, a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, and which is long and slender.

⁸ A bolting-hutch is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is bolted.

and eat it? Wherein cunning¹, but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villainy? Wherein villainous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you²; whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saying your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar³ be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved: No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[Knocking; and Hostess and Bardolph go out.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick⁴: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially a mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras⁵;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had—but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto: moment Prince and Poins.*

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and hath follow'd certain men unto this house. [cry

P. Henry. What men? [lord;

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think, it is good-morrow: Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's: Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark how hard he fetches breath:—Search his pockets.

[*He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.* What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score⁶. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good-morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good-morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *Cunning* here means *knowing*, or *skilful*. ² i. e. let me know your meaning. ³ *Sack and sugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakspeare's time. ⁴ A proverbial phrase. ⁵ In old houses there were always large spaces left between the arras and the walls. ⁶ i. e. it will kill him, to march as far as twelvescore yards.

A C T III

S C E N E I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's house in Wales.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mor. THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction¹ full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets²; and, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done,
At the same season, if your mother's cat [born.
Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was
born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth
did tremble. [on fire,

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind [ing,
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striv-
Shakes the old beldame³ earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,
Thatchidesthebanks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pacc in deep experiments. [Welsh:—

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better,
I will to dinner. [mad,

5 **Mort.** Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

10 **Glend.** Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to com-
The devil. [mand

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame
the devil,

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

15 And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him
hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat. [made head

20 **Glend.** Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke
Against my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Booteless home, and weather-beaten back. [too!

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather
25 How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide
our right,

According to our three-fold order taken?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
30 Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,

35 To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute)
40 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,

And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,
45 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—

Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

[To Glendower.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to your lords,
50 And in my conduct shall your ladies come,

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon the parting of your wives and you. [here,
Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton

55 In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking⁴ in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,

¹ That is, entrance, beginning. An induction, however, was anciently something introductory to a play. ² The cresset-lights were lights fixed on a moveable frame, or cross like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. ³ Beldame is used here simply in the sense of ancient mother. ⁴ Perhaps we should read cranking.

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle¹ out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here. [doth.]

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it
Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course,
and runs me up

With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you. [here,

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue² a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick³ turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
⁴'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away
by night;

(I'll haste the writer⁵) and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she dote⁶th on her Mortimer. [Exit.]

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my
father!

Hot. I cannot chuse: sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant⁷,
Of the dremmer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at the least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,
—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoaky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a very worthy gentleman;
Exceeding well read, and profited

In strange concealments⁸; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; ⁹'faith, he does:

I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And, since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;
Tho' sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; Good manners be
your speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part
with you,

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—she, and my aunt
Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and
she answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-
will'd harlotry, one

That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling
heavens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,

¹ A cantle is a corner or piece of any thing. ² Mr. Steevens says that the real name of Owen Glendower was *Laughan*, and that he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. ³ i. e. the English language. ⁴ The word is written—*cunstick* in the quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it might have been pronounced. ⁵ He means the writer of the articles. ⁶ This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take up arms against king Henry. The *mould-warp* is the *mole*, so called because it renders the surface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raises. ⁷ i. e. skilled in wonderful secrets.

In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,

Upon the wanton rushes¹ lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep²,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east. [sing:]

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her
By that time will our book³, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

* And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here; sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my
head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*]

Hot. Now, I perceive, the devil understand
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous. [*Welsh;*
By'r-Lady, he's a good musician.

Lady. I then should you be nothing but musical;
for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie
still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl
in Irish.

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault⁴.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*]

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you
swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in
good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God
shall mend me; and, As sure as day: and givest
10 such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never
walk'dst further than Finsbury⁵.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath! and leave in sooth,
And such protests of pepper-ginger-bread⁶,

15 To velvet guards⁷, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next⁸ way to turn tailor⁹, or be
Red-breast teacher¹⁰. An the indentures be
20 drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so
come in when you will. [*Exit.*]

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are
as slow,

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

25 By this, our book¹² is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The presence-chamber in Windsor.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords, and
others.

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of
Wales and I

35 Must have some private conference: But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

I know not whether God will have it so,

For some displeasing service¹¹ I have done,

40 That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me:

But thou dost, in thy passages of life¹²,

Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,

45 To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,

Could such inordinate, and low desires,

¹ It was long the custom in this country, to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. ² The expression is beautiful; intimating, that the god of sleep should not only sit on his eye-lids, but that he should sit crown'd, that is, pleased and delighted. ³ i. e. our papers of conditions, our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was anciently called a book. ⁴ And for an, which often signifies in our author if or tho', is frequently used by old writers. ⁵ A proverbial expression; meaning, that it is the usual fault of women never to do what they are bid or desired to do. ⁶ Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street, London-Wall, by Moorgate; and at that time the common resort of the citizens. ⁷ i. e. protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. ⁸ What we now call spice, was then denominated pepper, gingerbread. ⁹ i. e. to such as have their cloaths adorned with shreds of velvet, which appear then to have been a city fashion. ¹⁰ The next way—is the nearest way. ¹¹ Tailors seem to have been as remarkable for singing as weavers, of whose musical turn Shakspeare has before made mention in this play. ¹² The honourable Daines Barrington observes, that "a gold-finch still continues to be called a proud tailor, in some parts of England," which renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no meaning whatsoever. Perhaps this bird is called proud tailor, because his plumage is varied like a suit of cloaths made out of remnants of different colours, such as a tailor might be supposed to wear. The sense then will be this:—The next thing to singing oneself, is to teach birds to sing, the gold-finch and the Robin. ¹³ See note above. ¹⁴ Service for action, simply. ¹⁵ i. e. in the passages of thy life.

Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts¹,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your majesty, I would, I
Quit all offences with as clear excuse [could
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks² and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultily wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession³;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, 'This is he';
Others would say, 'Where? which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven⁴,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh; and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin⁵ wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt: carded⁶ his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping⁷ fools;

Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance against his name⁸,
To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative⁹:

5 Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enleaff'd¹⁰ himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
10 More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,

15 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom with admiring eyes:
But rather drow'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect

20 As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutt'd, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye

25 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. [lord,
P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious

30 Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurge;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.

35 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;

40 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got

45 Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?

50 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaths,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,

¹ *Mean attempts* are unworthy undertakings. *Lewd* does not in this place barely signify wanton, but licentious. ² i. e. officious parasites. ³ i. e. True to him that had then possession of the crown.

⁴ This is an allusion to the story of Prometheus's theft, who stole fire from thence; and as with this he made a man, so with that Bolingbroke made a king. ⁵ *Rash* is heady, thoughtless: *bavin* is brush-wood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. ⁶ The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling coarse wool with fine, and carding them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The

king means, that Richard mingled and carded together his royal state with carping fools, &c. To card is used by other writers for, to mix. ⁷ i. e. jesting, prating, &c. The quarto 1598, reads *cap'ring* fools. ⁸ i. e. made his presence injurious to his reputation. ⁹ Meaning, of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the king's. *Comparative*, means equal, or rival in any thing. ¹⁰ To *enleaff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possessions.

To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

Capitulate¹ against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate. [so:

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it
And heaven forgive them, that so much have
sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son:
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours² in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shame redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may save
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in
this:—

Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.
How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels met,

The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state. [to-day;

5 *K. Henry.* The earl of Westmoreland set forth
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we ourselves will march:
10 Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Gloucestershire; by which ac-
count,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
15 Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

20 *The Boar's-head Tavern in East-cheap.*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.
Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
since this last action? do I not bate? do I not
dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an
old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old
25 apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,
while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart
shortly, and then I shall have no strength to re-
pent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of
30 a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brew-
er's horse³; the inside of a church:—Company,
villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot
live long.

35 *Fal.* Why, there it is:—come, sing me a bawdy
song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given
as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough:
swore little; dic'd, not above seven times a week;
went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quar-
40 ter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd,
three or four times; liv'd well, and in good com-
pass: and now I live out of all order, out of all
compass.

45 *Hard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you
must needs be out of all compass; out of all rea-
sonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend
my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the
lanthorn in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee;
50 thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of
it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a me-
mento mori: I never see thy face, but I think upon
55 hell-fire, and Dives that liv'd in purple; for

¹ I. e. make head. ² *Dearest* here means most fatal, most mischievous, and should be spelled *decrest*.
³ *Favours* mean some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress,
or a trophy from an enemy. ⁴ Mr. Steevens conjectures, that a *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps,
mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. and that the
allusion may be to the taper form of this machine: while Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks, that "Falstaff does not
mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but, on the contrary, some striking *dissimili-
tude*. He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse*; just as in act II. sc. iv. he asserts the
truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as a *rogue*—a *Jew*—an *Ebrev Jew*
—a *bunch of radish*—a *horse*."

there he is in his robes, burning, burning.—If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gad's-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches¹, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap², at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years: Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen?³ have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Whb, I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John: you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakcrs' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four-and-twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich⁴? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What,

will you make a younker⁵ of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn⁶, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins, marching; and Falstaff meets them, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea; two and two, Newgate-fashion⁷.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Mrs. Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune⁸; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox⁹: and for woman-hood, maid Marian¹⁰ may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, Sir John? why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

¹ Mr. Steevens remarks on this passage, that in Shakspeare's time, (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps) *candles and lanthorns to let*, were cried about London. ² *Cheap* is market, and *good cheap* therefore is a *bon marché*. From this word *East-cheap*, *Chep-stow*, *Cheap-side*, &c. are derived. ³ *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*.

⁴ A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich face*. ⁵ A *younker* is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gull'd. ⁶ *To take mine ease in mine inne*, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's house is his castle;" for *inne* originally signified a *house or habitation*. ⁷ i. e. as prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. ⁸ Meaning a bawd; a dish of *stew'd prunes* being not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but a constant appendage to it, as has been before observed. ⁹ A *drawn fox* may perhaps mean, a fox drawn over the ground to exercise the hounds. ¹⁰ *Maid Marian* is either a man dressed like a woman, or the ally who attends the dances of the morris.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love's worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper: Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff.—Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imboss'd! rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than any other man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacify'd.—Still!—Nay, I pry'thee, begone. [*Exit Hostess.* Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too!

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, [land.—My brother John; this to my lord of Westmore-Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.—Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i'the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there re-Money, and order for their furniture. [ceiv The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bard.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

The Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. WELL said, my noble Scot; if speak-
ing truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy

The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank
you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

¹ i. e. swol'n, puffy. ² i. e. do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning.
is to oppose face to face in a hostile or daring manner.

³ To beard

Hot.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick, in such a justling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I prythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth; And, at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own¹.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing² now;

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lapt off:—

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good: for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope;

The very list³, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement⁴ lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.

The quality and air⁵ of our attempt

Brooks no division: It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;

And think, how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction,

And breed a kind of question in our cause:

For, well you know, we of the offering side⁶

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;

And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:

This absence of your father's draws a curtain

That shews the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use;—

It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here: for men must think,

If we, without his help, can make a head

To push against the kingdom; with his help,

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word

Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news may be worth a welcome, lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards: with him prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—

The king himself in person is set forth,

Or hitherwards intended speedily,

With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed⁷ mad-cap prince of Wales,

And his comrades, that dash'd the world aside,

And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,

All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd⁸:

Glittering in golden coats, like images⁹:

As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,

His cuisses¹⁰ on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,

As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,

¹ I. e. on any less near to himself.

² To quail is to languish, to sink into dejection.

³ The

list is the *selvage*; figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent.

⁴ I. e. a support to which we may have recourse.

⁵ I. e. the complexion, the character.

⁶ I. e. of the assailing

side. Some latter editions read, *offending*.

⁷ Stowe says of the Prince, "He was passing swift in

running, inasmuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would

take a wild-buck, or doe, in a large park."

⁸ Mr. Steevens observes, that all birds, after *bathing*

(which almost all birds are fond of), spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently

with them in order to dry themselves. This in the falconer's language is called *bating*, and by Shak-

speare, *bating with the wind*. It may be observed, that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits,

as immediately after *bathing*.

⁹ Alluding to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish

churches on holy-days, when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered.

¹⁰ *Cuisses*, French, armour for the thighs.

And witch' the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come:

They come like sacrifices in their trim,

And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,

All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,

To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,

And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,

Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,

Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:

Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse—

Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a corse.

O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach

Ver. To thirty thousand. [unto?

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear

Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry;

fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march

through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An it do, take it for thy labour; and if it

make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coin-

age. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the

town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am

a souc'd gurnet¹. I have mis-us'd the king's press

damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred

and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.

50 I press me none but good householders, yeomen's

sons: enquire me out contracted bachelors, such

as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a com-

modity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the de-

vil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver,

55 worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.—

I press me none but such coats and butter², with

hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads,

and they have bought out their services; and now

my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals,

lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as

5 ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the

glutton's dogs lick'd his sores: and such as, indeed,

were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-

men, younger sons to younger brothers³, revolted

tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a

10 calm world, and a long peace; ten times more

dishonourably ragged, than an old fac'd ancient⁴;

and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that

have bought out their services; that you would

think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals,

15 lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff

and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and

told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd

the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-

crows. I'll not march though Coventry with them,

20 that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide be-

tewix the legs, as if they had gyves⁵ on; for, in-

deed, I had the most of them out of prison.—

There's but a shirt and a half in all my company;

and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together;

25 and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat

without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth,

stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-

nose inn-keeper of Dainty. But that's all one;

they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

30 *Enter Prince Henry, and Westmoreland.*

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now,

quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what

a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good

35 lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought

your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that

I were there, and you too; but my powers are

there already: The king, I can tell you, looks

40 for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a

cat to steal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to steal cream indeed; for

thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell

45 me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come af-

ter?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss⁶; food for

50 powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as

well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal

men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are

exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not

where they had that: and for their bareness,—I

am sure they never learn'd that of me.

¹ Witch for bewitch, charm.

² Souc'd gurnet is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies.

³ Another term of contempt.

⁴ Meaning, men of desperate fortune and wild adventure.

⁵ Mr. Steevens has happily, we think, explained this passage: "An old fac'd

ancient, is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as

old and fac'd are distinct epithets. To face a gown is to trim it; an expression at present in use. In

our author's time the facings of gowns were always of a different colour from the stuff itself."

⁶ i. e. shakles.

⁷ That is, to toss upon a pike.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, [feast,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life)
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I. [much,

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder
Being men of such great leading¹ as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe my hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; And would
to God,

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deserving, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should
stand so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon

5 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
10 He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know,
15 the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,

20 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unmind'd out-law sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
25 To sue his livery², and beg his peace;
With tears of innocence, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.

Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
30 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more³ and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,

35 Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
40 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some straight decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealths

43 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
50 In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.
Hot. Then to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
55 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd⁴ the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,
60 There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;

¹ i. e. such experience in martial business. ² This is a law-pharse; meaning, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from the Court of Wards, which, on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, 'till the heir sued out his livery. ³ i. e. the greater and the less. ⁴ Task'd is here used for taxed; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately.

Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismish'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety¹; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
 Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell. [*Love.*
Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.
Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. The Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.

York. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed
 With winged haste, to the lord marshal; [*brief*²,
 This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: if you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good lord,
 I guess their tenor.

York. Like enough, you do.
 To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly given to understand,

The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 (Whose power was in the first proportion)

And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
 (Who with them was a rated sinew³ too,
 And comes not in, o'er-ru'd by prophecies)—
 I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king. [*fear;*

Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, you need not
 There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.
York. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lor
 Harry Percy,
 And there's my lord of Worcester, and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen. [*drawn*

York. And so there is: but yet the king hath
 The special head of all the land together;—
 The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;

And many more corrivals, and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be
 well oppos'd.

York. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
 And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
 For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,—

And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
 Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
 To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
 [*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE I.

The Camp at Shrewsbury.

*Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John
 of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter
 Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff.*

K. Henry. HOW bloodily the sun begins to peer
 Above yon busky⁴ hill! the day
 looks pale

At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
 And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
 Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter Worcester, and Vernon.
 How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
 That you and I should meet upon such terms
 As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,

To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to't? Will you again unknit
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
 And move in that obedient orb again,
 Where you did give a fair and natural light;
 And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent

Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not sought it! how comes
 it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, chewet⁵, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
 Of favour from myself, and all our house;

¹ Meaning, this army, from which I hope for protection.
² A brief is simply a letter.

³ i. e. accounted a strong aid. ⁴ i. e. woody, from *bosquet*, Fr. ⁵ Theobald explains *chewet*, or *chuet*, to mean, a noisy chattering bird, a pie; while Mr. Steevens thinks it alludes to a kind of fat greasy puddings called *chewets*.

And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you, my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
 To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
 What with our help; what with the absent king;
 What with the injuries of a wanton time;
 The seeming sufferances that you had bore;
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead;—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand:
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentele gull, the cuckow's bird,
 Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
 Whereby we stand oppos'd by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise. [luted,

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articul-
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation:
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impart his cause;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell havoc and confusion. [soul]

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,—
 This present enterprise set off his head,—
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content, that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, prince of Wales, so dare we
 venture thee,
 Albeit, considerations infinite
 Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love,
 That are mis-led upon your cousin's part:
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exe. Worcester and Vernon.*]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life:
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
 charge;

For, on their answer, we will set on them:
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exe. King, Blunt, and Prince John.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
 bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
 that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heaven a death.

[*Exit Prince Henry.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay
 him before his day. What need I be so forward
 with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no mat-
 ter: honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if ho-
 nour prick me off when I come on? how then?
 Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No.
 Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour
 hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour?
 A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A
 trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd o'
 Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it?
 No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But
 will it not live with the living? No. Why? De-
 traction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of
 it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my
 catechism. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Hotspur's Camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
 Richard,

¹ i. e. the injuries done by king Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. ² The cuckow's
 chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckow's egg was laid, grows
 in time able to devour her nurse. i. e. we stand in opposition to you. i. e. exhibited in
 articles.

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur, and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd,—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit Douglas.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have
thrown

A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stept forth before the
king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;

Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you:

5 And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing citi² of himself;

And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,

Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.

10 There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
If he out-live the envy of this day,

England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured

15 Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild, at liberty:—

But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,

That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—

20 Arm, arm, with speed:—And, fellows, soldiers,
friends,

Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,

Can lit your blood up with perswasion.

25 *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. My lord, here are letters for you,

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,

30 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

An if we live, we live to tread on kings;

If die, brave death, when princes die with us!

Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,

35 When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My lord, prepare; the king comes on
apace.

40 *Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only this—

Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.

45 Now,—*Esperance*!—*Percy*!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth⁴, some of us never shall

A second time do such a courtesy.

50 [*The trumpet sounds. They embrace, then exe.*]

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My lord, prepare; the king comes on
apace.

40 *Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only this—

Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.

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Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth⁴, some of us never shall

A second time do such a courtesy.

50 [*The trumpet sounds. They embrace, then exe.*]

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

The King entereth with his power. Alarum to

the battle. Then enter Douglas and Blunt.

55 *Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek

Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;

60 And I do haue thee in the battle thus,

¹ Engag'd is deliver'd as an hostage. ² i. e. recital. ³ i. e. was master of. ⁴ i. e. of any
prince who played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman. ⁵ This was the word of battle
on Percy's side, and has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Esperance en Dieu* is the present
motto of the duke of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. ⁶ i. e. one
might wager heaven to earth.

Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true. [bought]

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, Blunt is slain. Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. [thus,

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies

Hot. Where? [the king.]

Doug. Here. [well:]

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know his face full
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Sensibly¹ furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword I will kill all his coats.
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away:

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exe.]

Other alarums. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free² at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but
upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter
Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity!
—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy
too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no
more weight than my own bowels.—I have led
my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's
not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and
they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend
me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe
awhile.—Turk Gregory³ never did such deeds in
arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy,
I have made him sure⁴.

P. Henry. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st
not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will
sack a city. [The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]

P. Henry. What, is it time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exit.]

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. Is he do
come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in
his, willingly, let him make a carbonado⁵ of me.
I like not such grinning honours as Sir Walter hath:
Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, ho-
nour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Field.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, the
Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl
of Westmoreland.*

K. Henry. Harry, withdraw thyself; thou
bleed'st⁶ too much:—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:—
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my lord? I do not need
your help:

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin
Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for heaven's sake, come.
[Exit P. John and West.]

P. Henry. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me,
Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.]

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's
heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Henry. The king himself: who, Douglas,
grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys

Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

¹ i. e. in resemblance, alike. ² A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missive weapon discharged from artillery. ³ In our author's time, the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing. ⁴ Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his History, hath made this Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one. ⁵ *Sure* has two significations—*certainly disposed of*, and *safe*. Falstaff uses it in the former sense; the prince replies to it in the latter. ⁶ A quibble on the word *sack*. ⁷ A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. ⁸ History says, the prince was wounded in the eye by an arrow.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine, I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, enter*
Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or
thou art like
Never to hold it up again! The spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.—

[*They fight; Douglas fieth.*

Cheerly, my lord; how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a-while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion:
And shew'd, thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heaven; they did me too much
injury,

That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your sort:

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Nicho-
las Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my
name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from
thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls
down as if he were dead. Percy is wounded,
and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword
my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop! O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[*Dies.*

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee
well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so great a show of zeal:—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rights of tenderness:

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by;

'Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

[*Falstaff, rising slowly,*

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day,
I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me
too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counter-
feit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot
and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counter-
feit: 'To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but
the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of
a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man
thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true
and perfect image of life indeed. The better part
of valour is—discretion; in the which better part,

I have sav'd my life. I am afraid of this gunpow-
der Percy, though he be dead: How if he should
counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would
prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make
him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him.—
Why may he not rise, as well as I? Nothing
confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.—
Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your
thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely
hast thou flesh'd

¹ Dr. Johnson comments on this passage thus: "Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts; but thought, being dependent on life, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. Life, on which thought depends, is itself of no great value, being the *goal* and sport of time; of time, which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, must itself at last be stopped." ² See note ¹, p. 461. ³ To powder is to salt,

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! who have we here?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead, breathless
and bleeding

Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double
man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a
Jack. There is Percy: *[throwing the body down]*
it your father will do me any honour, so; if not,
let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be
either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw
thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world
is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and
out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both
at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrews-
bury clock. If I may be believ'd, so: if not, let
them, that should reward valour, bear the sin
upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death,
I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man
were alive, and would deny it, I would make him
eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother
John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Excunt.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He
that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do
grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave
sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[Exit, bearing off the body.]

SCENE V.

Another part of the Field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince

*of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of West-
moreland, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.*

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,

5 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,

10 Had been alive this hour,

If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

15 Since not to be avoided it falls on me. *[non too;]*

K. Henry. Bear Worcester to the death, and Ver-

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Excunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]

How goes the field?

[he saw]

20 *P. Henry.* The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men

Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;

And, falling from a hill, he was so bruise'd,

25 That the pursuers took him. At my tent

The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,

I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart. *[you]*

P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to

30 This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him—

Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,

35 Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains,—that we divide
our power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,

40 Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself,—and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.

45 Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave 'till all our own be won, *[Excunt.]*

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. **O**PEN your ears; For which of you will stop

The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus

My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
5 Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? My office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
10 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
15 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's
20 tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
[Exit.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King **HENRY the Fourth.**
Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards King,
John, Duke of Bedford,
Humphrey, Duke of Gloster,
Thomas, Duke of Clarence,
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,
Scroop, Archbishop of York,
Lord Mowbray,
Lord Hastings,
Lord Bardolph,
Sir John Coleville,
Travers,
Morton,
Earl of WARWICK,
Earl of WESTMORELAND,
Gower,
Harcourt,
Lord Chief Justice,

his sons.

against the King.

of the King's party.

Falstaff, Poins, Bardolph, Pistol,
Peto, and Page.
Shallow, and Silence, Country Justices.
Davy, servant to Shallow.
Phang and Snare, two Serjeants.
Mouldy,
Shadow,
Wart,
Feeble,
Bullcalf,
Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hostess Quickly.
Doll Tearsheet.

Recruits.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.—SCENE, England.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Northumberland's Castle at Warkworth.
The Porter at the Gate; Enter Lord Bardolph.

Bard. **W**HO keeps the gate here, ho?—
Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
5 Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

¹ The transactions comprized in this History take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed; and closes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem;
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:

The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright: and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, 'till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely rendered me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom
I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent¹ with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade²
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again,
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point³

I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode
by Travers,

Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?

He was some bilding⁴ fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume;
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fight our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.

This would'st thou say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
That, what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gain'd:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear', or sin,
To speak the truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,

¹ To *for spend* is to waste, to exhaust. ² *Jade* seems anciently to have signified that we now call a *hackney*; a beast employed in drudgery, opposed to a horse kept for show, or to be rid by its master. Poor *jade* here means the horse wearied with his journey. ³ A *point* is a string tagged, or lace. ⁴ For *hilderling*, i. e. base, degenerate. ⁵ Mr. Steevens observes, that in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally blank. ⁶ i. e. so far gone in woe. ⁷ *Four* for danger. Reading

Render'g faint quittance¹, wearied and out-
breath'd, [down

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated², all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field: then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword,
Had three times slain the appearance of the king:
'Gan vail his stomach', and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physick; and these news
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quof;,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flush'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron: And approach
The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! [my lord: 55

Bard. This strained passion doth you wrong,
Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And sum'm'd the account of chance, before you said,—
Let us make head. It was your pre-surmise,

5 [That, in the dole of blows³ your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit
10 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-born action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
15 More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
20 Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time: And, my most
noble lord,

25 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink poisons; that their weapons only
35 Seem'd on our side, but for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
40 He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
45 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak
truth,

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
50 Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exc.

S C E N E II.

A street in London.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his page bearing
his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant! what says the doctor
to my water?

¹ Quittance is return. By faint quittance is meant a faint return of blows. ² i. e. reduced to a lower temper, or, as it is usually called, let down. ³ i. e. began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. ⁴ i. e. bend, yield to pressure. ⁵ The dole of blows is the distribution of blows; dole originally signifying the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) given away at the door of a nobleman. ⁶ That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the ground. ⁷ i. e. greater and less.

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird¹ at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson² mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd³ with an agate⁴ till now: but I will neither set you in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal⁵, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it⁶; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.——What said master Dumbledon about the sattin for my short cloak, and slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton: may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand⁷, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them⁸ in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of sattin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.——Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's⁹, and he'll buy me

a horse in Smithfield: If I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.——Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John,——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is a worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You hunt-counter¹⁰, hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the

¹ i. e. to gibe. ² *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man. ³ That is, I never before had an agate for my man. Our author alludes to the little figures cut in *agate*s and other hard stones, for seals; and therefore Falstaff says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver*. ⁴ i. e. the young man. ⁵ Mr. Steevens thinks, "this quibbling allusion is to the English *real*, *rial*, or *royal*; and that the poet seems to mean, that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his *face-royal*, than by the face stamped on the coin called a *royal*; the one requiring as little shaving as the other." ⁶ That is, to keep a gentleman in expectation. ⁷ To be *thorough* seems to be the same with the present phrase to be *in with* (*in debt*) a tradesman. ⁸ At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post. ⁹ This judge was Sir William Gascoigne, chief justice of the king's bench. He died December, 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church, in Yorkshire. ¹⁰ That is, blunderer.

saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mis-led me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.¹

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel² candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times³, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy⁴ is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrawl of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hallowing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady

¹ Dr. Johnson says, he does not understand this joke; that dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? To which Dr. Farmer replies, "If the fellow's great belly prevented him from seeing his way, he would want a dog, as well as a blind man." ² A wassel candle is a large candle lighted up at a feast.

³ Meaning, I cannot pass current. ⁴ That is, in these times, when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. A coster-monger is a costard-monger, a dealer in apples, called by that name, because they are shaped like a costard, i. e. a man's head. ⁵ Pregnancy is readiness. ⁶ i. e. old age.

peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again! There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And heaven bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses! Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. *[Exit.]*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle!—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!—

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. *[Exit Page.]* A pox of this gout! or, a gout to this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

The Archbishop of York's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Lord Hastings, Thomas Mowbray, (Earl Marshal) and Lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:— And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point; But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, we should not step too far 'Till we had his assistance by the hand: For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed, It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply, Flattering himself with project of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts: And so, with great imagination, Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt, To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war, Indeed of instant action: A cause on foot Lives so in hope, as in an early spring We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit, Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair, That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build, We first survey the plot, then draw the model; And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the erection: Which if we find outweighs ability, What do we then, but draw anew the model In fewer offices; or, at least, desist To build at all? Much more in this great work, (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down, And set another up) should we survey The plot of situation, and the model;

Consent upon a sure foundation; Question surveyors; know our own estate, How able such a work to undergo, To weigh against his opposite; or else, We fortify in paper, and in figures, Using the names of men instead of men: Like one that draws the model of a house Beyond his power to build it; who, half through, Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost A naked subject to the weeping clouds, And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth) Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd The very utmost man of expectation:

¹ i. e. May I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor; to *spit white*, being the consequence of inward heat. ² A quibble was probably here intended on the word *cross*, which meant a coin so called, because stamped with a cross, as well as a disappointment or trouble. ³ A beetle wielded by three men. ⁴ i. e. anticipate my curses. ⁵ i. e. profit, self-interest.

I think,

I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty
thousand? [*Bardolph.*]

Hast. To us, no more; may, not so much, lord
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness. [*together.*]

York. That he should draw his several strengths
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that. [*ther?*]

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hi-
Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—

An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many! with what loud applause

5 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?

And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

10 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;

And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,

And how!st to find it. What trust is in these times?

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,

15 Are now become enamour'd on his grave:

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,

When through proud London he came sighing on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,

Cry'st now, *O earth, give us that king again,*

20 *And take thou this!* O thoughts of men accurst!

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set

on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be

gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Street in London.

Enter Hostess; Phang, and his boy, with her;
and Snare following.

Host. MASTER Phang, have you enter'd the
action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeo-
man? will a' stand to it?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good master Snare; I have enter'd
him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives,
for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabb'd
me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he
cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be
out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare
neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for
his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. An I but fist him once; an he come
but within my vice!—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you,
he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good

master Phang, hold him sure;—good master Snare,
let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pye-
corner, (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle;
and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's² head in
Lumbart-street, to master Smooth's the silkman:
I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case
so openly known to the world, let him be brought
in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan
for a poor lone woman¹ to bear: and I have
borne, and borne, and borne; and have been
fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day,
that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no
honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should
be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every
knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Page.
Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose³
knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do
your offices, master Phang, and master Snare;
do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? who's mare's dead? what's
the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of
mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut
me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the
kennel.

Host. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee
in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bas-

¹ Vice or grasp; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice.
head. ² A lone woman is a desolate unfriended woman.
Malmsey wine.

³ Perhaps a corruption of the Libbard's-
That is, red nose, from the effect of

tardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle! villain: wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed! rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian!¹ you fustilarian!² I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow: Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an' please your grace, I am a poor widow of East-cheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet³, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess⁴ of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying, that ere-

long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; I know you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and repay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap⁵ without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sawciness: if a man will make curtsy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation⁶, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside.]

Enter a Messenger.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; What news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. [Wales

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work⁷, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou must not be in this humour with me; do'st not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

¹ The landlady's corruption of *homicidal* and *homicide*. ² Meaning perhaps, you *ramping* riotous strumpet, speaking to the hostess. ³ Addressing himself to the officer, whose weapon of defence is a cudgel (from *fustis*, a club), not being entitled to wear a sword. ⁴ *parcel-gilt goblet* is a goblet only gilt over, not of solid gold. ⁵ *A mess* seems in those days to have been a common term for a small proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen. ⁶ *Sneap* signifies *check*. ⁷ That is, in a manner suitable to your character. ⁸ i. e. in water colours.

Host.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, y. u'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, &c.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Continues in London.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Henry. Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small-beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small-beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to

remember thy name? or to know thy face tomorrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—But that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world encreases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Goto; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy, and presistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter Bardolph, and Page.

Bard. Save your grace!

¹ i. e. shew.

² A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man.

P. Henry. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. [to the Page.] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spy'd his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas' your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen¹ to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight,*—Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt.*—*How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap²; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter;—

Poins. *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace!

Poins. I will imitate the honourable Roman³ in brevity:—sure he mean- brevity in breath; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins;*

for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thin: by sea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John, with all Europe. My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old board in the old frank?

[cheap.]

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. Ephesians⁴, my lord; of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Henry. What pagan⁵ may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

[you.]

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well; go.—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Alban's and London.

P. Henry. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? in a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Markworth Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

¹ That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring; meaning, the old fellow with juvenile passions. *Martlemas* is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of St. Martin, the eleventh of November. ² i. e. this tumid excrescence of a man. ³ Warburton explains this allusion by observing, that a man who goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand. ⁴ By the *honourable Roman* is probably intended Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. ⁵ *Frank* is *sty*. ⁶ Probably the cant word in those times for *topers*. ⁷ The cant word perhaps for *prostitute*.

Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more:

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd dothers. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

L. North. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get ground and vantage of the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;

And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband. [mind]

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still stand, running neither way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:—
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

London.

*The Boar's Head Tavern in East-cheap.**Enter two Drawers.*

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? Thou know'st, Sir John cannot endure an apple-John!

2 Draw. Mass, thou say'st true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou can'st find out Sneak's* noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch:—The room where they supp'd is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and master Poin's anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and Sir John must not know it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. Then here will be old utis†: It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.]

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. Sweet-heart, methinks you are now in an excellent good temperality: your pulse beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, I' faith, you have drank too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said: A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan—and was a worthy king: How now, mistress Doll?

[Exit Drawer.]

* Theobald conjectures that the poet wrote *look* in vain. called, and used in funerals.

† This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and shrivelled. Dr. Johnson says, Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. A noise of musicians anciently signified a concert or company of them. Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene of this play. Uti, a word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *huit, octo*, ab A. S. *Embta, octava festi alio-gus*. *Old utis* signifies festivity in a great degree.

Host. Sick of a calm¹: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect²; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals³, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and *ouches*⁴;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers⁵ bravely:—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic⁶ as two dry toasts⁷; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jere! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [To Doll.]

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art a going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient⁸ Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here; I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now;—shut the door I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day: and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than

Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil*; for, saith he, *you are in an ill name*;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on*; therefore take heed what guests you receive: *Receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions*.—There comes none here:—you would bless you to, hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater⁹, he; you may stroak him as gently as a puppy-greylound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater¹⁰. But I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says—swagger; feel, masters how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. Save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I'll.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me; I scorn you, scurvy companion! What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung¹¹, away; by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle¹² with me. Away! you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I

¹ Meaning, probably, of a *qualm*. ² That is, her profession; or perhaps *sex* may be meant.

³ Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean deer* are called *rascal deer*. He tell her she calls him wrong, for being *fat*, he cannot be a *rascal*. ⁴ This is a line in an old song. *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Ouches* were bosses of gold set with diamonds. Instead of gold and diamonds Falstaff intends to describe the several stages of the venereal disease.

⁵ To understand this quibble, it is necessary to observe, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance. A *chamber* is likewise that part of a mine where the powder is lodged.

⁶ *Rheumatic*, in the cant language of those times, signified capricious, humoursome. ⁷ Which cannot meet but they grate one another. ⁸ *Ancient Pistol* is the same as *Ensign Pistol*. ⁹ *Gamester* and *cheater* were, in Shakspeare's age, synonymous terms.

¹⁰ The humour of this consists in the woman's mistaking the title of *cheater* (or *gamester*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *escheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*.

¹¹ The duplication of the pronoun was very common. The French still use this idiom—*Je suis Parisien, moi*. ¹² In the cant of thievery; to *nip a bung* was to cut a purse. ¹³ *Cuttle* and *cuttle-bone* were the cant terms for the knife used by the sharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle.

pray you, sir?—What, with two points¹ on your shoulder? much²!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes³. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy⁴; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first;—To Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, where Erebus and torturers vile also. Hold hook and line⁵, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, fairs⁶! Have we not Hiren⁷ here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia⁸, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals⁹, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here¹⁰?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-jere! do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Pist. Then Feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis¹¹: Come, give's some sack.

—*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire: Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lye thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]
Come we to full points¹² here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif¹³: What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags¹⁴?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling¹⁵: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrew?—Then death

Rock me asleep¹⁶, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

[*Snatching up his sword.*]
Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get thee down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these tiritis and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

[*Re-enter Bardolph.*]

¹ As a mark of his commission. ² Much was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. ³ Meaning, that he liv'd on the refuse provisions of bawdy-houses and pastry-cooks' shops. The allusion to *stew'd prunes*, and all that is necessary to be known on that subject, has been already explained in our notes on other passages of these Plays. ⁴ *Occupant* seems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wenchier. ⁵ These words are introduced in ridicule of some absurd and fustian passages from plays, in which Shakespeare had been a performer, and from which the greater part of *Pistol's* character seems to be composed. ⁶ i. e. traitors, rascals. ⁷ *Hiren* was sometimes a cant term for mistress or harlot; Pistol may therefore mean, "Have we not a strumpet here? and why am I thus used by her?" ⁸ These lines are in part a quotation out of an old absurd fustian play, entitled, *Tamburlain's Conquests*; or, *The Scythian Shepherd*. ⁹ *Cannibal* is used by a blunder for *Hannibal*. ¹⁰ Mr. Steevens observes, that as *Hiren* was sometimes used to denote a *mistress* or *harlot*, Pistol may be supposed to give it on this occasion, as an endearing name, to his sword, in the same spirit of fondness that he presently calls it—*sweet-heart*. Pistol delights in bestowing titles on his weapon. In this scene he also calls it—*Atropos*. ¹¹ A burlesque on a line in an old play, called *The Battle of Alcazar*, &c. ¹² That is, shall we stop here? ¹³ i. e. I kiss thy fist. ¹⁴ That is, common hackneys. ¹⁵ Mr. Steevens supposes this expression to mean a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board. ¹⁶ This is a fragment of an ancient song, supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn; for which see Sir John Hawkins's General History of Music, vol. III. p. 31.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir, the rascal's drunk: you have burthim, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chop:—Ah, rogue! I love thee.—Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play:—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me, like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'd'st him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig¹, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining of nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head²; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins had a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as 'Tewksbury' mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel³; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons⁴; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace: and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of⁵ discreet stories: and such other gambol

faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scale between their averdupois.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel⁶ have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poli claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Henry. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction⁷! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon⁸, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables⁹; his note book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff will have a kirtle¹¹ of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, and thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome 'till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Henry. *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—and art not thou Poins, his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful countenances, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! welcome to London.—Now heaven bless that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of ma-

¹ For *tidy* Sir Thomas Hanner reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-pig* is a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew-fair, and given to children for a faining. ² Mr. Stevens says it was the custom for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, upon their middle finger. ³ *Tewksbury*, a market-town in Gloucestershire, was formerly noted for mustard-balls made there, and sent into other parts. ⁴ *Conger with fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative. ⁵ A *flap-dragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put aloft in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief. Ben Jonson speaks of those who eat *candles' ends*, as an act of love and gallantry. But perhaps our author, by Poins swallowing *candles' ends* by way of *flap-dragons*, meant to indicate no more than that the prince loved him because he was always ready to do any thing for his amusement, however absurd or unnatural. ⁶ This expression may not perhaps be improperly elucidated by a passage in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Mrs. Quickly, enumerating the virtues of John Rugby, adds, that "he is no tell-tale, no breed-bate." ⁷ Alluding to the roundness of Falstaff, who was called *round man* in contempt before. ⁸ Meaning, that this was indeed a prodigy; astrologers having remarked, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. ⁹ *Trigonum igneum* is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. ¹⁰ Dr. Warburton thinks, we should read, claspings to his master's old tables, i. e. embracing his master's cast-off whore, and now his bawd [his note-book, his counsel-keeper]. ¹¹ Mr. Stevens conjectures, that *kirtle* here means a *petticoat*.
jesty,—

jesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whoreson candle-mine! you how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back: and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so: I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Henry. No! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment

ment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Henry. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time;

When tempest of commotion, like the south

Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,

And drop upon our bare unarmed heads, [night. Give me my sword and cloak:—Falstaff, good

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. More knocking at the door?—How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah [*To the Page.*]—Farewel, hostess;—farewel, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the underserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on.—Farewel, good wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Fal. and Bard.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come pescod-time; but in honester and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter? [ter.

Bard. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my inas-

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Palace.

Enter King Henry, in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Henry. GO, call the earls of Surrey, and of Warwick; [ters,

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these let-

And well consider of them: Make good speed.—

[*Exit Page.*]

60 How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down, And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

! Meaning, thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow.

Why, rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night flies to thy slumber:
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch
'A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly', death itself awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your majesty!

K. Henry. Is it good-morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why then, good morrow to you.
Well, my lords,

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege. [kingdom]

K. Henry. Then you perceive, the body of our
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet distemper'd;
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:—
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. O heaven! that one might read the
book of fate;

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's ships; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—

Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
5 Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toid in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
10 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil', as I may remember)

[*To Warwick.*

When Richard',—with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
15 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;*
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,

20 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,*
25 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
30 As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie entreasur'd:
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
35 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?—

40 Then let us meet them like necessities:—
And that same word' even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
45 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
50 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd

¹ This alludes to the watchman set in garrison-towns upon some eminence attending upon an alarm-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarm-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakspeare. ² *Hurly* means noise, from the French *harler*; to howl. ³ Warburton thinks this passage to be evidently corrupted from *happy lowly clown*; there two lines making the just conclusion from what preceded: "If sleep will fly a king and consort itself with beggars, then happy the *lowly clown*, and uneasy the crown'd head." ⁴ Dr. Johnson observes, that *distemper* (which, according to the old physic, is a disproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity) is less than actual *disease*, being only the state which foreruns or produces diseases; and that the difference between *distemper* and *disease* seems to be much the same as between *disposition* and *habit*. ⁵ Mr. Steevens observes, that Shakspeare has mistak'n the name of this nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till the latter end of the reign of king Henry VI. when it descended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the earl here introduced), who was married to *Richard Nevil*, earl of Salisbury. ⁶ He refers to King Richard, Act V. Scene II.; but Warwick was not present at that conversation. ⁷ Meaning, *necessity*. A cer-

A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseasoned hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exe.*]

SCENE II.

Justice Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.

*Enter Shallow meeting Silence. Mouldy, Shadow,
Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf, Servants, &c. behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me
your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early
stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good
cousin Silence?

Sil. Good-morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fel-
low? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-
daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin
William is become a good scholar: He is at Ox-
ford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly:
I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they
will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing; and I would have
done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There
was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and
black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will
Squele, a Cotswold¹ man,—you had not four such
swinge-bucklers² in all the inns of court again:
and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-
robas³ were; and had the best of them all at
commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir
John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I
saw him break Skogan's⁴ head at the court gate,
when he was a crack⁵, not thus high: and the
very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stock-
fish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad
days that I have spent! and to see how many of
mine old acquaintances are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure:
death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all
shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stam-
ford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your
town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;
—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of
Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on
his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd it⁶ the
clout⁷ at twelve score; and carry'd you a fore-hand
shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half⁸, that it
would have done a man's heart good to see.—
How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good
ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men,
as I think.

Bard. Good-morrow, honest gentlemen: I be-
seech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire
of this county, and one of the king's justices of the
peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you;
my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman,
by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir: I knew him a
good back-sword man: How doth the good knight?
may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accom-
modated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, sir; and it is well said in-
deed, too. Better accommodated!—it is good;
yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and
ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!
—it comes of *accommodu*: very good; a good
phrase⁹.

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word.
Phrase, call you it! By this day, I know not the
phrase: but I will maintain the word with my
sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of
exceeding good command. Accommodated; that
is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or,
when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be
thought to be accommodated; which is an excel-
lent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good
Sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your
worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well,
and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir
John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master
Robert Shallow;—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in
commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you
should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen,

¹ i. e. the cross. ² For an account of the Cotswold games, so famous in Shakspeare's time, see note², p. 46. ³ *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters, in the time of Shakspeare.

⁴ i. e. ladies of pleasure, or harlots. ⁵ We learn from a masque of *Ben Jonson's*, that *Skogan* was "a fine gentleman, and a master of arts of *Henry the fourth's times*, that made disguises for the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal daintily well." ⁶ This is an old Islandic word signifying a boy or child. ⁷ i. e. hit the white mark. ⁸ i. e. fourteen score of yards. ⁹ *Accommodate* was a modish term of that time, as Ben Jonson informs us.

have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—Well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, and you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see:—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book¹.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir: you can do it. I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's taylor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's taylor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou

make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's taylor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's taylor well, master Shallow: deep, master Shallow.

Feeble. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's taylor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. Oh! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cold, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. There is two more call'd than your number, you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in St. George's-fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She could never away² with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot chuse but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by Old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

¹ That is, we have in the muster-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men. ² This is an expression of dislike.

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come. [*Exeunt Falstaff, and Justices.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet for mine own part, sir, I do not care: but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so: an't be not, so: 25 No man's too good to serve his prince: and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.*]

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf: For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow 'till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: 45 they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to chuse a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man: 50 give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than lie that gibbets on the brewer's bucket.

And this same half-fac'd fellow Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the fore-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly 5 will this Feeble, the woman's taylor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a' caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—goto:—very good:—exceeding good:—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald shot'.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

15 *Shal.* He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, when I lay at Clement's-inn, (I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers 30 coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure I will with you to the court.

35 *Fal.* I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.—On, Bardolph, lead the men away.—[*Exeunt Bardolph, 40 Recruits, &c.*—As I return, I will fetch off these justices; I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbul-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring; when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him 55—mandrake: he came ever in the rear-ward of

¹ i. e. the muscular strength or appearance of manhood. ² That is, swifter than he who carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders. ³ A hand-gun. ⁴ Shot is used for shooter, one who is to fight by shooting. ⁵ Dr. Johnson observes, that the story of Sir Dagonet is to be found in *La Mort d' Arthur*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. In this romance Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's fool (Dr. Warburton says, his squire). Shakspeare would not have shewn his Justice capable of representing any higher character. ⁶ Turnbul or Turnmill-street is near Cow-Cross, West Smithfield, which was formerly called *Ruffian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their skill at sword and buckler, and was notorious for the number of its houses of ill-fame.

the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-
scutcht¹ huswives, that he heard the carmen
whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his
good-nights². And now is this vice's³ dagger be-
come a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of 5
Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and
I'd be sworn he never saw him but once in the
Tilt-yard; and then he burst⁴ his head, for croud-
ing among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told
John of Gaunt, he beat his own name⁵: for you 10

might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into
an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy was a
mansion for him, a court: and now he hath land
and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him,
if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make
him a philosopher's⁶ two stones to me: If the young
dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason,
in the law of nature, but I may snap at him⁷.
Let time shape, and there an end. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

York. **W**HAT is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't
shall please your grace. [forth,

York. Here stand, my lords: and send discoverers
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite. [ground,

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we had in him touch
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

20 *Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand. [out.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them
25 Let us sway⁸ on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

York. What well-appointed⁹ leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,

30 The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaster.

York. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,

Unto your grace do I in chief address

35 The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth¹⁰, guarded¹¹ with rage,
And countenance'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

40 In his true, native, and most proper shape,

You, reverend father, and these noble lords,

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection

With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—

45 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;

¹ i. e. according to Mr. Pope, whipt, carted; though Dr. Johnson rather thinks that the word means *dirty* or *grimy*; and that the word *huswives* agrees better with this sense. Ray, however, among his north-country words, confirms Pope's meaning, by saying that an *overswitch'd huswife* is a strumpet.

² *Fancies* and *Goodnights* were the titles of little poems. ³ *Vice* was the name given to a droll figure, before to which shewn upon our stage, and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace.

His dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with asses' ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouch. The word is an abbreviation of *derice*; for in our old dramatic shows, where he was first exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by machinery, and then originally called *derice* or *rice*. The smith's machine called a *rice*, is an abbreviation of the same sort. It was very satirical in Falstaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to such a machine as a wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon. ⁴ *To break* and *to burst* were, in our poet's time, synonymously used. *To brast* had the same meaning. ⁵ That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow so slender, that his name might have been *Gaunt*.

⁶ One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold. ⁷ That is, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. ⁸ Dr. Johnson thinks this word, which is used in Holinshed, was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. ⁹ *Well-appointed* is completely accounted for.

¹⁰ *Bloody youth* means only sanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish. ¹¹ *Guarded* is an expression taken from dress and means the same as *faced*, turned up.

Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments' figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves', your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.

Briefly, to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician:
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood), and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's civil edge?

York. My brother-general, the common-wealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times

I'o lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.

Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you shall have an inch of any ground
I'o build grief on: Were you not restor'd

To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
lost,

That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?

The king, that lov'd him as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights' of
steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
staid

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his vaward down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

¹ Formerly, all bishops wore white even when they travelled. The white investment meant the episcopal rochet. ² For graves Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glives*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr. Steevens says, "We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, which is spelled *graves* in Warner's *Albion's Coverd*," i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots: and adds, that the metamorphosis of *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. *bonts*, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into instruments of war. *Glave* is the *Erse* word for a *broad-sword*, and *glais* is *Welsh* for a hook.

³ It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first croisades, for the pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. To this custom the line in question alludes. ⁴ Dr. Warburton explains this passage thus: "My brother general the commonwealth, which ought to distribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to those of his own house, to brothers born, by giving some all, and others none; and this (says he) I make my quarrel or grievance, that honours are unequally distributed;" the constant birth of male-content, and source of civil commotions. Dr. Johnson, however, believes there is an error in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus: "My quarrel general, the common-wealth, &c. That is, my general cause of discontent is public mismanagement; my particular cause a domestic injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order;" a circumstance mentioned in the First Part of the Play. "An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter. 'Or, the risiers, i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim."

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what :

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman :
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
smil'd ?

But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doated on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience : and wherein
It shall appear, that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies ;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good :
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no
parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In every ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intend'd in the general's name :
I must, you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland,
this schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances :—
Each several article herein redress'd ;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial forin ;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd ;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please
you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet ;
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame !
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so. [Exit *West.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom
tells me,

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king
is weary

Of dainty and such picking' grievances :
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives too greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;

And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion :

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend :
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes ;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true ;—
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.
West. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your
lordship,

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?
Mowb. Your grace of York, in heaven's name
then set forward.

York. Before, and greet his grace :—my lord,
we come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter on one side Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings, and others : from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Officers, &c.
Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray :—

¹ Meaning, *included* in the office of a general. ² That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity.
³ For *confined*, Mr. Steevens proposes to read *confirm'd*. ⁴ *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence. Perhaps we might read—*lawful*. ⁵ i. e. piddling, insignificant grievances. ⁶ Alluding to a table-book of slate, ivory, &c.

A C T II.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. NOW all the youth of England are on fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

'For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns, imperial crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which she fills [men,—
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,

Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,—
Have for the gilt¹ of France (O guilt, indeed!)

Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this² grace of kings must die,
(If hell and treason hold their promises)

Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play³.

The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:

There is the play-house now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
'We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But 'till the king come forth, and not 'till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

*Before Quickly's house in East-cheap.**Enter Corporal Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolph.*

Bard. Well met, corporal.

Nym. Good morrow⁴, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's the humour of it.

10 Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and, when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

20 Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tird mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

30 Pist. Base tyke⁵, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight.—O well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

40 Bard. Good lieutenant⁶, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

45 Quick. Good corporal Nym, shew the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog⁷ off? I would have you *solus*.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile!

50 The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;

¹ Mr. Tollet says, that in the horse armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from this representation. ² *Gilt*;

which in our author generally signifies a display of gold, in the present instance means golden money.

³ i. e. he who does great honour to the title. By the same kind of phraseology the usurper in *Hamlet* is called the *Vice of kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them. ⁴ To force a play, is to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass.

⁵ That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea-sickness. ⁶ At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* ⁷ Dr. Johnson thinks we should read, *We'll all go sworn brothers to France*, or, *we'll all be sworn brothers in France.* ⁸ *Tike* is a small kind of dog. ⁹ We should read *Good ancient*, for it is Pistol to whom he addresses himself. ¹⁰ Meaning, will you march, or go off?

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can talk; and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbason*¹; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. Obraggard vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doating death is near; Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that is the word—I defy thee again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get? No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her spouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly [to.
For the only she; and—*Pawca*, there's enough; go

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exit Quickly.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I shall have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; Push home.

[*Draw.*]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pry'thee put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Southampton.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors!

Exc. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not of.

Exc. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow², Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will abroad.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham, [thoughts:]

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,

Will cut their passage through the force of France; Doing the execution, and the act,

For which we have in head³ assembled them?

¹ *Barbason* is the name of a demon mentioned in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. ² The familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, which appears strange to us, was common among the ancient nobility. ³ *A head* means an army formed.

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us. [lov'd,

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a
subject,

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,

Have steep'd their galls in honey; and deserve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness;

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeld sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy, if you give
him life,

After the taste of much correction.

K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care
of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper, [eye,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their
dear care

And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punish'd. And now to our

French causes;—

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Henry. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
there is yours;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir
knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?

5 What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you
there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
10 Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Henry. The mercy, that was quick in us
15 but late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—

20 See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord Cambridge here,
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man

25 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight,—no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—

But O!

30 What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

35 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

40 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,

45 That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,

50 He hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation [fetch'd
With patches, colours, and with forms being
From glistering semblances of piety;

55 But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.

If that same daemon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
60 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions,—I can never win

¹ i. e. made up of duty and zeal. ² On his return to more coolness of mind. ³ i. e. from intoxication. ⁴ i. e. living. ⁵ To stand off is être releté, to be prominent to the eye, as the strong parts of a picture. ⁶ i. e. palpably. ⁷ i. e. Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment.

A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
 Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of alliance! Shew men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement?
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely bould'ed, didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark^a the full-fraught man, the best endu'd,
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
 And God acquit them of their practices!

Exc. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
 of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
 And I repent my fault, more than my death;
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it. [*duce;* 30]

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not se—
 Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to effect what I intended:
 But God be thanked for prevention;
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subjects more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprize:
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit you in his mercy! Hear
 your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our roval person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
 coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death; [*ter,*
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaugh—
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom unto desolation.

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,

Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you.
 Patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Excunt.*
 Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light

10 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
 But every rub is smoothened in our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,

15 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Clearly to sea, the signs of war advancè:
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE III.

Quickly's House in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Quickly.

Quickly. Prythee, honey-sweet husband, let me
 bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No: for my manly heart doth yearn.—
 Bardolph, be blith;—Nym, rouse thy vaulting
 veins; [*dead,*

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is
 And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would, I were with him, wheresome'er
 he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Ar-
 thur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bo-
 35 som. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it
 had been any chrisom^b child; 'a parted even just
 between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide:
 for after I saw him fumble with the sheets', and
 play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,

40 I knew there was but one way; for his nose was
 as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.—
 How, now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be
 of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God!

three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid
 him 'a should not think of God; I hop'd, there was
 no need to trouble himself with such thoughts
 yet: So 'a bade me lay more cloaths on his feet:
 I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and
 they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his
 50 knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was
 as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

^a *Complement* has in this instance the same sense as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. *Complements*, in the age of Shakspeare, meant the same as *accomplishments* in the present one. ^b The king means to say of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that a specious appearance was deceitful and therefore did not trust the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation.

^c i. e. refined or sifted from all faults. ^d i. e. marked by the blot he speaks of in the preceding line.

^e The old quarto has it, *crisomb'd child*. The *chrysom* was the white cloth put on the new baptised child. The child itself was also sometimes called a *chrysom*. ^f It was a common opinion among the women of our author's time, that nobody died but in the time of ebb; though every day's experience must have confuted such a notion. ^g This indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lommius, Hippocrates, and Galen.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels; and my moveables:

Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and pay*?

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore, *cave to* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, hostess.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewif'ry appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The French King's palace.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and Bretagne,

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—

And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch,

To line, and new repair, our towns of war,

With men of courage, and with means defendant:

For England his approaches makes as fierce,

As waters to the sucking of a gulph.

It fits us then, to be as provident

As fear may teach us, out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,

(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)

But that defences, musters, preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,

To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

And let us do it with no shew of fear;

No, with no more, than if we heard that England

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:

For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,

Her scepter so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,

That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king:

Question your grace the late ambassadors,—

With what great state he heard their embassy,

How well supply'd with noble counsellors,

How modest in exception, and withal,

How terrible in constant resolution,—

And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent

Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots

That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,

But though we think it so, it is no matter:

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems,

So the proportions of defence are fill'd;

Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,

Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting

A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;

And princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him,

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;

And he is bred out of that bloody strain,

That haunted us in our familiar paths:

Witness our too much memorable shame,

When Cressy battle fatally was struck,

And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand

Of that black name, Edward black prince of

Wales; [standing,

45 Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—

Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him

Mangle the work of nature, and deface

The patterns that by God and by French fathers

50 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear

The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry king of England

55 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.—

Go, and bring them.

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs

¹ i. e. let prudence govern you. ² This caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before by letting Falstaff run in her debt. ³ i. e. dry thine eyes. ⁴ The 4to to 1608 reads, were troubled. ⁵ i. e. how dissident and decent in making objections.

Most spend their mouths*, when what they seem
to threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother England? [*jesty.*]

Exc. From him; and thus he greets your ma-
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line¹,
In every branch truly demonstrative;

[*Gives the French King a paper.*]

Willing you, overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fan'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exc. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the
crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown: and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

5 *Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this
further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

10 *Dau.* For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him; What to him from England?
Exc. Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

15 Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and wombby vaultages of France
20 Shall chide² your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
25 As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exc. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference

30 (As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters' now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

35 *Fr. King.* To-morrow you shall know our mind
at full. [*Flourish.*]

Exc. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our
king

Come here himself to question our delay;

40 For he is footed in this land already. [*conditions:*]
Fr. King. You shall besoon dispatch'd, with fair
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. **T**HUS with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies,

In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen 55
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
60 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give

To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten'd sales,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea.
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage³, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage⁴ of this navy;
60 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,

* i. e. bark. ¹ Meaning, this genealogy; this deduction of his lineage. ² To chide is to re-
sound, to echo. ³ The quartos 1600 and 1608, read *musters*. ⁴ The bank or shore. i. e. Let
your minds follow close after the navy.

Or past, or not arriv'd to, pith and pittance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes
back;

Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.

The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock¹ now the devilish cannon touches,

[*Alarums; and chambers go off.*]

And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Before Harfleur.

[*Alarum.*]

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester,
and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.*

K. Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more;

Or close the wall up with the English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage² of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hung and jutty his confounded³ base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn 'till even fought,
And sheath'd their sword for lack of argument⁴.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood, [yeomen,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear [not:
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;

Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and saint George!

[*Exeunt King and train.*]

[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the
breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal⁵, stay; the knocks are
too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a
case⁶ of lives; the humour of it is too hot, that is
the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just: for humours
do abound;

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an ale-house in London!
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and
safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing
on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. 'Splood!—Up to the preaches, you ras-
cals! will you not up to the preaches?

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage! [chuck!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour
wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these
three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but
all they three, though they would serve me, could
not be man to me; for, indeed, three such anticks
do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is
white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means where-
of, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—
he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by
the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps
whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that
men of few words are the best⁷ men; and there-
fore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be
thought a coward: but his few bad words are
match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never
broke any man's head but his own; and that was
against a post, when he was drunk. They will
steal any thing, and call it—purchase. Bardolph
stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold
it for three-halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are
sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole
a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service,
the men would carry coals.⁸ They would have

¹ The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. ² Portage, open space, from port, a gate. The meaning is, let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embrasures, of a fortification. ³ i. e. his worn or wasted base. ⁴ i. e. matter, or subject. ⁵ We should read lieutenant. ⁶ i. e. a set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve. ⁷ i. e. to men of earth. ⁸ That is, bravest. ⁹ In Shakespeare's age, to carry coals, implied, to endure affronts, me

me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit Boy.*]

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: for, look you, the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermines; by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow' up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gower. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gower. I think, it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris, and Captain Jamy.

Gower. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gower. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit' you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save

me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mews, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do good service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breiff and the long: Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen, both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*]

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Gates of Harfleur.

Enter King Henry and his Train.

K. Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves:

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,—

(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best)

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-atchlev'd Harfleur,

'Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;

And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range

With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass

Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,—

Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

That is, he will blow up all.

That is, I shall requite you, answer you.

If

If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'er-blows¹ the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor, upon the Walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy;
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd².

[Flourish, and enter the town.]

S C E N E IV.

The French Camp.

Enter Katharine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu
parles bien le language.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut que
j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la
main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foye, je oublie les
doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts?
je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de fingres; ouy, de
fingers; ou de fingers.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres.
Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagnée
deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appe-
lez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Des ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. Escoutez: dites moy, si je
parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon
Kath. Dites moy en Anglois, le bras. *[Anglois.]*

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la repetition de
tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris des à present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand,
de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De
elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de neck: le menton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité,
vous prononcez le mots aussi droict que les naitifs
d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la
grace de Dieu; & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je
vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement.
De hand, de fingre, de mails.

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et de sin:
Comment appelez-vous les pieds & la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; & de con.

Kath. De foot, & de con? O Seigneur Dieu!
ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gross,

et impudique, & non pour les dames d'honneur
d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant

les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il
faut de foot, & de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai

une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: De hand, de
fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de

sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à
disner. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E V.

Presence-Chamber in the French Court.

*Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of
Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river
Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all,

And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of
us,—

The emptying of our father's luxury³,—

Our syons, put in wild and savage stock,

Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds,

And over-grow their grafters? *[bastards!]*

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman

Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along

Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,

To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm

¹ To overblow is to drive away, or to keep off.
means lust. ² i. e. uncultivated, or wild.

³ i. e. prepared. ⁴ In this place, as in others, luxury

In that nook-shotten¹ isle of Arboion. [mettle]

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull;
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reyn'd² jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles [ple 10]
Upon the houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty peo-
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-
schools,

And teach *brvallas*³ high, and swift *corantos*;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed
him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jacques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Braumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Poix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
knights,

For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons⁴ painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Roan
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
Montjoy;

And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with
us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The English Camp.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you
from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you there is very excellent service
committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as
Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour
15 with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my
life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he
is not (Got be praised and plessed!) any hurt in
the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly,
with excellent discipline. There is an ancient
20 lieutenant there at the pridge,—I think in my very
conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark An-
tony; and he is a man of no estimation in the
'orld; but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the
man.

Pist. Captain, I beseech thee to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some
love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound at heart,
35 Of buxom⁵ valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious tickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune
40 is painted blind, with a muller before her eyes,
to signify to you, that fortune is blind: And she
is painted also with a wheel: to signify to you,
which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and
inconstant, and mutabilities, and variations; and
45 her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone,
which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—In good truth,
the poet makes a most excellent description of
fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on
50 him;

For he hath stolen a *pix*, and hang'd must 'a be.
Damn'd death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
55 But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice:
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach:

¹ *Shotten* signifies any thing projected: so *nook-shotten* isle is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain. ² i. e. over-ridden horses. ³ *Hammer* observes, that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. ⁴ *Pennons* armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device, and motto of a knight were painted. *Pennon* means the same as *pendant*. ⁵ i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiors.

Speak,

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. 'The fig' of Spain! [Exit Pistol.]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sponce², at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit' of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gowder;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. Hear you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter the King, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen? can'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is galls³ and most prave passages: Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire: and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have all such offenders so cut off—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentlest gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Montjoy⁴.

Mont. You know me by my habit⁵.

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, 'Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep; Advantage is a better soldier, than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, 'till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue⁶, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment⁷: for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage) My people are with sickness much enfeebled;

¹ This alludes to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects either of Spanish or Italian revenge. ² A sponce appears to have been some hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification.

³ The 4tos 1600, &c. read—a horrid shout of the camp. ⁴ Mont-joye is the title of the first king at arms in France, as Garter is in our own country. ⁵ That is, by my herald's coat. ⁶ In our turn. ⁷ This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings.

⁷ i. e. hindrance.

My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me

God,

That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master,—here I am;
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before! tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neigh-

bour, [Joy.

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Mont-
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your high-
ness. [Exit.

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not
in theirs.—

March to the bridge; it now draws toward
night:

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ram-
bures, the Duke of Orleans, Dauphin, with others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—
Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let
my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high
constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any
prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not
change my horse with any that treads but on four
pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds¹ from the earth, as
if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volent*, the
Pegasus, qui a les narines de feu! When I be-
stride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the
air; the earth sings when he touches it; the
basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the
pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a
beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and
the dull elements of earth and water never ap-
pear in him, but only in patient stillness, while
his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and
all other jades you may call—beasts².

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and
excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is
like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance
enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot,
from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the
lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a
theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into
eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for
them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason
on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on;
and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown)
to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder
at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and
began thus, *Wonder of nature*,—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's
mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I com-
pos'd to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise
and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your
mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle;
and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French
hose off, and in your strait trossers³.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me, then: they that ride
so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had
rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears
her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I
had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vo-
missement, & la truie lécée au boubrier:* thou
mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress:
or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw
in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, up-
on it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

¹ This was an expression in that age for *God being my guide*, or, when used to another, *God be thy guide*. "Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuff'd with hair, as appears from *Much ado about Nothing*: "And the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls." ² *Jade* is sometimes used for a post-horse. *Beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction. ³ Here, probably, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed. ⁴ *Trossers* signifies a pair of breeches. Mr. Steevens observes, that the kerns, or peasants, of Ireland, anciently rode without breeches; and therefore *strait trossers* may mean only in their naked skin, which sits close to them.

Dau.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good man still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself: and he said, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mes. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—'Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples; you may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now it is time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two o'clock: but, let me see—by ten, We shall each have a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the
poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames

¹ This alludes to falcons which are kept *hooded* when they are not to fly at game, and, as soon as the hood is off, *bat* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy; yet when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter. ² Alluding to the practice of capping verses. ³ *Peevish*, in ancient language, signified—foolish, silly.

Each

Each battle sees the other's umber'd¹ face:
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear: and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow; the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul;
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play² at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night:
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace,—
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill-dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
 The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;
 Minding³ true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

S C E N E I.

*The English Camp at Agincourt.**Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloster.*

K. Henry. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great
 danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.—
 Good-morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,⁴
 Would men observingly distil it out;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:

Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all: admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France. [better,
Erping. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me
 Since I may say—now lie I like a king. [sent pains,
K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their pre-
 Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
 And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move,
 With casted slough⁵ and fresh legerity⁶.
 I lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;
 Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.*Erping.* Shall I attend your grace?

K. Henry. No, my good knight;
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
 I and my bosom must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company. [Harry!
Erping. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st
 cheerfully. [Exit.

*Enter Pistol.**Pist.* *Qui va la?**K. Henry.* A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me: Art thou officer?
 Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.*Pist.* Traill'st thou the puissant pike?*K. Hen.* Even so: What are you?*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the emperor.*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the king.*Pist.* The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold;A bad of life, an imp⁷ of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Henry. Harry *le Roy*. [Cornish crew?*Pist.* *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of*K. Henry.* No, I am a Welshman.*Pist.* Know'st thou Fluellen?*K. Henry.* Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his heel about his pate
 Upon saint David's day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in
 your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours,

Pist. Art thou his friend?*K. Henry.* And his kinsman too.*Pist.* The *jigo* for thee then!

¹ *Umbre* is a brown colour: the distant visages of the soldiers would certainly appear of this hue when beheld through the light of midnight fires. Mr. Tollet observes that another interpretation of this phrase occurs, expressive of the preparation of both armies for an engagement, in *Hamlet*, Act III. Mr. Steevens gives the following quotation from *Stowe's Chronicle*: "He brast up his *umber* three times;" where *umber* means the vizor of the helmet, as *umbriere* doth in *Spenser*, from the French *ombre*, *ombriere*, or *ombraire*, a shadow, an umbrella, or any thing that hides or covers the face. Hence *umber'd face* may denote a face arm'd with a helmet. ² i. e. do play them away at dice. ³ *To mind* is the same as *to call to remembrance*. ⁴ *Slough* is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. ⁵ *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. See Note³, p. 506.

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. *[Exit.]*

K. Henry. It sorts! well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen,—

Flu. So! in the name Cheshu Christ, speak fewer. It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tittle tattle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *[Exit.]*

K. Henry. Though it appear a little out of fashion, there is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three Soldiers; John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon the sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Henry. No; nor it is not meet he should.—For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shews to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore, when he sees reason or fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives sav'd.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all,—We dy'd in such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or, if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of permeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war

* i. e. it agrees. * Conditions means qualities. * i. e. hastily, suddenly. * That is, punishment in their native country: or, such as they are born to if they offend.

is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited.— Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that, making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness; and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, that every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! that's a perilous shot out of an elder gun¹, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Henry. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeun soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and Our sins, lay on the king; he must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness, Subjected to the breath of every fool, [ing] Whose sense no more can feel but his own wring— What innite heart's ease must kings neglect, That private men enjoy? and what have kings, That privates have not too, save ceremony? Save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!

What is thy soul, O adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

I think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,

I am a king, that find thee: and I know,

'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farsed² title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of the world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;

But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night

Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,

Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;

And follow so the ever-running year

With profitable labour, to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's peace,

Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

¹ Meaning, it is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon. ² Farsed is stuffed; meaning, the tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
Seek through your camp to find you. [absence,

K. Henry. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord.

[*Erit.*

K. Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers'
hearts!

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O
O not to-day, think not upon the fault [Lord,
My father made in compassing the crown;
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploping pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My liege!

K. Henry. My brother Gloucester's voice!—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

*Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and
Beaumont.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my
lords.

Dau. *Montez à cheval*:—My horse! *valet*!
lacquey! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via*!—*les cieux & la terre*.—

Orl. *Rien plus? Pair & le feu*.—

Dau. *Ciel*! cousin Orleans!

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service
neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their
hides;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And daunt them with superfluous courage. Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our
horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The English are embattled, you French
peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on
them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm

About our squares of battle,—were enough

To purge this field of such a hiding foe;

Though we, upon this mountain's basis by,

Took stand for idle speculation:

But that our honours must not.—What's to say?

A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

The tucket sonnance¹ and the note to mount:

For our approach shall so much dare the field,

That England shall couch down in fear, and
yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of
France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully.

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps;

Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand²: and their poor
jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel³ bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;

And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words,

To demonstrate the life of such a battle

In life so lifeless as it shews itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they
stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh
suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,

And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard⁴; On, to the field:

I will the banner from a trumpet take,

And use it for my haste. Come, come away!

The sun is high, and we out-wear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Via*! is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons*! ² The *tucket-sonnance* was probably the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet. ³ Grandpré alludes to the form of the ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands.

⁴ *Gimmel* is, in the western counties, a ring; a *gimmel bit* is therefore a bit of which the parts played one within another. ⁵ It seems, by what follows, that *guard* in this place means rather something of ornament or of distinction than a body of attendants. The following quotation from Holinshed will best elucidate this passage—"The duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened upon a spear, the which he commanded to be borne before him instead of a standard."

S C E N E III.

The English Camp.

Enter Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all the English Host; Salisbury, and Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand. [fresh.]

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet, 'till we meet in heaven,

Then joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—

My dear lord Gloster—and my good lord Exeter,—

And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. to Sal. Farewell, kind lord! fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Henry. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my
That he which hath no stomach to this fight, [host,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called—the feast of Crispian:
He, that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—To-morrow is saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.

¹ The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispin's day.

day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman.
dition.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day: Then shall our
names,

5 Familiar in their mouth as household words,—

Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

I his story shall the good man teach his son;

10 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered:

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,

15 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,

This day shall gentle his condition²:

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,

That fought with us upon saint Crispin's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The French are 'bravely in their battles set,

25 And will with all expedience⁴ charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

30 *K. Henry.* Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin!

West. God's will, my liege, would you and I alone,

Without more help, might fight this battle out!

35 *K. Henry.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

40 *Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured overthrow:

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,

45 Thou needs must be englutned. Besides, in mercy,

The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor

50 bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;

55 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin

60 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him,

² i. e. this

³ i. e. splendidly, ostentatiously.

⁴ i. e. exped-

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then a bounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality'.

Let me speak proudly;—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmich'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly)

And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall) my ransom then
Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my
joints:

Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee
well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.
K. Henry. I fear, thou'lt once more come again
for ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave York.—Now, sol-
diers, march away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Pistol, French Sol-
dier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme
de bonne qualité.

Pist. Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art
thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, seigneur Dew should be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O seigneur Dew, and mark;—
O seigneur Dew, thou dy'st on point of fox',
Except, O seigneur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de
moi!

Pist. Moys shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim' out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force
de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O, pardonnez moi!

Pist. Sav'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys'?

—Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. Escoutez; Comment estes vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and fir' him,
and ferret him;—discuss the same in French unto
him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and
ferret, and fir.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous
vous teniez prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé
tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu,
me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne mai-
son; gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux

Pist. What are his words? [cents escus.

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a
gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom,
he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de
pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour
les escus que vous l'avez promettre, il est content
de vous donner la liberté, le franchise ment.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille
remerciements: & je m'estime heureux que je suis
tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le
plus brave, vaillant, & tres distingué seigneur

Pist. Expound unto me, boy. [d'Angleterre.

Mr. Steevens observes, that by this phrase, however uncouth, Shakspeare seems to mean the same as in the preceding line. *Mortality* is death. *Relapse* may be used for *rebound*. Shakspeare has given *mind* for *honour*, for *honourable mind*; and by the same rule might write *relapse of mortality*, for *fall or mental rebound*; or by *relapse of mortality*, he may mean—after they had *relapsed into inanimation*. i. e. golden show, superficial gilding. Obsolete. *For* is an old cant word for a sword. *The rim* means what is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures, and the *skirt* or *midriff* in beasts. *Moys* is a piece of money; whence *moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold. *To fir* is used in a variety of senses by different old authors: in this place it would seem to mean, to *chastise*.

Boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks), the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.
—Follow me, cur.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine.

[*Exe. Pistol, and French Soldier.*]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil! P the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; yet they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the field of Battle.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable! [*perdu!*]

Orl. O seigneur! —le jour est perdu, tout est

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.— [*A short alarm.*]

O meschante fortune!—Do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die instant:—Once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now!

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives

Unto these English, or else die with fame,

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,

To smother up the English in our throng's,

If any order might be thought upon. [*Throng.*]

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the

Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and his Train, with Prisoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice, within this hour,

5 I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting; From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie,

Larding the plain: and by his bloody side

(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)

The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first dy'd: and York, all haggled over,

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,

And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,

That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

15 And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry.

20 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:

He smil'd me in the face, raught me in his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*

Commend my service to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

25 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

30 But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

35 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—[*Alarum.*]

But, hark! what new alarm is this same:—

The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:—

Then every soldier kill his prisoners;

Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Alarums continued; after which, enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the boys and the luggage! 'tis ex-

pressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a

piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be o-

fer'd, in the world: In your conscience now, is it

not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive;

and the cowardly rascals, that ran away from the

battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have

burn'd or carried away all that was in the king's

tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, has

caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.

55 O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. I, he was born at Monmouth, captain

Gower: What call you the town's name, where

Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

60 *Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the

¹ Dr. Johnson on this passage observes, that in modern puppet-shows, which seem to be copied from the old farces, *Punch* sometimes fights the Devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the *Vice* of the old farce, to whom *Punch* succeeds, used to fight the Devil with a wooden dagger, ² *Perdurable* means lasting.

pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnaninous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon: and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is sahmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (Got knows, and you know) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak but in figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, &c. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to France,

Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our sight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them; And make them skir' away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have; And not a man of them, that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now! what means their herald? Know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er the bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; while their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt. [court,

K. Henry. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your majesties is remember'd of it, the Welchmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service: and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon saint Iavy's day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour: For I am Welch, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace and his majesty too!

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Henry. God keep me so!—Our rheralds go with him;

Enter Williams.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Exit Montjoy and others.]

Exc. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

¹ See note ², p. 384. ² Mercenary here means common or hired blood. The gentlemen of the army served at their own charge, in consequence of their tenures.

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal; if he be alive.

K. Henry. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swaggered with me last night: who, if 'a live, and it ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or, if I can see my glove in his cap (which, he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, captain Fluellen: is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Fu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Henry. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort¹, quite from the answer of his degree².

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Fu. Gower is a good captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit.]

K. Henry. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, as thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriev'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please God of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Henry. Know'st thou Gower?

Fu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit.]

K. Henry. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloucester,—

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour, May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear: It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick: If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly he'll return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Before King Henry's Pavillion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.]

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plov's, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick, and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be God for it) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry, and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this is my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I give it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood) what an arrant, rascally, peggary, lowly knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimonies, and witnesses, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promis'dst to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

¹ High rank. ² Meaning, a man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's low degree. ³ The *Retisal* reads, very plausibly, "in two plov's." The quarto reads, *I will give treason his due presently*. ⁴ It must be, *give me my glove*; for of the soldier's glove the king had not the fellow.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?
Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
 And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
 And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
 Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:—
 And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashui? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle? [king;]

Exc. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciquart; Of other lords, and barons, knights, and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French, [ber,
 That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
 And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
 One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
 Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights;
 So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
 There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries';

5 The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights,
 And gentlemen of blood and quality. [squires,
 The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
 Charles De-la-bret¹, high constable of France;
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
 10 The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
 Great master of France, the brave Sir Guischart
 Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Anthony duke of Brabant,
 The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
 15 And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
 Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
 Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrable.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death!—

Where is the number of our English dead? [folk,
 20 *Exc.* Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam esquire:
 None else of name; and, of all other men,
 But five and twenty.

K. Hen. O God, thy arm was here!
 25 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss,
 On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
 30 For it is only thine!

Exc. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
 And be it death proclaimed through our host,
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
 35 Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is kill'd? [ledgment,

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment God fought for us.

40 *Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
 Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*.
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
 We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
 45 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
 [Exeunt.]

A C T V.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. VOUCALIFE, to those that have not
 read the story,
 That I may prompt them: and for such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life

Be here presented. Now we bear the king [seen,
 Towards Calais: grant him there; and there being
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the sea: behold, the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
 50 mouth'd sea,

¹ See note², p. 534. ² De-la-bret here, as in a former passage, should be Charles D'Albret, would the measure permit of such a change. The king (say the *Chronicles*) caused the psalm, *In exitu Israel de Aegypto* (in which, according to the Vulgate, is included the psalm *Non nobis, Domine, &c.*) to be sung after the victory.

Which,

Which, like a mighty whiffler¹ fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-heath:
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren in best sort,—
Like to the senators of antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,²
Were now the general* of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached³ on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit, [cause,
To welcome him? Much more, and much more
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home:
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chance'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France;
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

SCENE I.

The English Camp in France.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you
your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my
friend, captain Gower; the rascally, scald, peggari-
ly, lowsy, praggings knave, Pistol,—which you
and yourself, and all the world, know to be no bet-
ter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits—
he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt
yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leak: it
was in a place where I could not preed no conten-
tions with him: but I will be so pold as to wear
it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I
will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a tur-
key-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his
turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, antient Pistol! you
scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Beudant? dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,
5 To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pesserch you heartily, scurvy, lowsy knave,
at my desires, and my request, and my petitions,
10 to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you,
you do not love it, nor your affections, and your
appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with
it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.
Flu. There is one goat for you. [*strikes him.*]
Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.
Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's
will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time,
20 and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for
it.—[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday,
mountain squire; but I will make you to-day a
squire of low degree.⁴ I pray you fall to; if you
can mock a leek, you can eat a leek. [*him.*]

Gow. Enough, captain; you have⁵ astonish'd
Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of
my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite,
I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and
your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?
Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out
of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge;
I eat, and eat, I swear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more
sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to
swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.
Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily.

40 Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is
goot for your broken coxcomb. When you take
occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock
at them; that is ail.

Pist. Good.
Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a
groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!
Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take
it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which
50 you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in
cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy no-
thing of me but cudgels. Got be wi' you, and
55 keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*]

¹ A *whiffler* is an officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies on the 9th of November, or what is vulgarly called *Lord Mayor's Day*. ² *Likelihood* for *similitude*. ³ The earl of Essex in the reign of queen Elizabeth. ⁴ i. e. spitted, transixed.

⁵ The meaning is, dost thou desire to have me put thee to death? ⁶ That is, according to Dr. Johnson, I will bring thee to the ground. Other commentators think it alludes to an old metrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, entitled, *The Squires of low Degree*. ⁷ That is, you have stumped him with the blow.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking¹ and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife² with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The French Court, at T'rois in Champagne.

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, Princess Katharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.
K. Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!—

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,—
Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

2. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Henry. To cry amento that, thus we appear.

2. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar, and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie in heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Upruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate³ such savag'ry:
The even mead that erst brought sweetly forth
The fleckled crowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled: and my speech intreats
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Henry. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;

Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which,
as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Henry. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass, or accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Henry. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle
Exeter,—

And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloucester,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:

¹ i. e. scoffing, sneering. *Gleek* was a game at cards. ² i. e. the *jilt*. *Huswife* is here used in an ill sense. ³ i. e. to this barrier; to this place of congress. ⁴ To deracinate is to force up by the roots. ⁵ i. e. wild, irregular, extravagant. ⁶ i. e. former appearance.

And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

2. *Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them;

Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:

She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

2. *Isa.* She hath good leave.

Manent King Henry, Katharine, and a Lady.

K. Henry. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Henry. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Henry. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Lady. *Ouy, crayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear Katharine; and I35 must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! des langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Henry. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceit?

Lady. *Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.*

K. Henry. The princess is the better English-woman. P'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; p'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure: yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet

for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-anapes, never off: But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use 'till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou can'st love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of

10 any thing he sees there, let mine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou can'st love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, 'tis true;—but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they

20 do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a cur'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; 30 take a soldier, take a king: And what say'st thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love the enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible, that you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, 40 when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Henry. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, & quand vous avez la possession de moi, (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) —donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois, que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to me much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Can'st thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet,

i. e. real and true constancy, unrefined and unadorned.

you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have saving faith within me, tells me—thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling¹, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between saint Denis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople², and take the Turk by the beard: shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-loce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, montres chere & divine d'eesse*.

Kath. Your majesty 'ave fausse Frenchenough to deceive de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, lie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untimpering³ effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, wilt you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England! I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good-fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma*

foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baissant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, & damoiselles pour estre baisees devant leur nopces, il n'est pas e coustume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Lady. Dat is not be de fashion pour de ladies of France.—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Lady. Your majesty entendre betterre que moy.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she

Lady. *Ouy, vraiment.* [say?]

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding—[*kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, with French and English Lords.

Burg. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Burg. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition⁴ is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her, in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosy'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling,

¹ i. e. scrambling. ² Shakspeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty-one years.

³ Meaning, notwithstanding my face has no power to temper, i. e. soften you to my purpose. ⁴ i. e. my temper.

which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry. This moral¹ ties me over to time, and a hot summer: and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled within maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Henry. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Henry. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Henry. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exc. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition in French.—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d' Angleterre, heretier de France:* and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this I have not, brother, so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest: And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son: and from her blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms [pale Of France and England, whose very shores look

With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen.

K. Henry. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*

2. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms, To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen, Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Henry. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—

Then shall I swear to Kate,—and you to me;— And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Excunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen, Our bending² author hath pursu'd the story; In little room confining mighty men, Mangling by starts³ the full course of their glory. Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd This star of England: fortune made his sword; By which the world's best garden he achiev'd, And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king Of France and England, did this king succeed; Whose state so many had the managing, That they lost France, and made his England bleed:

Which oft our stage hath shewn; and, for their In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

¹ That is, the application of this fable, the *moral* being the application of a fable.

² i. e. humble.

³ Meaning, by touching only on select parts.

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

Axteough
+ N.C.M.
Agg.



FEB 10 1914

